

METHODIST REVIEW

MAY, 1909

ART. I.—THE "PARABLES OF THE KINGDOM" IN THE LIGHT OF TO-DAY

I. *Preliminary Considerations.* Matthew's record gives us, in a special sense, the gospel of "the kingdom." He alone uses the phrase "kingdom of heaven." It is superseded thenceforth by "kingdom of God." This change may be of no particular importance. But it recalls suggestively Bernard's plausible theory as to the "Progress of Doctrine in the New Testament." There is in the Gospels, he argues, a steady advance of emphasis from kingdom to king. John, accordingly, mentions the kingdom in only a single instance—that of the conversation with Nicodemus. His similitudes cluster invariably about the person of Christ. He is the "good shepherd," the "true bread," the "true vine," etc. For light upon the earthward and circumstantial aspects of the coming kingdom we are thus practically turned back to Matthew. In his narrative alone we find the laws of the kingdom given in full and connectedly, in the Sermon on the Mount. There also the seven "parables of the kingdom" appear, symmetrically grouped, in his thirteenth chapter. Only three of these disconnectedly reappear in Luke, two are given in Mark, and none of them elsewhere. The deep significance of these parables is seen in our Lord's accompanying comment. He intimates that the "scribe," who has "understood" them, has been made a "disciple to the kingdom of heaven." He has thus become "like unto a man that

is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." Evidently these are among those "keys of the kingdom," promised his disciples, which open the way to its hid treasures. As such they ought to be prized by those who long for a clue to the labyrinthian paths of its coming development.

The high rank here assigned to parabolic teaching seems the more remarkable because the parable itself so early dwarfs in emphasis and so soon wholly disappears. Beyond the synoptic Gospels there are no parables, properly speaking. Nor is the parable ever again even mentioned in the New Testament. Was it then a rudimentary and ephemeral form of instruction only, destined to give way to riper methods as the intelligence of the listeners advanced? Something like this seems implied in the statement that our Lord taught in parables "as they were able to bear it." But accompanying qualifications indicate that the unreadiness referred to was moral rather than intellectual. Jesus uses language showing his purpose mercifully to veil the deeper truth from the carnal multitude, lest its prematurely full disclosure should provoke instinctive revulsion and so do harm. Notice the striking illustration of this peril in Peter's case. He was not strong enough to listen patiently to the announcement of his Master's coming humiliation. It set him aflame, and he "spoke unadvisedly with his lips." This brought upon him stinging but needful rebuke. The parables need not be shallow because they seem childishly simple. The attainment of perfect simplicity is the highest achievement of art. The depths of the transparent sea appear to lie close to the eye, while the murky waters of the pond remain unfathomed by it. It is more likely that the parable owed the brevity of its ministry to its profundity and breadth of scope than to its superficiality. It dealt so centrally and comprehensively with its theme that its mission was quickly accomplished. There has been but one incarnation, but it embodied "the Truth," once and forever. In like manner the parable, doubtless, in the words of Lange, "interpreted eternity in the forms of time." It thus keeps always abreast of the world's thought and solicits successively new interpretations. As Dean Trench has said of the germinal sayings of Christ at large, it may

be said with unique emphasis of his parables, "You never get to the end of them."

1. Distinction of Parable and Miracle. The miracle has sometimes been defined as an "acted parable." But the two are, in fact, widely separated by characteristic differences. They had certain features in common, unquestionably. Both startled the people by their unusualness, and their suggestion of outreach beyond the human. But the occasion of surprise in the two cases was wholly distinct. Hearing the parable, the cry broke forth, "Whence hath this man this *wisdom*?" Beholding the miracle, they "glorified God who had given such power to men." Both carried spiritual lessons, for the miracle was also a symbol (*semeion*). But the idea conveyed by each was unique. The one was a work; the other was a word. The one was evidential in function, aiming at present sense impression; the other was provocative rather, appealing to the rational understanding. The one was primarily redemptive, hinting of the normal order only by pointing to its brokenness, which it came to mend; the other was wholly revelatory, uncovering the working actualities of the on-going world. The one had an ephemeral function. It manifested the temporary presence of the incarnate God, tangibly and immediately. That function being ended, it is gone; the other, turning nature into an "Interpreter's House" which abides, itself abides also as interpreter.

2. Distinction of Parable and Proverb. There are no parables in the Gospel of John, as has already been said. He never uses the word *parabole*, but *paroimia* only. This latter term means, properly, a wayside saying or proverb, and is so translated by the revisers in all except a single carelessly treated case. In this latter case (John 10. 1-16) it is evident that the writer regards himself as uttering no parable. There is no continuity of narrative, but a string of metaphors only. The metaphor differs from the parable as the hieroglyph differs from the symmetrical statue or picture. In the one case attention is fixed upon the object illustrated. In the other case it is concentrated upon the illustrating object. The eye being fixed upon Christ as the "good shepherd," isolated features from the shepherd life and its surroundings may fitly be

adduced, one by one, to illuminate his mission. There is thus no incongruity in speaking of him as metaphorically the "door" and the "shepherd" at once; for it reminds us that he is both the medium and the agent in our salvation. The features assigned to the Son of man, in the first chapter of Revelation, become grotesquely intolerable if taken as furnishing a complete picture and not as disconnected; but rightly understood, as hieroglyphs, they are full of meaning. On the other hand, when Matthew fixes our attention upon "the sower" that "went forth to sow" by a preliminary "Behold," we expect a continuous narrative of sequences that are, or normally may be, true. The introduction of falsity or incoherence at any point would be fatal to the narrator's purpose. The parable is a picture, and as such must have unity, fidelity, and just proportion in portrayal.

3. The Parable's Perennial Message. The prophetic announcement, "I will open my mouth in parables; I will utter things which have been kept secret from the foundation of the world," is expressly claimed by Matthew to have been fulfilled in Christ's parabolic teaching. He suggestively, in making this claim, puts together the words *katabole* and *parabole*, as if in antithesis. The one literally means a thrusting down or under; the other, a thrusting forth or near. As if it were meant to say that the secrets of nature, buried from the beginning under outward phenomena, were now uncovered to view. It may be fanciful to suggest such antithesis as intended. But it remains true, at any rate, that there is assigned to the parable some fundamental significance as interpreting nature. The charge that Christ and Christianity have been unfriendly to physical research, or to intellectual advance in any direction, could never have been originated except out of human obtuseness or perversity. The exact coincidence of the boundaries of the realm of scientific progress with those of Christendom, is a conclusive refutation of the charge. It was Satan that had blinded men, deafened them, and clogged their forward footsteps by paralysis. Christ condemned and reversed all this. And having restored men's powers, he earnestly besought those to whom they had been given back, as well as those who had never lost them, to use faithfully these heavenly gifts. His characteristic words were

such as these: "Behold the fowls of the air"; "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"; "Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk." His characteristic complaint was that men "loved darkness rather than light"; that "seeing," they did not "perceive"; that they were slow to "ask" and to "seek." He piqued the curiosity of his disciples by hinting that the most familiar objects had every one an intrusted thought of God for them. Sir John Lubbock, on his knees before an ant-hill, was literally obeying the Solomonic injunction, "Consider her ways." To precisely the same effect, our Lord bade his followers, "Consider the lily." The word used (*katamanthano*) is picturesquely suggestive. It means to get down to, and become a disciple of, the lily. The breadth of range which Christ's allusion to natural phenomena takes is surprising. But even more impressive is the precision with which he seizes the central point of interest and mystery in every case. It is the *feeding* of the birds to which he points as worthy of notice and study in that domain. When one has learned the relatively enormous number of the birds, the endless variety of food required, and the marvelous ingenuity and diversity of the devices necessary to secure it, he will surely agree that the bird problem culminates at the "feeding" point. It is the "*singleness*" of the human eye that is chosen for suggestive contemplation. It is this "*singleness*" that constitutes the chief unanswered problem of the oculist to-day. It is not too much to say that, under the stimulus of Christ's incessant questioning and enigmatic hint, the whole world became studded with interrogation points. "Know ye not this parable? and how then will ye know all parables?" The question seems a fore-echo of Paul's saying, "the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." Milton reëchoes it in his vision of earth as

But the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like more than on earth is thought.

The notion of such a gigantic parallelism of things visible and invisible is embodied in the often cited passage from Ecclesiasticus: "All things are double, one over against another, and he hath made nothing in vain."

The assumption of such a parallelism as is above suggested,

accepted as underlying the teaching of the parables, gives them a peculiarly modern look. For in that case the likeness between the thing illustrated and the thing illustrating it is not artificial nor fanciful but real. The parable becomes, thereupon, in order of thought, the counterpart of the so-called "scientific" method of to-day, which seeks by inductive processes to reach out from the known to the unknown. Both set out to "interrogate nature," after Lord Bacon's precept, on the hypothesis that law prevails in the supernatural realm as well as in the natural, and that its operations are, in some respects, alike in both. In some respects only, let us remember, for analogy must not be hastily taken for identity. The growth of the kingdom of heaven is "like" that of a grain of mustard, but not its counterpart throughout. The growth of the periosteum in man is like that of the bark of a tree. But no physiologist seeks for full information about the latter from the former. The lower tells us something about the higher, which it resembles, but not everything. The expert interpreter of nature untiringly seeks for a solid basis of fact from which to theorize intelligently. He critically observes the phenomena, noting minutiae of identity and difference, and tracing relations of interaction and of sequence. Out of the data, so painstakingly secured, he attempts to sift such uniformities of action as may help him to formulate what he calls "laws." Only from such a carefully and compactly built abutment does he venture to spring his cantalever truss of speculative inference. The interpreter of the parables of Christ ought logically to follow the same method. For they present groups of coördinated facts, hinting the significant features of agreement or disagreement, and bringing us face to face with a resulting problem. It would seem imperative here also first to master the features of the concrete picture, in detail, before attempting to draw abstract inferences from it. "Not first that which is spiritual," says the apostle, "but that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." It will instruct us little to be told that the kingdom of heaven is "like" this or that, until we have carefully acquainted ourselves with the characteristics of that which it is said to resemble. To invert this order is to hang the cantalever from midair. No part of the Scripture has been

subjected to more fantastic caprice, and none has yielded more contradictoriness of result in interpretation, than these parables. Precipitate spiritualization has thus identified the "kingdom" with the church, and forbade church discipline on the authority of the parable of the tares. It has insisted on making "leaven" here mean, exceptionally, a beneficent agency. It has made the "hid treasure" and the "pearl" practically identical in significance. It has found in the parable of the "net" justification of Calvinistic "irresistible grace" on the one hand, and of that of baptismal regeneration on the other. It is not the purpose of this inquiry to revise these theoretic conclusions in the spiritual sphere, or to attempt new ones in the same sphere. It essays a much humbler, but by no means less important task—the preliminary study of the facts themselves, as furnishing the only trustworthy basis of theoretic inference.

II. *Some Parables of Nature.* The parables in question begin with the word "Behold." The Greek term chosen is significant. It is *eidein*, immediately afterward (in verse 14) contrasted with the inferior *blepein*. The former means to perceive, or see into, while the latter is only to see. It aims not simply at an arrest of the wandering eye and a hasty glance at the picture to be unfolded. A protracted and penetrating study is solicited. The parable is not simply to be heard but patiently "understood." For it avowedly offers an enigma to be resolved, and this implies painstaking consideration of details. The facts appealed to are taken from the familiar world about us. They are so chosen and collated as to narrow our attention to certain enigmatic phases of nature's ongoing, which are commended to our careful examination. Not until we have observed and pondered upon nature's methods in the particular case delineated, can we catch her secret and divine in what respects the kingdom of heaven is "like" the earthly phenomenon taken as its counterpart. It is essential, therefore, first of all, to note carefully the physical facts selected, their correspondences and differences, their order of sequence, and such other details as may help to single out the exact problem and reach the exact law intended. The value of such study, as illustrative of spiritual things, will, of course, depend on

the fidelity of the parabolic report of nature's doings. "If I told you earthly things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell you heavenly things?" But why should we believe the heavenly, if the earthly be not truly portrayed? Whether they are here so portrayed, and whether they fairly suggest the queries and inferences here suggested, is open to inquiry now as then. The page of Scripture and that of nature ought to correspond if both are from the same divine author. And both are still in plain sight and legible. Nineteen centuries of observation and reflection have given us broader and deeper insight into nature and its laws. But nature itself remains unchanged, and so do Christ's words describing it. In comparing the two it is immaterial to inquire whether any striking coincidence be due to supernatural foresight on his part. Our inquiry is not as to his inner thought, which is matter of inference only, but as to his language, which is unmistakable. That his language, naturally understood, does reveal a curious gravitation of emphasis toward the precise subjects of modern research and the very problems now under study will be found, however, equally unmistakable.

It will be convenient to isolate the first four parables, as is done in the narrative. They are there given to the multitude, while the remaining three are reserved for the disciples only. These four fall naturally into a separate and cognate group. The phenomena noticed belong exclusively to the vital realm, as distinguished from the psychical above and the mechanical below it, and in that realm to the vegetable world only. This sagacious narrowing of the field of vision is a striking anticipation of modernism. The transfer of inquiry from the broadly cosmical to the biological has been the characteristic feature of nineteenth century study. To this Comte long ago attributed the progress of current inquiry, as compared with Greek ultimate stagnancy. And the narrowing of observation, again, to the lower forms of life, is a notable anticipation of current method. For it greatly simplifies the problem by excluding those eccentric factors inseparable from the life of animals and men—sensation, reason, will, conscience, and the like. The problem of vital action is thus presented to us reduced to its lowest terms. The first parable confronts us with:

1. The Problem of Environment. The sower, the seed, the sowing, the sunshine, and the rain are assumed as impartially the same throughout, but the diversity in result is startling. Three of the six segments of the sowing bring no final fruitage, and only one comes to its best. How to account for this? All other possibilities having been exhausted, there remains but a single clue to the puzzle—the diversity of environment. The story is so told as to emphasize this diversity and suggest its mastery. The devouring of the seed that falls on the wayside is obviously due to the fact that it has no surrounding soil to protect it or encourage germination. That which falls upon "rocky places" soon "withers away" because it has no fit "deepness of earth." That which falls "upon the thorns" is "choked" by its preoccupying and stronger rivals, and so fails in the struggle for life. The bringing forth of "some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty" is not distinctly accounted for. But analogic instinct at once suggests that, as before, diminishing fruitfulness is due to diminishing friendliness of environing conditions. The question raised is thus one and inevitable throughout. It would be superfluous to emphasize the preëminence given in modern research to the class of facts thus outlined, and to the explanation it suggests. Environment has been found so potent that it has been reckoned well-nigh omnipotent. Its power to limit and to modify is now seen to be so real and so tremendous that it has been credited with power also to create. Being so clearly the cause of much, it has been claimed to be the ultimate—or, at least, the ultimate ascertainable—cause of all. But the problem is not so easily disposed of. The explanation arouses as many questions as it answers. It needs to be explained itself. That many other factors require to be taken into account the narrative clearly implies. Notice (1) The making of the environment. The present environment is a result and not a primal cause. The particular instances here selected make this fact conspicuous. Behind the hardness of the wayside are the footsteps of man and beasts; and behind these the endless maze of human interests and impulses that have led to its traversing. Behind the shallow plaster of soil upon the rock lie the convulsions that tore rock fragments from their parent bed, and the various

later agencies that crushed and pulverized them into fertile form. Behind the aggressive thorns stretches out a long and intricate history of advance, and eccentric degeneration, for thorns are but aborted leaves. Even the good, better, and best soil of the parable is not primeval. If we may trust the patiently reached conclusion of Mr. Darwin, they owe their relative fecundity to no "resident forces." All our vegetable mold, he assures us, has been ground into fertility by the earthworm. Although, with self-effacing modesty, he keeps himself usually buried out of sight, he is, in truth, the head gardener of the universe. Besides this, later investigations uncover the ministry of countless microorganisms that mediate perpetually between the plant and the soil, helping the one to assimilate the needful elements locked up in the other. In these shrewdly selected instances, therefore, there is brought to our notice the endless reach of interacting agencies, whose efficiency we cannot ignore, but whose nature and work we cannot gauge. All of these antecede and underlie environmental mastery. It is still true that "There are more things in heaven and earth . . . than are dreamt of in your philosophy." (2) The illusion of continuity. There is a notably complete line of advance from the stagnancy of the wayside seed, through clearly marked upward steps, to the acme of fruitfulness in the hundredfold crop. Does not such serial continuity imply also like causal continuity? If "in yesterday already walks to-morrow," must we not find the successively higher to be always a new "mode" of the next lower? Was there any large or more real gap between the almost-reached fruitage of the seed in thorny soil, and that which brought a thirty-fold return, than between the latter and the sixty-fold crop next above it? May we not say that the actuality of the latter is a materialization of the "potency" of the former, to borrow a phrase familiar among physicists? The facts out of which the modern notion of universal continuity of development has been conjured are here given a plausible statement, but the notion itself finds no recognition. There are degrees of goodness and of badness respectively, but no genetic relation between them. There is an abrupt division of the series into two groups—and between crop and no crop there is absolute antithesis. Failure, complete or partial, is not the birth throe of

success. Evil is not "good in the making." The devil, who is "the father of lies," is not, therefore, the grandfather of truth.

(3) Specious uniformity. The precision of parabolic language, even in allusion to minor details, is observable in the explanation given of what befell the seed falling upon rocky ground. It "sprang up quickly *because* it had no deepness of earth." The fact of such rapid springing up was obvious to any observer, but its correct explanation was then not so. We now know that the rocky substratum, catching and reflecting the sun rays, cradled the young growth in peculiar warmth, and so hastened its advance. The further remark that it was when the "sun was *risen*" that the feebly rooted plants "withered away" is equally accurate and full of suggestiveness. The "rising" so referred to must needs be its seasonal climb toward the summer solstice, for the rooting could not occur in a single day. When the sun rides high in summer its thermal ray overmatches the luminous, as that had already displaced the actinic ray of spring. James, in his Epistle, refers to this as bringing "burning heat." By this marvelous change in mode of energy displayed the sun adjusts itself continuously to the advancing needs of plant life; but the change from the mild actinic ray, which nurtures all life in its incipient stages, to the fiercer thermal ray, which also brings healthful ripening to the plant in good soil, ministers death to the tenant of the shallow, rock-bottomed tract. This subtle change in the apparently uniform emission of solar force may well remind us of the illogical nature of the processes by which we may bring ourselves to speak of the "uniformity of nature," and build ponderous and fallacious theories thereon. (4) Seeming self-sufficiency of nature. Lucretius persuaded himself, a long time ago, that "nature can do all things, without the help of the gods." "Natural selection" has been sometimes theoretically endowed with like semidivine independence of efficiency. But in this parable we are reminded that the soil which fosters the seed does not create it, and that the seed, being created, can normally reach the soil only by being sown. Observe that, instead of using the familiar and direct designation of the seed (*siton* or *sperma*), our Lord, in his explanation of the parable, resorts to a periphrastic form of expression—"that which is sown."

This might be dismissed as accidental, but for the uniform abstention throughout the parable, from the ordinary term, and the unusual character of the roundabout phrase substituted. This is the more suggestive because of the fact that the cereals are in a peculiar sense "that which is sown." Grass grows by the root, and is self-protecting and self-propagating. But the cereal is uniquely dependent on the ministry of man. The geologic record shows it to have been twin-born with him, and that it came into existence full-formed, without traceable antecedents. It has never been found wild, as Decandolle assures us, and when left to itself it does not degenerate as other plants do, but disappears. It is also peculiarly perishable when gathered. MacMillan says, "It is not probable that there was ever a year and a half's supply of bread at one time in the world," and "The human race comes every year within a month of starvation." Cereal life is also singularly helpless and unhelped except by man. It is not self-fertilizing. It is not aided at this point by birds or insects, as many other organisms are. Its delicate pollen must be scattered indiscriminately by the wind, and is always in danger of being destroyed by violent blasts or drenching rains. It is the victim of myriads of insects, as well as of rust and mildew. It is plain, then, that the cereal is neither a product nor a favorite of "natural selection." It never originates, and cannot survive, apart from man. His prescient care must prepare the soil and scatter it, and his hand must gather and preserve it for future sowing, or it would perish outright. It illustrates in unimpeachable fashion the incapacity of nature alone mechanically to meet all the needs of vital organisms. (5) The mystery of waste. Of the six tracts here described as sown only one made full return. Of the remainder two were partially and three wholly unresponsive. Was the bulk of the seed therefore wasted? Here we come upon a perennial stumbling-block of cosmic theorists. Nature seems to destroy as ruthlessly as it creates lavishly. Yet the word "waste" is, in fact, a malleable and delusive one. The highway was infertile, yet it was indispensable. The rock was good to build upon, although unfit to sow upon. Even the thorns might be wrought into a serviceable hedge. The objectionable and obstructive, from one point of view, may be usable and even neces-

sary from another. No one but the general, who has the whole field of battle in view, can decide on the wisdom of a single company movement. The "sower" who here "went forth to sow" furnishes light thereby on the problem. The wheat he holds in his hand is essential to his life. If it be wholly lost, no wit of man can replace it by manipulation of the grasses; no chemist can find a substitute for it as a vehicle of life. Of it he may justly say, "Teneo et teneor," for he holds it in life by sowing, and it, in turn, holds him in life by the harvest it returns. But being a creature of appetite, and knowing that it is good for food, why does he not eat it, as the horse would? Being an observing creature, and seeing that the seed in the furrow will dissolve and disappear, why does he commit it to such a fate? Or if, being also "a creature of large discourse, looking before and after," he perceives that seeming dissolution is not real, but the way to a new and increased life, he must also see that there are formidable difficulties in the way. Beyond his hand, it is beyond his reach. It must be left to the mercy of mechanical and incalculable forces, with grave uncertainty as to result. Why, then, should he exchange the secure for the problematic? Or, again, he knows that the seed must have fit soil, for he "goes forth" to find it. He knows that in sowing some must be scattered on the wayside, some on rocky ground, and some among thorns. Why, then, does he not drop it patiently, seed by seed, in fruitful furrows, rather than entail foreseen and reckless waste by sowing broadcast? The future crop may be uncertain if the seed be trusted to wind and weather, but it is impossible else. The waste of time in planting, seed by seed, would far outweigh the waste of seed in scattering. And, from the birds' point of view, the wayside seed would not be wasted. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." The "sower" still deliberately goes forth to sow, and the judgment of the ages is that he commits no waste.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "H. B. Thomas". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, stylized initial "H" and "B" followed by the name "Thomas".

ART. II.—HORACE BUSHNELL AND "THE VICARIOUS SACRIFICE"

I. BUSHNELL was born in Connecticut in 1802. He died in 1876. He was reared in the Congregational Church, but his mother had been a member of the Episcopal Church, and his father had learned Arminian views from his mother and objected to the rigid Calvinism delivered where he lived. So religiously varied currents met in Horace Bushnell. His father had two occupations—conducting a factory and a farm. Bushnell worked in connection with both. His heredity and environment seemed to combine to preclude narrowness and provincialism. Diversity came in upon him in life and thought. His mother was a woman by whom duty was made authoritative without being hateful, and who made religion felt as a reality without making it a constant topic of conversation. The home was a New England home and more; and in a sense it was prophetic of Bushnell, who was to be a New England man, and far more than that. Conscience, and a practical relation to life, with a compelling conviction in the things of religion, are three New England characteristics. These things were true, but not the distinctive, characteristics of Bushnell. The deep vein of mysticism and the versatility of his thought and life, in combination with the other qualities, made Bushnell what he was. At twenty-one he entered Yale College. After a course where he was felt as a leader he graduated. Then he studied law and became a tutor in the college. He had been religious as a boy, but a skeptical period came and an intense revival movement in the college found him intellectually unsympathetic. A group of young men who admired him stood aloof from the movement. This was more than Bushnell could bear. He listened to the demands of his conscience and his heart and opened himself to the revival influences. How his doubts were dealt with may be seen in his own words. Speaking of the Trinity he said: "I am glad I have a heart as well as a head. My heart wants the Father, my heart wants the Son, my heart wants the Holy Ghost—and one

just as much as the other." It was the appeal to experience which was to underlie much of his thinking and life. He entered the divinity school and in 1833 was invited to become pastor of the North Church in Hartford, Connecticut, where all his active ministerial life was spent. His pastorate entered into the very life of Hartford. The park bearing his name is one evidence of how deeply he impressed the city. His influence entered into the fiber of the manhood of the city, inspired it in educational ideals and even in commercial activity. He became Hartford's first citizen. After hearing him on Sunday, we are told, men would say: "I've heard a great sermon and I'm going to make my week mean something!" His relation to his own church is suggested by the unity with which it stood by him through the fierce theological controversies which raged about him, finally withdrawing from the Concession to protect him and express its loyalty to him. When his divergence from opinions almost universally held became understood the attack began which continued a running fire for years. Vain attempts were made again and again to bring him to trial. The Congregational polity was in his favor. Besides, Bushnell was not the sort of man to try for heresy; there was such a massive Christian quality about him that New England common sense held the heresy-hunters in check. He was interested in everything. He planned roads, could not pass over a stream without calculating its water power, had a passion for nature, organized a musical society when at Yale, was practical, poetic, virile, alive to the finger tips. Through all this versatile life the ring of conscience sounds clear, and under it there heaved the great tidal movement of a deep personal religious life. He was forever original. Though a reader, he was not in any technical sense a scholar. There was too much going on inside his own mind for that. He kept problems hanging on pegs, as he said, until he could get to them. Such eagerness and such vitality were his that to the last he was planning new and large enterprises of thought. If he were still alive, he would be publishing a book this year to startle men out of intellectual sluggishness, partly agreeing with the spirit of the time, as easily disagreeing with it; moving with an almost airy freedom from earth's control, but with a very

solid strength for a man who has wings. His thinking was a preacher's thinking, his theology was a preacher's theology. The young men who listened to him in Hartford found in him a leader. Through his books he has been the master of many, a sort of theological pastor, and his preaching rooted in his experience. Skillful and brilliant as he was, the secret of his power was not in these things, except as they expressed the spiritual realities which he had verified in his own life. Great as he was as a thinker, he was more great as a seer. His style at times is dazzlingly brilliant. Heaven and earth are laid under tribute, and one is sometimes almost bewildered by the play of light, the gleam of figure, the sweep of movement, and the quality of noble phrase. Yet it is not always an easy style to read, and it is not always just lucid. Bushnell's originality is his weakness, as well as his strength, here as elsewhere. He takes liberties with words. To a generation taught by Matthew Arnold some of his constructions are awkward. Perhaps it would be too much to expect a volcano to have regard to literary chastity. There is something in Bushnell's style which suggests the paintings of Church, with their daring brilliancy of color. The comparison may not be fair to Bushnell, but he has something of the fault of Church. All is, of course, redeemed by a wealth of thought which completely saves his style from being splendid pyrotechnics. Its best defense would be to say that it was an expression of the man.

The last years of Bushnell's life were a battle with disease. A manly battle it was, and they were not years of idleness. They were filled with work as he was able, and the richness of his nearness to God glowed over them. The theological controversies were healed not by agreement but by a growing respect and reverence for the man. In the day of his passing one of America's most distinct and notable minds was lost to this world's activities. When we think of the largely built men of his century, we are not ashamed to name him among them.

II. The New England theology was a thing of wonderful logical acumen, but it tended to reduce theology to the terms of formal logic. In one way Browning's "Tertium Quid" in *The Ring and the Book* might represent its fatal tendency to miss

reality in the pursuit of logical correctness. And the logic became not merely formal and mechanical but cold, heartless, even cruel. Some of its assertions were unethical enough unless measured by some supramundane standard of ethics where two and two morally do not make four. The reaction from this came about in two ways. First there was the Unitarian movement. It had several aspects. There was the moral aspect. Trying to get away from an immoral God, it gave itself to negations. It insisted and reinsisted that certain cruel things which theology had asserted could not be true of God. In many of its negations it was correct enough, and, doubtless, many were driven into Unitarianism by the false assertions of a mistaken orthodoxy. Then there was its theological aspect. It more and more reacted so as to leave Christ quite completely without divinity. Beginning with a lofty and spiritual sort of Arianism, by the very law of its nature it lowered and lowered its estimate of Christ. A distrust of the potency of the supernatural led toward the repudiation of miracles. Theologically, Unitarianism tended to drift into a modified skepticism. Then there was the æsthetic side. It represented religion without ethical cost. It created piety without the echo of Mount Sinai thundering through it. A natural outcome of this aspect is seen later in the philosophy of Emerson and the dilettante piety of "Christian Science." Beginning as a party of protest, Unitarianism possessed great and noble leaders. In many details it was right. But almost every profound tendency promised less and less noble things in days to come. The other reaction from the older New England theology was in the direction of a modified Calvinism. Here the governmental theory of the atonement found play. But it was an attempt to heal with more logic the wounds made by logic. The syllogism still sat grandly on the throne. Whatever may be thought of it as an intellectual achievement, the result did not save the situation. The modified Calvinism had taken up logic and by its logic it was to perish. In such a theological world Bushnell was trained. His whole theological life was a reaction from the reign of formal logic. The heart must be heard. Life must speak. Christian thinking must be made vital. We will best approach his work from the stand-

point of his theory of language. To him language was not a vehicle of absolutely correct speech; it was a symbol, a suggestion. If this were true, it was a great and destructive bomb thrown into the camp of the formal logicians. For, if words are but symbols, how can they be used in closely reasoned demonstrations? Who would think of making a syllogism of metaphors? Words are a means of contact with reality through a sort of splendid suggestion, but you must not try to tie them down to the niceties of absolute accuracy. Then nature was a great symbol. Bushnell was quite Wordsworthian in his feeling about nature. It was just another set of words, a symbol of the highest realities of life. Coming in this attitude to the problems of theology, he had a wonderful exegetical freedom. He really did not need the help of modern critical scholarship; his theory of language saved him in every awkward situation. Regarding the Trinity he at first expressed himself in quite Sabellian forms. He had a passion for the unity of God like that of Unitarians. One God with three modes of expression might pretty well describe the impression made by his early writing about the Trinity. The more he thought over the problem the more he tended to move toward orthodoxy. He pushed the distinctions in the Godhead farther and farther back until finally he spoke of God as "eternally threeing himself." Perhaps this sounds more nearly orthodox than it is, for to the last Bushnell emphasized the threefold aspect as necessary in regard to relations with the finite rather than inherently essential to the life of the Godhead. His study of the supernatural recognized a world of nature, with its mechanical laws, and a supernatural world including all persons—man as well as God—but he conceived of it all as a unity with God as ruler. The contention that man was supernatural tended to be of the greatest help to men beginning to be afraid of the laws of nature, and his insistence that all made a unity ruled by God was right and true. If he had seen that even the laws of nature are just God's ways of doing things, he would have come to the very heart of the problem. His work on *Christian Nurture*, of more practical than theological value, insisted that children in Christian homes should be brought up as belonging to God and trained as members of his kingdom.

This seems like a commonplace now, but the practical contention, valuable as it was, had a theological presupposition which needs careful scrutiny. A certain kind of emphasis on training needs to be made with clear understanding of the meaning of personality and personal choice. When Bushnell spoke of Christ he usually used terms in which the divinity swallowed up the humanity. He was sure of God in Christ. The other side of the problem perhaps scarcely occurred to him.

This hasty sketch of his work as a Christian thinker, omitting *The Vicarious Sacrifice*, which will be referred to immediately, does not reveal what was most characteristic and valuable in his theological method. He was always expressing his own Christian experience, or what he felt necessary to protect it. It was the theological foundation for a life he wanted to get. He was ready to consider and reconsider his theology in the light of his growing Christian-life. Theology was to be not merely crystallized Christian experience; it was to be Christian experience living and thrilling in beautiful symbols, forever suggesting and leading the soul to the sanctuaries of Christian reality itself.

III. The first volume of *The Vicarious Sacrifice* was written during the Civil War. The book itself has a great throb of battle in it. But it is no petty warfare, with intellectual raid and plunder; it is a great, noble battle, a Gettysburg, with far-flung lines and loftiest heroism. The book has its necessary polemic, but its whole tone is lofty. Here Bushnell's repudiation of the theology of formal logic is expressed at white heat. The central thing about the Christian faith was salvation. The central thing must be expressed in terms of life. It must not be even wonderfully articulated bones, it must be flesh and blood and nerves. Here theology must be translated into heart throbs. So he set to work upon the great task, to discuss salvation in terms of life. And the great principle, the positive foundation for all the work, was the necessity inherent in love to get under whatever burden of sorrow and pain and sin affects those loved; in suffering sympathy to enter into the very meaning of their woe; to bare its own life to the blasts which beat upon them; to go forth to rescue at whatever cost, nay, with a certain passionate eagerness for the cost

of sorrowful experience which will work rescue. This is the principle of vicarious sacrifice inherent in love. It is a universal principle. It is true of God the Father, it is true of the Holy Ghost, it is true of the good angels, it is true of all redeemed souls. When love is love it has no other choice than to go forth under any burden of pain for the helping of those for whom love yearns. This is the motive of salvation. This is the spiritual meaning of the cross. It is an eternal meaning. There was a cross in the heart of God from eternity. Christ revealed it on Calvary. The inherent obligation of God's life required this sacrifice. He was not any better than he ought to be; he was just completely loyal to the meaning of his own love. But this quality of willingness to suffer for the rescue of men becomes itself a moral power, becomes itself a rescue when it is expressed in terms of human life. The vicarious principle in the heart of God, crystallized into action, becomes the moral power which conquers and renovates the sinner. Christ came to be this moral power. Not to be simply an example, not to be simply an influence, but to be a power, the power of love in the *abandon* of suffering to rescue from sin. His work as a healer gives a keynote to his ministry. He was always healing bodies, it was a parable of his work as a healer of souls. No technical change in legal status would satisfy him; he must see sin conquered—slain—in man, and his work was so to become a moral power that the very root motives in men's lives would be seized and held for God. How did he do it? By everything about him. By life and death all together. He did not come to die; he died because he was here and the situation in which he found himself required death. You can follow his life from the start, however, and, full of wonder as it is, full of heartbreak as his death is, the pivotal place in his practically becoming a moral power was at the resurrection. That showed who he was. The life and death of a splendid man could not become the required moral power, but the life and death of One revealed by the resurrection to be God in human life breaks right into the heart and becomes the power of God unto salvation. View life, and words, and works, and death from this high vantage ground, and all leaps with significance. The eternal heartbreak in the life of God has got

itself expressed. Thus he loved, thus he suffered; thus he entered the very burden of the world's woeful sin. Thus the very moral potency of God is set loose in human life. Thus does Christ become the moral power of God in rescuing men from sin.

But now we are beset by the hosts of the logicians. What becomes of the justice of God in this view? The question rings out with the charge of the enemy. Right eagerly Bushnell girds himself for the fray. Let us get to the root of the matter, he says, in effect. This whole question of justice must be scrutinized, for justice is not the fundamental thing in God. Justice is a quality of God in the practical exigencies of government. This is a deeper thing. It is the very ideal law of right, existing before government; the law in fundamental oneness with which God is what he is. Justice must be treated with respect, but this fundamental law must be satisfied. And what is vicarious sacrifice, what is love taking up the burden, the woe, the whole tragedy of sin upon its own feeling and life, in rescuing agony, but the very expression of this fundamental law? This is the law before government. It is the deepest thing we can touch; and instead of being an obstacle in the way it causes the rescue of men by the moral power of vicarious sacrifice. But what about the antagonism between justice and mercy? There is no antagonism. They work together. Justice holds the evil man in the chains of his evil until a change in his life lifts him out of the category where retributive causes work. There is no let-up in this. It is unflinching. Mercy finds a way to work in the man a change which lifts him out of the range of the retributive causes of life. Justice is steady, and works as another force in the very field where mercy works. Like two forces in nature they may seem to contain a formal contradiction but really are coöperative in the whole process. But what about the law's high demand upon life? Christ honors it in every way. He restores men to obedience to it. He restores it to its place of power. He obeys it himself, and he dies in loyalty to it. Christ is the great supporter and uplifter of the law. As to legal enforcement, there is no failure. We may almost say that a new sternness comes to light in Christ. He first announced the doctrine of eternal punishment, and he announced it in the most appalling

form of speech. And he announced the judgment. His words flame with moral fire. All this perfectly protects legal enforcements. As to God's rectoral honor, that, too, is protected. For Christ as God stepped aside from no burden laid upon the race by the curse of sin. He entered into the very meaning of the curse. Under its pressure he so lived and wrought and died as to become the world's supreme moral power. A work so wrought can never dishonor God as a ruler. So, not by mechanical or commercial substitution but by the moral power of his vicarious sacrifice Christ works our salvation. It is a process wrought in men. It is not something done for them in which they have no part. And what is their part? It is the consent of faith. By faith they so open their lives to this moral power that it does its work in them. Justification by faith is not a new legal status; it is a new life. The sinner is actually made into a new creature; but this new life constantly comes from the power of Christ. The man all the while is being worked upon. And this constant derivation of power from Christ through faith is justification.

Just now another attack comes sweeping before the reader. The guns thunder with the sacrificial ammunition of the Old Testament. Bushnell proceeds, as he believes, to capture the guns and to turn them upon the enemy. What was the meaning of the whole sacrificial system of the Old Testament? Why, like words themselves, it was a great symbol, and it was finally to teach not legal cleansing but moral cleansing. Ceremonial cleansing was finally to uplift cleansing of life. The whole system was a parable of purification. And what does all this mean but that the whole system was a preparation for the viewing of Christ's work as a real purification, as a moral power? Now, after the manner of ancient battles, the fighting along the line ceases and some giant words come up to do single combat. There are three Goliaths of them: Atonement, Propitiation, and Expiation. Of these Expiation is a Philistine indeed and Bushnell goes forth to his slaying. As a matter of fact, we are told, expiation is no biblical conception at all. It is a heathen conception grafted on the Bible and grafted on the gospel. Expiation spells itself out in terms of unutterable cruelty. It is a heartless conception from the classics. It has no

home in the Bible nor in our faith. Expiation slain, atonement and propitiation are explained. They have been fighting under the wrong colors. All we need is to understand them. Atonement is at-one-ment—the real, not the legal, harmonizing of man and God. And how is this done except by the power of Christ making the man a new creature? Propitiation is the new attitude God can have toward this changed, renewed man. The essential change is in the man. This makes possible a new relation of God to him, and this essential change is wrought by the moral power of Christ. But there is something left to be done. Christ's great sacrifice is to become a moral power in our lives and so save us from sin, but he does not become a moral power by our calling him that. He does not become a moral power by our thinking of him as that, or by our trusting him as that. In fact, we must forget all about his being a moral power or he cannot be the greatest power at all. Our very self-consciousness, in thinking of him as a moral power, is in danger of preventing his becoming so. How is this dilemma to be dealt with? We must think of him objectively. Not that his work is objective, to be sure, but that in order to be subjective it needs to be thought of objectively. So we may bring back the very phrases of objective atonement, only we will understand that we are using them as beautiful symbols to deliver us from over-subjectivity; not that we accept any mechanical logical conception which might seem to flow from their use. So shall Christ become our great moral power. So shall his vicarious sacrifice renew the world.

IV. All this work is done with a mental brilliancy, a resourcefulness in conflict, a constant and detailed reference to the Bible seen from continually surprising angles, a depth of spiritual power, a devotion to Christ and a moral passion of which this discussion has given no adequate notion at all. It is a splendid piece of constructive work coming from the mind and heart of a great Christian man. Now what is to be our verdict upon it? 1. In the first place, the great positive contention is true. Mr. Charles W. Iglehart once described the "Moral Influence theory" as "a number of true things about the atonement." That Christ's work is a power in men can never be denied, but while that is true it is not all the

truth; while it is a power in men it is also an achievement for men; and this Bushnell did not see. 2. Not a little of Bushnell's negative work will stand. The crass mechanical view of the atonement must be repudiated, and repudiated as earnestly as by Bushnell; but he had not faced the question whether an objective work of Christ had not been wrought which was no mechanical or commercial exchange but a vital thing, capable of being expressed in terms of vitality. And he did not ask if many who used terribly inadequate phrases might not be feeling after a reality which their phrases grossly misrepresented, but which was the great fact of the whole matter for all that. If he had sought to find the vital meaning in an objective atonement, instead of discarding it, all his work would have been different. 3. His presentation of the moral view keeps within sound of the thunders of Mount Sinai in the most wonderful way. It would surely be impossible to present the moral view in a more wholesome fashion. What he says of judgment, punishment, and all ethical things bristles with cutting blades of moral intensity. This is not, I think one may say, a characteristic of typical moral-influence theories. Could a man who had such an intensely glowing sense of fundamental moral things continue contented with the moral view? It remained to be seen. 4. His theory of language was a pitfall to its user. Of course there is a large symbolic element in language; but if speech is to be at all trustworthy, there must be a place for definite meanings, and even in transcendent themes we may be sure of certain results without claiming any exhaustive knowledge. We may have islands of certainty even in the definite ocean. There is a symbolic element in language and there is a definite element. When all speech is reduced to symbol it makes a man too free. It tends to make him lawless. 5. So Bushnell's use of the Bible, unconsciously to himself, was free and easy. It is not dependable. Often where modern criticism would have delivered Bushnell from difficulty he just takes wings and flies away. He had a right to the deliverance, but he had no right to the method, and often he uses the method when he has no right either to the deliverance or to the method. We must treat words more seriously and reverently than his theory allowed. 6. His feeling that the great subjective work

must be spoken of as though it were objective is a most interesting thing. It gives an air of artificiality to this part of a most real book. Yet his point is surely well made, and the escape from the dilemma is not hard for us to see. The work must be thought of objectively because it is an objective work—not as a necessary mental fiction. It is a work *for* us, and so becomes a power *in* us. Seeing the matter in this light, we preserve all that is of value in the moral view and give the deeper—the central—fact of the atonement its right place. 7. With all its vitality, there are most vital and essential questions the book does not adequately face: What does sin mean in the sight of God? Does sin make such a difference to God that something more than the rescue of the sinner must be done to satisfy him? How is the rescued man to have peace in spite of his memory of past sins? Just what is the New Testament consciousness about the death of Christ? 8. Bushnell did not succeed in so getting the great law of right quite into the nature of God that here was the very source of its existence. If he had done this, and had faced the demand of the nature of God in the presence of sin, he would have found full deliverance from mechanical and commercial theories, but he would not have made the port of the moral-influence theory.

V. The second volume of *The Vicarious Sacrifice* was first published in 1874—eight years after the publication of the first volume. It was published as a separate work, with the title, *Forgiveness and Law*, and it was Bushnell's intention that it should appear finally as a substitute for Parts III and IV of his earlier volume. This was much objected to, and after his death it was decided to let the first volume stand as it was, and publish *Forgiveness and Law* as a second volume under the same title as the first—*The Vicarious Sacrifice*.

This volume came as a result of what Bushnell felt to be an accession of new light. It has two positive contentions. One has regard to propitiation, the other expresses a conception of the relation of law and commandment. Bushnell had made the discovery that when a man tries to forgive there is a moral repulsion which can only be overcome as the person wronged gives himself, in some way, in self-sacrifice and suffering, to the one who has wronged him.

Then the hardness or moral repulsion departs from his own heart. He has propitiated himself. Using his favorite principle of arguing from analogy, Bushnell reasoned, If this be true of human nature, why not of the divine nature? And so he came to the conclusion that there is a moral repulsion in God's nature which is overcome by self-propitiation. But this self-propitiation of God is not the suffering life and death of Jesus. These are the means by which God's self-propitiation is revealed to men. But the self-propitiation itself is an eternal thing—God's everlasting taking cost and suffering upon himself—by virtue of his very nature. Jesus made this aspect of the nature of God tangible to men. It now becomes possible for Bushnell to see more in the phrases representing the idea of propitiation in the Bible. He now has a distinctly Godward side in his conception of the atonement. The other positive contention of the new volume had regard to law and commandment. Bushnell felt that the commandment of Christ was a different thing from the law—the statutes—of the Old Testament. The one was legal, and imposed demands for a man to perform definite things. The other implanted a great principle and, in free and spontaneous dependence on Christ, expected loyalty to it. Life, Bushnell felt, is full of parallels to these two. First there is the legal demand; later, with new incentives, the spontaneous loyalty. But these legal demands have regard not to final justice, but to discipline, and the "penally coercive discipline" and the great motives back of the commandment together work the completion of the Christian man. Final justice comes only in the summing up after this life is over. It has nothing to do with this life. This world is a place of discipline. And in that discipline the harder pressure of the law and the creative incentives of the commandment work together. Bushnell reaffirms his attitude toward justification by faith and urges finally the viewing of Christianity under different forms of thought, such as those used by Jesus in foretelling the Holy Spirit's work, in order that we may be freed from the frozen lifelessness of old formulas, and, perhaps, at last, from the larger perspective, see more adequately the great meaning of old words enslaved now by a scholastic theology.

This book was written when Bushnell was about seventy years

old. There are several things to be said about it. 1. It shows his wonderful openness of mind. He was always ready to receive new truth. He was the kind of man who keeps growing to the day of his death. 2. It was, more than he really knew, probably, a step toward an objective view of the atonement. It recognized an obstacle in God which had to be met. It was met, he believed, by self-propitiation. This was a long step. When a man sees that God's nature is such that something must be done to satisfy him before sin can be forgiven he is no longer merely a teacher of the moral-influence theory. 3. The significance of all this lies here: Bushnell had written the most nobly Christian exposition which could be made of the moral view. If a Christian could ever rest in the view, he could rest in it as it is expressed by Bushnell. But Bushnell himself could not rest in it. His own Christian consciousness was so profound that it required something more. And so the man of seventy years set about thinking out this "something more" and found it as an objective element, a Godward side to the atonement. So, though he himself did not see it, Bushnell becomes the most effective critic of the moral view. 4. It is, I think, not fanciful to see a certain kinship between Bushnell's idea of self-propitiation and Professor Curtis's idea of self-expression. The latter idea seems to have the reality Bushnell was reaching after. 5. His contention that this world is not being conducted on principles of absolute and stringent justice is correct. Such a view would preclude forgiveness. 6. But you do not feel that he has found the real root of the demand for the atonement. It is a nobly Christian mind moving toward the haven with the haven not yet in sight. The great true thing about Bushnell in relation to theology was his profound conviction that theology must not be a dead formula but a living reality. It must have a heart which keeps beating; it must have a conscience which keeps smiting; it must be a perfect dynamo of vital energy.

Lynne Harold Strong

ART. III.—SONNET-HUNTING

THERE is much reading sent out to the world which smells of mortality, but there is also, thanks to the genius of the past and present, much that is alive and will live forever. Nothing stirs the blood of a lover of good literature like a poem. He catches his breath as he sees the glimpses of glory pictured before his eyes. He sees the beauty the poet sees; he hears the far-off music; he shares the poet's joy and is stirred by his sorrow. He cannot tell what moves him any more than he can define the perfume of the violet. When we who are looking toward sunset remember the grip and power of poems we once enjoyed, and go back to our early love with a soul responsive to the heavenly vision, we become "Brave conquerors of dull humanity!" With us each summer vacation time has been spent in delving, that we may find for other fellow-workers something which they may wear for amulets; delving that others may have from our hand and our heart something of the patience and brave cheer that comes to us in our toil. The past summer the plan was to go sonnet-hunting. May brought the federation and hundreds of bright women; June, college commencement, alumni banquets, and the flood; July, recuperation from the quartet; August, the raging of the Dog Star, that kept its Sirius face toward us till long into September. Wanting to get courage for the hunt, we remarked to a bright woman that it was time to make a start.

Our optimistic friend at once turned pessimist, saying: "Our local psychologist has decided that no new thought can be produced after the age of thirty-five!"

"But Gladstone's head had to be measured for larger hats, at seventy!"

The pessimist solemnly shook her head. When an enthusiast once has cold water poured on his project, how many methods combine to produce chills and bring down the fever heat! How could I go sonnet-hunting when I knew so little about sonnets? To be able to appreciate any great and beautiful creation one must live

on an equally high plane of noble thinking. Laine says the valleys and lowlands are only for the swineherd. My whole summer, with its pleasures, cares, and burdens, had hardly taken me from the lowlands, physically or mentally! To be sure, when the floods came, and the Blue River spilled over into the town, we fled to the hills, but the mind stayed in the valley. Later in the season, though the mercury was sizzling at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, must one not, according to the traditions of the elders, care for pears, peaches, crab apples and plums, so that there shall be comfort in the household when one shiveringly draws near the glowing fire in December? To even think of sonnet-hunting under these conditions was as great a burden as the grasshopper. Indeed, was it not, all through the summer vacation, first the grasshopper, then the cankerworm, the caterpillar and the palmerworm? How *was* I to get strength to search for the sonnet? It would actually necessitate my rising to the plane of a poet myself; it would force me to be able to appreciate the sonnet, which, to tell the exact truth, I had never been wholly able to do before the age of thirty-five! There is only one recipe for making a poet, and as that is safe in the cold-storage of nature I am unable to tell *how* the sonnet is made. I have often wondered if there *were* any methods by which we could learn the poet's art. Is it learned by reading, by experience, by environment, by intuition? Tennyson learned by careful work and much weariness of flesh. For ten years after the failure of his first work, he was grinding at the mill of technical modes. We know how a music master drills a budding genius. We have wondered at the years of patient toil with paint and brush which Leonardo da Vinci spent before he sent out his masterpiece. There are some who declare that the poetic instinct is inborn; is not molded and shaped by experience or labor. An American writer has said that though poets may seem to be sudden prodigies, this is not the fact of the case—they are the slow result of the ages. The oak gets its nourishment from earth formed from the vegetable races of the past and which is exactly suited to the life and health of this giant of the field. In this same way poets are made! The tree is made up from what is old. It is not a new thing, neither can

it invent a new thing. The oak, like men of genius, holds mere invention cheap. Instead of creating something absolutely new it strikes its roots deeper and creates something out of the soil already at command. How familiar we are with this trait in Shakespeare! He really invented almost nothing. He gathered from all the world and from all ages, and made something out of his findings as unlike the original as the oak is unlike the weeds and shrubs that have grown on that same soil for centuries before the acorn was planted.

Pessimists may have a place in the world, but I am glad to remember that their influence over me is short-lived. One day, when practicing the science of domestic economics by paring peaches and making jelly, I fell to thinking about the suggestions of the pessimist—that I was past thirty-five and that I lived on the lowland; but at the same time came this encouraging thought regarding the soil that produced the oak. I looked back, with my mind's eye, at my family tree, or perhaps it might be safer to say my family shrubs, to see what soil was produced by these plants of decaying ancestors, and wondered if, in the evolution of the shrubs, plants, trees, it might be possible that I was an oak! There was encouragement in the thought. The oak is only a sapling at thirty-five. Then, though the oak likes the uplands, it casts a large shadow in the region where only "the swineherd" might dwell. How stimulating is the thought of having grand possibilities wrapped up in our character! "To appreciate a sonnet," I said to myself, "I ought to be able to write one. But *can* I do it?" I cautiously questioned. "It is only fourteen lines. Surely, I can ride my Pegasus thus far! There is to be a gamut of groans and sighs, then only six lines more, to get out from under the dumps. And only five feet to a line!" I cannot tell who wrote the first sonnet, but there was in the sixteenth century a great revival of sonneteering in Italy, and Petrarch brought it to perfection. Wyatt's poems were adaptations of the sonnets of Petrarch and were introduced into England in Tottel's Miscellany about 1550, the first printed poetical selections in the English language. Most of these sonnets were addressed to some lady love. I looked at my cans of beautiful Albertas, my clear amber jelly of crab apple and

royal-purple plum, wiped my thoughtful brow and felt sure that, by a slight stretch of imagination, I could also do that very thing. Doubtless the roots of the oak were in mold that had nourished many shrubs of real worth. Petrarch addressed his sonnets to a young lady. Dante's Beatrice was only a child. I faintly remembered that Spenser married his "Amorette." Milton had a dead wife. Nobody knows whom Shakespeare addressed. Sidney had his "Stella." Surrey addressed his love complaints to a little Irish girl. The pathetic sonnets of Heine express the influence of his mother on his life. Goethe—did he write any sonnets to his many loves? This last thought caused a discouraging sigh as I looked at my beautiful jellies and cans of Alberta peaches. Then I looked at the glasses and jars; they had the real—inside. Here was truth. That they were beautiful no one could deny. In writing poetry the oracle declares that truth and beauty must be kept in view. Aristotle regards poetry as a sort of air castle which ends in delight. I was positive in regard to the delight that would be expressed later on in regard to what was before me, but in regard to my poetry, if I could write it, I was not so sure. *Could* I write a sonnet on peaches?—*canned* peaches? I had for precedent William Wordsworth. He thought the incidents of common life appealed to the poet with greater force than the highly intellectualized emotions. Surely, I could equal his Idiot Boy, but—there were his sonnets! I began again to doubt. Is it really safe for my Pegasus to take me away from the atmosphere in which I belong? Though I dwell in the very center of the United States, that does not seem to be a proof that the horizon is broader or the altitude higher in the intellectual realm than it is on the edges. It is true that if a map of our country were to be doubled, with the shores, east and west, touching each other, and then folded again with lakes and gulf together, the center point would represent my dwelling place. Now, sonnet-hunting may be like fox-hunting—have long pauses while the covers are being drawn in search of game. I have reached the time of this problem and I am impressed that I must remember my limitations and environment. In our midst is a scientific college with two thousand students, and long ago there swept over us a tidal wave of materialism and com-

mercialism, placing these far above the humanities which had heretofore prevailed. It is sad to relate, but all my little world agrees with Bottom, the weaver, that there is more worth in hay—"good hay, sweet hay"—than in a feast of beauty and fairy creations. Being in the grip of such a spirit makes me doubly doubtful in regard to being able to catch an original sonnet, to use as a sort of crayon illustration, while on the hunt for the best which the world affords. But,

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distill it out.

I look again at my Amoret! I do not know why the sonnet has only fourteen iambic lines, with the formula $u \ a \ x \ 5$, any more than I know why the Spenserian stanza has nine iambic lines with a certain formula, but I suppose some one invented the sonnet whose harp had fourteen strings, and the poet, like the musician, knows when the melody should end. The stanza may leave the sense incomplete and run the thought into the next. The sonnet must be complete in itself. There are three well-defined forms of the sonnet found in English literature. The Shakespearean, rhyming thus (similar letters indicating lines that rhyme with each other), $a \ b \ a \ b \ c \ d \ c \ d$ (this finishes the octave). The sestet is, $e \ f \ e \ f \ g \ g$. The Miltonian, or loose Italian sonnet, follows Petrarch's rule of four different vowel sounds in the rhymes, yet having the sense continuing from octave into sestet, thus: $a \ b \ b \ a \ a \ b \ b \ a \ c \ d \ c \ d \ c \ d$. The strict Italian sonnets have a complete change of ideas in the sestet which also, if one desires variety, can be arranged in many different ways. The Wordsworthian sonnet varies between the Miltonian and strict Italian. We are taught that the good things of life never come singly but always with a mixture. It began to look as though my hunt for the *original* was over and my sonnet had beat the cover, for when I had thought out the structure I laid pencil and paper beside my fruit on the kitchen table. I would choose the Wordsworthian formula, varying it not with the Miltonian but with my own! Here is the formula: $a \ a \ a \ a \ b \ b \ c \ c \ d \ d \ e \ e \ f \ f$. The title of this framework, clothed—

A DOMESTIC SONNET

I think a woman's horizon is small,
 If she sits shut in by her kitchen wall
 And has a deaf ear to the Muse's call,
 In this first, beautiful month of the fall.
 What is she doing? Still making her jelly!
 She's been at it, and at it, I can't tell
 How long. There's a gamut of aches most dire;
 Head, back, limbs ache as she stands by the fire.
 Eating the jelly, in the heart of the year,
 With mistletoe, holly, and all good cheer,
 One forgets backache, hand-stains, slash of thumb,
 When she views with delight peaches and plum
 As a gift of love that's almost divine—
 Pressing from September this celestial wine!

Just here the cans must be sealed, the jelly must be skimmed, and there was no time to correct imperfect rhyme or select the proper number of feet for the last line, so the Domestic Sonnet hobbled off like a mutilated centipede. With a soft sigh, that had no regret, but only weariness in it, I thought of my effort at sonnet-hunting while busy with domestic duties, and said, consolingly:

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on."

The Miscellany which I mentioned as published by Tottel about 1550 had been before the public fifty-two years before Shakespeare's sonnets were published. Besides this Miscellany and the translations from Petrarch there were many other collections sent out to the world, for this was an age when there was a passion for sonnet-writing and its highest point of achievement was attained by Shakespeare. Shakespeare did not originate the sonnet structure which he used, but his genius gave it authority and name, even though the precisians held that the Shakespearean sonnets are not sonnets, but only fourteen-line poems. The one hundred and fifty-four poems which makes the book called "Shakespeare's Sonnettes," form a sonnet sequence. "They deal with two leading themes, in an order which is not necessarily historical but which discloses an interior principle of arrangement"; or, as a musician would say, "They consist of variations on two dominating

motives or themes." The writers who have searched for the key to Shakespeare's sonnets have been many, and their declarations in regard to the close relation of the sonnets to his own experience make an interesting study. But the conclusion drawn must be that the sonnets may be read as the poetic record of an emotional experience, or emotional experiences, but not as a record of fact. The experiences are hidden behind a veil of elaborate art and philosophy with which the thought of western Europe was saturated at this time. Tennyson wrote *In Memoriam* at different times and when in diverse moods, but as we read the poem as a whole we see unity of manner, theme, thought. For several years Shakespeare wrote sonnets to and for his friends, sending them, in his own heedless way, right and left, but when at last the one hundred and fifty-four poems are placed together in this sonnet sequence, it is found there is a general theme: a somewhat idealized friendship between the poet and a young man of great beauty of form and feature. The highest type of friendship in this age is love with the selfish element eliminated. That is not the type pictured in these sonnets. In the forty-second the poet finds the beautiful young man trying to win from him the heart of his mistress, and the heart of the poet breaks with loneliness, pain, self-denial, and self-renunciation. From thence on the friend, the "dark woman," and the poet are actors in a drama. In the one hundred and forty-fourth sonnet a spiritual motive is suggested.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, color'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.

Five or six sonnets previous to this one partly quoted the poet says of this woman, said to have been Marion Delorme, a French courtesan:

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies.

The last nine of these sonnets are full of discontent with himself and of bitterness toward others. At the very end of the sequence—the last two are given as a postlude to the group—"the little love-god, . . . once asleep," awakens and the maiden tries to put out the firebrand in a cool well, but the well, instead, "from love's fire took heat perpetual." It is useless to try to put the fire out, for "Love's fire heats water, water cools not love." The imagination, unreasoning and creative, shown in the sonnets, is the same imagination shown in the plays, and if Shakespeare should speak from his grave, he would say: "These sonnets tell nothing about my life. Every one in my own age knew I was not a saint. Every one in your age knows I was a genius, and for that reason, and because of the age in which I lived, much is forgiven. But men and devils, women and angels, love and hate, confidence and jealousy were always before me in poem, play, and sonnet. I tried to see what I could do with them; that is all." The mind goes by weight of impulse and habit. Shakespeare lived with his created characters, filled with wicked, gay, or foolish imaginations, ardent passions or melancholy mockery. If such a man wrote sonnets, they would give no clearer visions of his own life than did the poems and plays. As Shakespeare has never been held up as a pattern of propriety, to say the least, in his private life, the sonnets, naturally, would not reveal characteristics foreign to the whole life and character of the man. The sonnets were written for and sent among his friends, of whom no man had more friends won by his frankness of spirit, charm of manner, and the witchery of his genius.

Milton imitated the type of the Italian sonnet, but with none of its cold whiteness. Milton's sonnets are like his life, delicate, grave, lofty. The exotic beauty of the southland sonnets he brought to England and made indigenous to the soil. Milton in his blindness saw visions and dreamed dreams. In the sonnet to his dead wife he tells how she came to him, and what she was in her angelic beauty and sweetness. It is like the one Dante writes to his Beatrice, departed from this life. With Milton in his sonnet, the vision of "love, sweetness, goodness" which "in her person shined" *fled* when "I waked—and day brought back my night."

With Dante:

A gentle thought that of you holds discourse
Cometh now frequently with me *to dwell*;
And with such sweetness it of Love doth tell
My heart to yield unto him it doth force.
"Who then is this?" the soul saith to the heart;
"Who cometh to bring comfort to our mind,
And who hath virtue of so potent kind
That other thoughts he maketh to depart?"
"O, saddened soul," the heart to her replies,
"This is a little spirit fresh from Love,
And to my presence his desires he brings,
His very life and all his influence move
From out of the compassionating eyes
Of her who sorroweth for our sufferings."

Charles Lamb, in his own charmingly whimsical way, laughs at Milton's stilted talk, but Charles Lamb's remarks have irritating quality like those of Taine, who sits on the judgment seat teaching and exasperating lovers of English literature, as when he declares that Milton makes Adam enter paradise via England! that it was in England that Adam learned respectability and studied moral speechifying; that before Adam had touched the tree of knowledge he uttered an address as full of pithless sentences as a bachelor of arts could have uttered in his final thesis! But without asking permission of Taine all the world has become fond of the sonnet which Milton wrote on his blindness:

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide:
Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait.

Mrs. Browning, in speaking of the literature in the days of Elizabeth, says: "They [the years] were as full of poets as the summer days are of birds." "Never since the first nightingale broke voice

in Eden arose such a jubilee concert. . . . Why, a common man, walking through the earth in those days, grew a poet by position." The Elizabethan age proper closed with the death of the queen and the accession of James I (in 1603), but the literature of the following half century was quite as rich as that from the time the queen came to the throne (1557), and this half century is called the Age of Milton, who was born five years after the death of the queen and died (1674) about a century before Wordsworth was born (1770).

Wordsworth regarded himself as a reformer of poetry, but did not in practice adhere to the doctrine he preached in the preface of his book of *Lyrical Ballads*. The poems written to illustrate this theory of his were silly in theme and ludicrous in language; but his sincere love for nature, the companionship of the mountains and lakes, the simple life he led, soon made him give to the world the most charming thoughts, expressed in pure simple English and free from decorations of art. To him we owe the phrase which might mean much to us in this age, "Plain living and high thinking." He thought deeply, lived wisely and simply. After Wordsworth obtained recognition "he shone by himself," Stedman says, "and he shone in a serene and luminous orbit." Of the sonnets of Wordsworth, from the hundreds Dowden selects a score or more of political sonnets and three score of the miscellaneous. Many are without name, and several have the same subject; but whether named or not, we all recall them if one but repeats a line, as,

It is beauteous evening, calm and free,
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration.

The sonnet "Seclusion" gives the soul-hunger of the war-worn chieftain who wants to hide in cloistered privacy and soft repose. The next sonnet—same topic—describes the place where the poet would dwell:

Methinks that to some vacant hermitage
My feet would rather turn; to some dry nook
Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurled down a mountain cove from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,

Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage
 Would elevate my dreams. A breechen bowl,
 A maple dish my furniture should be;
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting owl
 My nightwatch: nor should e'er the crested fowl
 From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
 Tired of the world and all its industry.

The books we love in childhood are those that enter as factors forever in our mental life. The books read before we begin to look toward sunset have put a shaping hand on our character. A lover of books is influenced more by them than by lectures, sermons, or friends. I cannot remember when I was not a devoted admirer of Mrs. Browning. In my early teens I read "Aurora Leigh." I had a mother's sister who, saint that she was, always made me think of the orphan's guardian,

Eyes that once might have smiled,
 But never, never have forgot themselves
 In smiling.

Like the orphan, "I read books bad and good." It was,

"Books books, books!"
 "Under my pillow in the morning's dark
 An hour before the sun would let me read,"
 I felt the heart-beat of the books.

It was not long before I learned to love the sonnets of Mrs. Browning. I should be afraid to tell how much Mrs. Browning's sonnet, "Work," has shaped my life, lest one might think I looked into my imagination for facts. "The Two Sayings," "The Look," "The Meaning of the Look"—whoever has read these thinks deeper—"The Portuguese Sonnets"—title taken by this singer as a sort of screen behind which she poured out her full heart—are the most exquisite poems written by woman. They express her perfect love for the one who understood her soul. The tenth says:

Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed,
 And worthy of acceptance. Fire is bright,
 Let temple burn, or flax: an equal light
 Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed.

Love is fire and love is love whether the flame is from the cedar of Lebanon or from a weed on a sandy desert. The only bit of

paradise left after the fall is Home. If every wife could say to her husband what Mrs. Browning says in the Forty-third Portuguese Sonnet, no home would look with longing eyes for the original Eden:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of being and ideal grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for right,
 I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears of all my life; and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

To those who start out sonnet-hunting, Rossetti's "The House of Life," a series of sonnets quivering with emotion, must not be missed. But it is true

The bee
 Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
 And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
 Within the hollow oak. I listen long
 To his domestic hum, and think I hear
 The sound of that advancing multitude
 Which soon shall fill these deserts.

Because this is true we need not always cross the ocean when we seek the lyric craftsmen. We have Aldrich and Winter and Gilder. One ought to stop awhile with "Laus Mariæ" of Sidney Lanier. It sometimes seems as though poetry had lost its hold upon American readers. Is the fault with the reader or with the poet? If we do not find in the poets of today that which captivates the fancy, we can turn to those of yesterday. Nowhere among the English poets, from the translations of the sonnets of Petrarch, introduced by Wyatt and Surrey—many of them again translated in our own age—to the exquisite series by Dante Gabriel Rossetti are there any surpassing the six, "Divina Commedia," by our own Longfellow. The soul is stirred by them as it is stirred at sight of the nation's flag when in a foreign field.

The tender charm in these tributes to the saints and holy men who have gone before gives to us a grace divine. When he speaks of the poet the translation of whose work was a labor of love, he says:

I see thee in the gloom,—and strive to make my steps
keep pace with thine.

And,

The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass.

They are so beautiful that

Like the lark,
That warbling in the air expatiates long,
Then, trilling out his last sweet melody,
Drops, satiate with the sweetness,

These sonnets, which accompany the Dante volumes, are not only perfect in structure, but the soul of the Divine Song is in the very heart of them. The sonnet "Nature" is familiar:

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half-reluctant to be led
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

This sonnet we will put in our Bible with Saint John's "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again and receive you unto myself." But the "Divina Commedia" series make one reverently think of the daily petition, "Thy kingdom come," of which the first is the beginning of the answer to the prayer:

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an indistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Charlotte F Wilder

ART. IV.—PETRARCH—THE FIRST MODERN MAN

THERE are three periods in the history of Western civilization which can be distinctly marked off one from the other: classical antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the modern world. And yet all three are intimately connected. The characteristic traits of Greek civilization are well known, but they have never been better summarized than in the following words of a modern writer: "Nothing in excess; clearness and purity of thought, amenity and sweetness of temperament, grace and charm of manners, desire for the beautiful, dignity and serenity, calm and fearless attitude toward the world and the future, vivacity and felicitous banter, sense of proportion, bold acknowledgment of all that is seen to be true, cheerful buoyancy and sense of joy, culture, right reasoning, lightness of touch, searching power and depth and delicacy of thought." It is not the place here to attempt to prove these statements; but if we recall to mind the dialogues of Plato, the greatest example of prose in the world's history, the dramas of Sophocles, the temple of the Parthenon, and the statues of Praxiteles; if we remember how Democritus and Empedocles anticipated the theory of matter, not only the atomic theory but still more the theory of Professor Crooke and Lord Kelvin due to the discovery of radium; if we remember how Aristotle ruled the world of the Middle Ages, and how without Plato there would have been no Saint Augustine, no Kant or Fichte, no Shelley or Emerson—if we remember these things, we begin to realize the truth of the apparently exaggerated statement of Sir Henry Maine, that "Except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." If to this Greek spirit we add the mighty organizing genius of Rome, the establishment of law, the principle of municipal government, the great structure of the empire, the subordination of the individual to the state, the love for clearness, for artistic form, we have a general idea of the ancient world. If we turn to the Middle or Dark Ages, we shall see a vast difference between the old and the new. First

there is the introduction of Christianity, opening up the other world, introducing new fears and new hopes, new manners and customs. Then comes the irruption of the northern barbarians, the rude, war-loving Teutons, with their own pagan religion and their own rude virtues. All these things together were flung into a sort of caldron out of which were to come centuries later a purer religion, a mightier moral force, and a nobler civilization. The Middle Ages are only the period when these various elements mingled together their streams before forming the broader and deeper flowing river on the bosom of which humanity now sails. Their peculiar features are well known. In the first place, there was an utter subjection of the individual to the corporation; in social life feudalism was universal and the once free German peasant became a slave, to all practical purposes as much a part of the land as the cattle which grazed in the fields. In religion the gospel of Christ was transformed into a marvelous structure that in its outer form perpetuated the spirit of the Roman empire, of which the church was supposed to be the heir. The individual had no right to any religious opinion; as the church commanded so he believed. Authority in the state, authority in the church, authority everywhere—such was the spirit of the Middle Ages. It showed itself in art. What the fathers had done was good enough; hence the long centuries of the Byzantine school in painting, till Cimabue and Giotto came. It showed itself in literature, in the repetition of the same motifs and the same subjects; in the expansion, first in poetry, then in prose, of the *Chansons de Geste* and the Arthurian romances; in the vast didactic compilations of Vincent de Beauvais, Brunetto Latini, and others. It showed itself in philosophy. With John Scotus Erigena scholasticism began to take shape and for six hundred years human thought fell asleep. No one dared to seek after truth; the church's dogmas were inexpugnable. All that philosophers could do was to strive to bring these dogmas into harmony with human reason, and after the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when new translations of Aristotle had been made, into harmony with him. Those who ventured to think independently, like Pierre Abelard or Berenger of Tours, Amaury of Bena and, later, Giordano Bruno, were

branded as heretics and peradventure burnt at the stake. This same spirit of authority was likewise seen in the various sciences: in medicine, which was nothing but a system of charms and incantations; in the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, lasting sixteen hundred years; in the Lapidaries, or mineralogies, summing up the strange virtues of stones; in the Bestiaries, or books of zoölogy, which told how the pelican fed its young with its own lifeblood, how the phoenix rose from its ashes, and how the crocodile shed tears. Thus, in every walk of life, superstition, slavery to tradition, worship of authority and utter lack of the critical spirit characterized the Middle Ages. Faith was universal; all eyes were turned to the life beyond the grave. Everyone expected the world to end in the year 1000; documents were dated "*termino mundi appropinquante*" ("the end of the world approaching"). Hence the present world was neglected; the human body, so apotheosized by the Greeks, became a despised thing. Woman was called by Saint Jerome "*janua diaboli*." The beauty of nature, river and forest, mountain and plain, was utterly ignored. The highest ideal of humanity was that of the ascetic monk or mystic on the mountain top, crying:

There is nothing that lives but God and the soul;
Nothing at all that matters but God and the soul.

Over against the Middle Ages let us place the modern world, which is in every respect the diametrical opposite of it. Against faith and superstition and authority has arisen the critical spirit that will believe nothing but what it sees to be true. We all know what this critical spirit has done: it brought about the Reformation by subjecting the dogmas, the conduct, and the claims of the Papacy to the free investigation of truth on the part of the human mind; it has brought about the marvelous discoveries of modern science by discarding the inductive and adopting the experimental method. Through Descartes is founded modern philosophy by basing all knowledge on the one only fundamental irrefragable truth, "*Cogito, ergo sum*." It has opened up the knowledge of ancient classics and thus restored the dower of beauty to mankind; beauty which had lain asleep, like the princess in the fairy tale, throughout the long night of the Middle Ages:

the beauty of poetry in Homer and Virgil, of the drama in Sophocles, of prose in Plato and Cicero; the beauty of art in the Parthenon, in the ruins of ancient Rome, in vase and coin and sepulchral bas-reliefs. But this beauty is not only a thing of the past. Men discovered once more the world in which they lived—the blue sky, the shining sea, the misty-topped mountain, the bird and flower. They saw once more beauty in the despised human form. The new system of romantic love brought a deeper respect for woman; the *Ewig Weibliche* came into existence to bless, some think perchance to curse, mankind, and we find on the one hand the fatal love of Tristan and Iseult, on the other the magnificent apotheosis of Beatrice by Dante. By discovering the lands beyond the sea Columbus opened a new world to the eyes of men.

Before discussing in detail the points which go to justify more or less the title given to Petrarch it may be well to refresh our memories by a very brief and succinct account of his life. He was born July 20, 1304, in Arezzo, where his father had gone into exile at the same time as Dante, in 1302. In 1313 he moved to Avignon, or, rather, Carpentras, a few hours distant, where he obtained his early schooling. At fifteen years of age his father sent him to Montpellier, and later to Bologna, to study law. He cared but little for this profession, however, and at his father's death, in 1325, he gave it up and devoted himself to study and to writing. He was a great traveler, and at one time or another visited nearly every country in Western Europe. The year 1327 was an important date in his life, for it was then that he saw for the first time, in the church of Saint Clare, the woman who was to influence his whole life—Laura de Sade. In 1336 he visited Rome, returning the next year to Avignon. He now settled down to live in the famous valley of Vaucluse, where the river Sorgue springs from the base of a high rock and flows down through the green valley. His life there was full of quiet study and meditation. He would often go out at midnight and say his prayers among the mountains; at dawn he would issue forth to listen to the song of birds and the rest of the day he would devote to study. It was here that he wrote his Latin poem, "Africa," and the "De Viris

Illustribus." He received two invitations to be crowned, one from the University of Paris and the other from the Senate of Rome. He chose the latter, and on April 8, 1341, he ascended the steps of the Capitol, where a robe was given him by Robert, King of Naples, and amid the flourish of trumpets, and surrounded by a vast crowd, the laurel crown of poet was placed upon his brow. The later events of his life include his visits and sojourns in Parma, Milan, Venice, and Arqua. It was in the latter place that he died, July 8, 1374, bending over a favorite volume. He has often been called the "first modern man"; a title, however, which is open to certain modifications. He was by no means on a level with the civilization of today, and he still felt the effects of the Middle Ages. Yet he was the first to make a beginning, to set in motion currents which have broadened down to our own time. His influence was simply incalculable. He covered the whole field of literature and learning. His followers only carried out what he began; only divided among them the things he united in himself. As a type of what is said about Petrarch this is quoted from Körting's bulky volume on his life:

As an Italian poet Petrarch is inferior to Dante, or even to Boccaccio; yet he has done far greater things than any other intellectual hero of ancient or modern times. He is the creator of a new form of culture, the founder and originator of the Renaissance, and has impressed during long centuries the mark of his genius not only on the intellectual achievements of his own country but on those of all civilized nations of the Western world. He is the founder, I repeat, of the Renaissance, though others helped. This is true of him in the same sense that Gutenberg invented the art of printing, that Columbus discovered the New World, and Luther brought about the Reformation. Petrarch is of immense importance for all mankind and for the whole future of modern culture.

In similar strain Geiger writes:

His fame was widespread during his life; it filled the whole world after his death, and will last as long as antiquity, patriotism, and love remain precious means for the education and formation of men.

Voigt says that Petrarch not only opened horizons but traced the route for those who came after him:

His name burns like a star of first magnitude, not only in literary history, but in that of the civilized world, in the history of all humanity.

It cannot be said that Petrarch was really the first modern

man in philosophy. That title, perhaps, belongs better to Abelard, who laid down the middle course between the Nominalists and Realists and thus pointed the way to William of Occam, on whose foundation Francis Bacon reared his marvelous monument. Yet Petrarch, with his consummate good sense, fights constantly the whole system of scholasticism, especially the Aristotelian Averrhoistic form, which in his day despised the stirrings of the Humanists and glorified the Middle Ages. Neither was Petrarch the first modern man in science; this title belongs, rather, to Roger Bacon. Yet Petrarch scourges all false science, especially as seen in the quackery and superstition of medicine, in the barbarous jargon of mediæval law, and in the then universally received belief in astrology and the influence of the stars. It needed no little courage to attack alchemy, and especially astrology, in a day when every king and prince in Christendom was likely to have his own court astrologer. Yet letter after letter of Petrarch contains invectives against this false science. But Petrarch's services to science were also positive. He observed carefully and described in his letters natural phenomena, flowers and trees, storms and earthquakes, the physical conformation of the land. How far he was in advance of the Middle Ages can be seen at once by anyone who reads a few pages of the *Bestiary* of Guillaume le Clerc, describing the pelican feeding its young, or the mandragora and its fatal effect on those who pluck it, and its power to lull the mind to sleep, and compares these passages with Petrarch's description of the faithful dog and other animals. But perhaps his greatest contribution to science was in the line of geography. He was literally the first man to apply actual observations to this science. His *Itinirarium Syriacum*, written for a friend about to travel in the East, with its description of important places in Italy, illustrated with extracts from the classics, is the first modern guidebook. He also made the first scientific map of Italy. He is, further, looked upon as the father of historical science, which is based on investigation and the critical method. The emperor Charles IV showed him a document, purporting to have been promulgated by both Cæsar and Nero, referring to Austria. Petrarch said it was false because Cæsar

never uses the form "we" in speaking of himself in his works; never called himself Augustus, that began with Octavius, his successor; there were no data and no consuls given in the document, things which are never lacking in genuine Roman documents.

Petrarch was also the founder of archæology, of numismatics, of paleography, and of all other *Hilfswirssenschaften* of classical scholarship. But, above all things else, his glory as the founder of humanism has never been denied. Before him men had read more or less of the classic Latin authors, but with no sense of beauty of form, and chiefly for the sake of the thoughts therein contained. Moreover, these thoughts were wrested from the natural meaning and turned into symbols. Seneca and Epictetus had, in the Dark Ages, been looked upon as Christians; the light tales of Ovid were allegories of Christian truth and Virgil became a mere necromancer. For Petrarch, and after him the humanists, form became an absorbing passion. They strove to realize every shade of art and beauty in the works of the ancients—nay, more, to restore in all its completeness the life of antiquity. Hence their passion for manuscripts, for coins, for vases, ruins, and monuments. Petrarch set the fashion; wherever he went his first duty was to hunt for manuscripts of the classics. He discovered a number himself, and his follower, Poggio Bracciolini, almost equaled his finds. The patient German scholar of today, striving to reconstruct the original text of some classic author, calling to his aid all the help furnished by archæology, inscriptions, coins, etc., traveling all over Europe in order to collate his text, nay, possibly hoping for the mystical joy of discovering a new manuscript, is but a far-away descendant of Petrarch. In fact, Petrarch may be looked upon as the first modern man, first, as a lover of nature; second, as a lyrical poet; third, as a forerunner of modern melancholy or *weltsschmerz*, and, finally, as representing the subjectivity so characteristic of modern literature.

There are several ways of looking at the world of nature. First there is that of religion, which looks on all phenomena as the expression of a supernatural power. This is common to all ages and all nations and is the source of classic mythology, in which thunder and lightning are the bolts of Jove and the majesty

of the sea is represented in the form of Neptune. It is likewise the source of the grandeur of Northern mythology, in which we see the contest of spring and winter, day and night, the dawn of the universe and the *Götterdämmerung*. Next comes the scientific interest, which examines the courses of the stars (whence astronomy), plant life (botany), animal life (zoölogy), and which in our own day has produced the sciences of biology, chemistry, and physics. This scientific interest in nature is likewise old, finding its representatives in Egyptian astronomy, in the marvelous collections of the Museum of Alexandria, and especially in the epoch-making observations and writings of Aristotle. Thirdly, there is the utilitarian view of nature—the feeling of comfort in broad meadows, pleasant gardens, houses built on the seashore to catch the cool breezes in summer, all of which find frequent illustration in the *culturgeschichte* of Greece and Rome. Lastly, and most important for our present discussion, is the æsthetic, sentimental, artistic way of looking at nature. This is almost entirely modern. If the Greeks and Romans had it, they at least made but little use of it in their literature, and apparently did not realize its value as a means of art expression. And here a word as to the enormous difference between ancient and mediæval times and our own day. While you will look in vain for landscapes in mediæval art our own contemporary pictures are largely landscapes, and the artist travels over distant lands, to the mountains of Switzerland and the deserts of Africa, for no other purpose than to find subjects for his skill. But the sentimental, naïve feeling for nature, the “pathetic fallacy,” as Ruskin calls it, is completely modern. You remember how Wordsworth finds a something in nature which answers to his own soul, how he sees “the spirit whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.” In all this he simply sums up the whole atmosphere of modern nature-worship as seen in Jeffries, Emerson, Thoreau, and others in England and America, in Goethe and Schiller in Germany, and in Lamartine and Chateaubriand in France. Of all this wonderful outburst of nature-love Petrarch is indubitably the first example. His loving interest in nature is seen in all his works, poetical or prose, and reveals itself on almost every page and in various

ways. First, in his fondness for travel. He was among the first forerunners of the modern *wanderlust*. He traveled over nearly all Western Europe, France, Germany, Bohemia, and Italy. Everywhere he noticed the natural beauty of the scenes, and left minute descriptions of what he saw and felt. Deepest of all was his love for Italy. He never tired of talking of her glorious history, of the beauty of her skies, her seas, her plains and mountains. What Browning meant in the well-known lines,

Open my heart, and you will see
Graven inside of it "Italy,"

was literally true of Petrarch. No poet has ever written a more eloquent address to Italy than he, when, in 1353, he left Vaucluse to spend the rest of his life in his native land:

Ad te nunc cupide post tempora longa revertor,
Incola perpetuus.
Italiam video frondentis colle Gebennæ;
Nubila post tergum remanent; ferit ora serenus
Spiritus et bandis assurgens motibus aer
Exceptit. Agnosco patriam gaudensque saluto
Salve, pulchra parens, terrarum gloria, salve.¹

The love of the mountains is, more than all other phases of nature-love, modern. Through all the Middle Ages men hurried over the Alps with no feeling but one of dread. Sebastian Münster in the sixteenth century, crossing the Gemmi Pass, shuddered to his very marrow at the horror of the scene. Only in comparatively recent years have men felt the charm of the high mountains,

Where the white mists forever
Are spread and unfurled
In the stir of the forces
Whence issued the world.

All the more must we wonder at the modernness of Petrarch, who probably furnishes our first example of a man climbing a high mountain for pleasure. He tells us that his sole motive was an æsthetic one. This was on April 2, 1335, when he made the ascent

¹ "To thee now I eagerly return after a long absence to dwell in thee forever. From the umbrageous hill of Gebenan I behold Italy. The clouds are left behind me. A gentle breeze caresses my brow and a soft air rises to meet me. I recognise my native land, and salute her with rejoicing heart. Hail, beautiful mother, Hail, thou glory of all lands."

of Mount Ventoux in company with his brother. The whole letter in which he describes the ascent is exceedingly interesting. In the brief passages quoted the reader will notice that the mediæval spirit of indifference to earthly things still struggles in him:

Today I made the ascent of the highest mountain in this region. My only motive was the wish to see what so great an elevation had to offer. . . . At first, owing to the unaccustomed quality of the air, and the effect of the great sweep of view spread out before me, I stood like one dazed. I beheld the clouds under our feet, and what I had read of Athos and Olympus seemed less incredible as I myself witnessed the same things from a mountain of less fame. I turned my eyes toward Italy, whither my heart most inclined. The Alps, rugged and snow-capped, seemed to rise close by, although they really were at a great distance. I sighed, I must confess, for the skies of Italy, which I beheld rather with my mind than with my heart. An inexpressible longing came over me to see once more my friend and my country. . . . The sinking sun and the lengthening shadows of the mountains were already warning us that the time was near at hand when we must go. I turned about and gazed toward the west. I was unable to discern the summits of the Pyrenees, but I could see clearly to the right the mountains above Lyons, and to the left the Bay of Marseilles. Under our very eyes flowed the Rhone.

He had brought Saint Augustine's Confessions with him; he opened them at the tenth book and by chance his eyes fell on these words: "And men go about to wonder at the heights of mountains, and the mighty waves of the sea, and the wide sweep of rivers, and the circuit of the ocean, and the revolution of the stars, but themselves they consider not."

I was abashed, closed the book, angry with myself that I should still be admiring earthly things who might long ago have learned, even from the pagan writers and philosophers, that nothing is wonderful but the soul. . . . We came, long after dark, but with the full moon lending us its friendly light, to the little inn we had left that morning before dawn.

But the place which Petrarch loved and described the most is the famous valley of Vaucluse, a few miles from Avignon. Countless references to the beautiful surroundings are to be found in his poetry and letters. As a student he discovered it, and later it became his home for many years. Its most characteristic feature is a rock, over six hundred and fifty feet high, from the

base of which the river Sorgue bursts forth and flows along through grassy banks, and so clear that the bottom can be seen. While living here he would spend hours admiring the beauty of the landscapes. His love for nature, however, still had something of the Troubadour element in it, and the scenes of Vaucluse are constantly connected with his love for Laura. This combination is well seen in the famous canzone, "*Chiare, fresche e dolci acque*," where he describes how Laura sat upon the green turf with flowers all around and the blossoms of the trees falling upon her in a shower of beauty:

Ye limpid brooks, by whose clear streams
My goddess laid her tender limbs!
Ye gentle boughs, whose friendly shade
Gave shelter to the lovely maid!
Ye herbs and flowers so sweetly pressed
By her soft rising, snowy breast!
Ye zephyrs wild that breathed around
The place where Love my heart did wound!
Now at my summons all appear,
And to my dying words give ear.
Well I remember how the flowers
Descended from those boughs in showers.
Encircled in the fragrant cloud
She sat, nor 'midst such glory proud.
Some blossoms to her lap repair,
Some fall upon her flowing hair
(Like pearls inclosed in gold they seem);
Some on the ground, some on the stream;
In giddy rounds some dancing say,
Here Love and Laura only sway.

In another aspect Petrarch is the first modern man; that is in his lyrical love poetry. The poetry of the Troubadours, to whom he owed much, however, had ever been conventional, lifeless, and cold. The early Italian poets had introduced a philosophical element into love poetry and with Dante this had become spiritualized, so that at the end of the *Divine Comedy* Beatrice had become a symbol of divine wisdom. While we find, likewise, traces of this treatment in Petrarch, yet Laura is, after all, a real woman, not too fair or good "for human nature's daily food." The poet describes minutely all phases of her beauty—eyes and lips and hair and hands and feet:

Like men beholding things incredible
 Love and my eyes upon her, marveling, gaze;
 Whether she smiles or some sweet sentence says,
 Herself unto herself sole parallel.
 'Neath the calm brow, their mild receptacle,
 My beacons twain shoot forth such dazzling rays
 Naught else inflames his heart or lights his ways
 Who nobly would with passion dwell.
 What miracle it is when she on grass
 Sits like a flower; or doth reclining lay
 Her snowy breast amid the meadow's green!
 How sweet in early spring to see her pass
 In mateless musing, wearing by the way
 The wreath that shall her golden tresses screen.

The influence of Petrarch's lyrics on the following centuries was enormous; all Italy in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was permeated with him, Spain, France, and England felt the same mighty power. The sonnets of Sir Thomas Wyatt and Sir Philip Sidney are little more than translations from Petrarch. Spenser is full of the Petrarchist spirit; that most beautiful of love poems, the "Epithalamion," is filled with it:

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe from her chamber in the East,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems that ye would weene
 Some angel she had beene.
 Her long, loose, yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire,
 And being crownéd with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.

* * * * *

Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her snowy neck like to a marble tower,
 And all her body like a palace fair.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer and the echo ring?

Unfortunately, this influence on European lyrical poetry was bad in one respect. Petrarch was fond of conceits, plays on words, and puns. Laura and the laurel tree are inextricably mixed in his sonnets. This phase of his genius seemed to attract particularly those poets who only had a trick of rhyming. It was the development of Petrarchism along this line that deluged Europe with what is variously known as Euphuism, Marinism, Gongorism and Preciosity. A good example of this is seen in Gascoigne (1527-1577):

The stately dames of Rome their pearls did wear
About their necks to beautify their name;
But she whom I do serve her pearls doth bear
Close in her mouth, and, smiling, shows the same.

The love of Petrarch is always accompanied by melancholy, and again he is the forerunner. This feature—the modern tendency to melancholy and pessimism—is an interesting one. There is nothing like it among the Greeks, although here and there we find some testimony as to feeling on their part of the vanity of life. This is in the famous words of Glaucus to Diomedes, in the Iliad, comparing the generations of men to the leaves that open in the spring only to fall in the autumn; in the words of Sophocles, “The best thing is never to have been born; the next best to die as soon as possible.” But in general the ancients were too sound, physically and mentally, to yield to that brooding, self-analyzing, overwhelming and paralyzing *welt-schmerz* so characteristic of the early nineteenth century in Europe, and whose chief representatives, Goethe (Werther), Chateaubriand, Byron, and Leopardi, filled their works with tears and sighs. Now, this modern melancholy we see in Petrarch, and it is another evidence of his being the first modern man. All his works are literally soaked in this spirit. Read this passage: “Who can describe my weariness of life, the daily disgust that I experience, this ignoble and puzzling circle of my existence, this narrow and filthy hole in which I spend my life?” and compare it to the opening lines of Faust:

Dafür ist all Freud' entrissen,
Bilde mir nicht ein, was Recht's zu wissen.

Auch hab' ich weder Gut noch Geld,
 Noch Ehr' und Herrlichkeit der Welt.
 Es möchte kein Hund so länger leben.¹

Petrarch's description of the shortness of life, "We do not remain still an instant, but are constantly hastening toward our death; nay, 'tis not a running but a flying," reminds us irresistibly of the famous lines of Leopardi, the great poet of Pessimism, who, in his poem on the "Asiatic Shepherd," describes life as a poor, stumbling, wretched old man, forever driven onward until at last he falls in the great abyss of death. So, too, Petrarch's disgust at the sordid life of Avignon, the rattling of the wagons, the unlovely faces he sees going by him, the repulsive countenances of the poor, the coarse and vice-marked features of the rich and overbearing, the constant effort to get the better of each other by fair or foul means,

Good-by, proud world! I'm going home;
 Thou'rt not my friend and I'm not thine.
 Good-by to Flattery's fawning face,
 To Grandeur with his wise grimace;
 To upstart Wealth's averted eye,
 To supple office, low and high,
 To crowded halls, to court and street,
 To frozen hearts and hastening feet,

and just as Petrarch flies back to the peace and quiet of Vacluse, out of all this Babylon, so Emerson too cries out:

I'm going to my own hearthstone,
 Bosom'd in yon green fields alone,
 A secret nook in a pleasant land.
 O, when I am safe in my sylvan home
 I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
 And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
 When the evening star so holy shines,
 I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
 At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
 For what are they all, in their high conceit,
 When man in the bush with God may meet?

The fundamental feature of Petrarch's melancholy and the most characteristic element of his character is that self-discontent, that

¹ "Hence all my pleasure is taken from me—I feel that I know nothing aright. I have no goods nor treasure, nor worldly honor and glory—No dog would wish to live so any longer."

constant mental and spiritual struggle, that almost morbid self-analysis characteristic of the modern man. All ancient art and literature and life were largely objective. On the other hand, modern life and art and literature are almost entirely subjective. In religion Protestantism, and especially Pietism, has made us watch the most evanescent phases of our emotion; in the modern novel psychological observation has usurped the place of adventure and the description of dangers overcome. Lyrical poetry has become the vehicle of all the infinite, complicated soul-experiences of man. For we must remember that the mind of man is no longer so simple as it was in ancient times.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time?
Who imagine her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plow?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roamed on her breast,
Her vigorous, primitive sons?

All has become vastly more complex with the increase of civilization, and the old peaceful life has gone forever.

More, perhaps, than in any other respect is Petrarch the first modern man in this development of a complex, ever self-contradictory, subjective state of mind. All through his works are evidences of this inner conflict. The songs to Laura show him to us constantly tossed back and forth between his love for an earthly woman and his religious feeling that he should love God alone. In his letters we find him, when at rest, desiring to be on the move. At Vacluse he longs to travel; when traveling he yearns for the rest of his quiet home. Filled with the sense of the vanity of all human things, he is yet consumed with a desire for earthly glory; simple in his tastes, he spends much of his time in the courts of princes. In one place he uses almost exactly the same words afterward used by Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure*: "What I have I value no more, what I have lost I deplore." Everywhere, in every period of his life, he is buffeted by the varying winds of this spiritual combat.

We hear a good deal nowadays of the new Renaissance. It is true that the spirit of today is the same as that of the fifteenth

century Renaissance, only wider and deeper. The humanists sought to know every phase of the life, culture, and art of antiquity, but they shut their eyes to the Middle Ages and their own times. Men of today have vastly increased the field of their research. They now try to understand all things, all times, all worlds. Geologists, chemists, astronomers, physicists strive to show us the universe: the star-clusters, the molten mass of the earth in its primitive state, the geologic ages, the molecular and infra-molecular world; psychologists, historians, poets and philosophers strive to show us the whole life of man. What is to be the outcome of it all? Is truth infinite? Is the human mind likewise infinite?—and shall time go on forever, man constantly discovering new and unimaginable things, ever nearing the time when we shall become *sicut Deus, omnia scientes*? Is our complicated civilization growing better? Are we really approaching that blessed time when all envy, malice, class-hatred, civil strife shall be done away, "When man shall be more like to man, through all the seasons of the golden year"? Who knows! At any rate, this is the ideal toward which is moving that whole civilization at the beginning of which rises the figure of Petrarch.

Oscar Kuhnz.

ART. V.—HERETICS AND ORTHODOXY

WITH a terrific onset like the Black Knight before the Castle of Front de Bœuf, Mr. Chesterton has entered the battle and with blows from a battle-ax which few men could wield he has battered down the doors of modern rationalism. There is something so infectious and so hilarious about it all that it gives one the joy of a feast of victory to read these two volumes, *Heretics* and *Orthodoxy*. They set every nerve tingling. They are vital in every line and you desire to quote them to every man you meet. For not only are they terribly effective in their philosophy but they are as brilliant as the Fall of Port Arthur and as funny as Punch. I have seen a number of brief reviews of the two volumes, but those that I have seen must have been written, as most reviews are, by those who had not read the books, for they speak of the two volumes as the one tearing down and the other building up, whereas they are a unity, and the whole structure of orthodoxy is outlined in *Heretics*, and *Orthodoxy* is also a further and more complete serving up of heresy. The two should be read together and rushed along, for they move with the unity and dash of a great, red touring car through a crowded village—horses going one way, and dogs and fowls another, carts and stands and people topsy-turvy, and only the driver having a royal time, and the onlooker who delights in seeing the ordinary upset for the nonce, that a better order may come about. Materialists, and evolutionists, and pantheists, and pessimists, and optimists, and Calvinists, all are sent scurrying through the dust without apology, or even slacking up to see the damage done. But the car pulls up somewhere, and that somewhere is an enchanted world with enchanted gardens where God reigns and the saints are with him, and "wide diffused the golden blaze of everlasting light." You are not anxious about the arrival, however, you are having such fun of it as things go on, for here is one who has brought back wonder to the world and with wonder, faith.

Mr. Chesterton begins by looking about him and discussing

the intense mortals who are, or have just been, occupying the limelight—Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Wells, Mr. Moore, Mr. McCabe, the aesthetes, Omar, the yellow press, Whistler, the advocates of simplicity, etc. He slashes into the whole of them as lacking in general or cosmic ideas, as wanting in transcendentalism, which is the only thing that matters. "A man," he says, "may turn over and explore a million objects, but he must not find that strange object, the universe, for if he does, he will have a religion and be lost. Everything matters, except everything." Good taste, which he styles "the last and vilest of human superstitions," has succeeded in silencing even the discussion of religion. And yet he maintains "the most practical and important thing about a man is still his view of the universe"; "for a landlady considering a lodger it is important to know his income, but still more important to know his philosophy." His judgment is not an unsympathetic judgment. He goes a long way with his comrades, but he stops at the crossroads.

The crossroads are central to his philosophy, the place where one must choose, where freedom reveals itself and destiny hangs in the balance. But until one arrives at the crossroads no one enjoys his fellows more. Mr. Kipling he recognizes as one who has restored the romance of things. "He has perceived the significance of steam and of slang," and has seen that "where there is smoke there is fire." His militarism has at its heart the "idea of discipline," which belongs "as much to engineers or sailors or mules or railway engines." This vision of duty has made Mr. Kipling a cosmopolitan. "The ideal of discipline," he says, "is not the whole of life but is spread over the whole of the world," and the worship of it tends to confirm in Mr. Kipling a certain note of worldly wisdom, of the experience of the wanderer, which is one of the genuine charms of his best work. But right here comes the danger: Mr. Kipling "lacks the faculty of attachment," "lacks patriotism," and in Mr. Chesterton's view this means Mr. Kipling cares for nothing deeply, for "the moment we care for anything deeply, the world—that is, all the other miscellaneous interests—becomes our enemy." "The moment we are rooted in a place the place vanishes; we live like a tree with the whole

strength of the universe." It is the "dry and dusty things" that travel about "like dust and the High Commissioner in South Africa." "The man standing in his own kitchen garden, with fairyland opening at the gate, is the man with large ideas. His mind creates distance; the motor car stupidly destroys it." Then he pays his very great respects to Mr. Shaw, whom he considers "a thoroughly consistent man." "People," he says, "accuse Mr. Shaw of 'proving that black is white,' but they never ask whether the current color language is always correct. 'We call grapes white which are manifestly pale green.'" But "the trouble with Mr. Shaw is that he has never seen things as they really are; if he had, he would have fallen on his knees before them." "He has had a secret ideal that has withered all the things of this world." "This may be good, or it may be bad; but it is not seeing things as they are." "When we really see men as they are we do not criticise but worship," "for every instant of conscious life is an unimaginable prodigy." What folly, then, to seek a superman when you have a man! Mr. Shaw, according to Mr. Chesterton, needs a new philosophy, not a new kind of man. To use his own figure: "He is like a nurse who has tried rather bitter food for some years on a baby, and on discovering that it is not suitable throws away not the food but the baby and asks for a new baby." "But Christ chose as his corner stone, when he was establishing his great society, neither the brilliant Paul nor the mystic John, but a shuffler, a snob, a coward—in a word, a man."

And here, too, Mr. Chesterton finds his fault with Mr. Wells and his utopia, that he does not sufficiently allow for the stuff or material of men.

For the aesthetes and for the cult of Omar he has no respect. The one group are simply posers who "pray for the return of the maypole and the Olympic games, but in the time of the maypole would have thought the maypole vulgar, and in the time of the Olympic games would have thought the Olympic games vulgar"; and who, he has a haunting suspicion, do not keep Christmas, and Omar drinks for his health instead of drinking gayly and enjoying the universe. And you will find it to be a creed of Mr. Chesterton that one must have joy and joy in the nature of things. The yellow

press, with its show of bravery, he charges with only courage enough to keep up a campaign against the weather or to organize a secret society to make jokes about mothers-in-law. He has about as direct a way with those who are eager for the simple life who are trying, as it were, to put "a simple entree into a complex old gentleman, instead of putting a complex entree into a simple old gentleman," really forgetting that the way to live is to live eagerly and angrily in the enthusiasms of a right view of the human lot and human society. Equally directly does he treat the institution of the family as a good institution even because it is uncongenial, because in that way one comes in touch with the variety there is in life, and it is wise for one to realize that life is not a thing from the outside but a thing from the inside, and romance, even if it is "a toss," is the deepest thing in life.

Now, as you run through this book of *Heretics*, you come across general principles which work out in *Orthodoxy*—the principles of wonder, and of loyalty, and of mystery, and personality, as the only real explanations of the universe. When he begins his *Orthodoxy*, he notes that we have fallen upon a time when we cannot take as a common basis "original sin," as did our fathers, and so we have to start with the basis as to the influence of modern thought on our "wits," which, however, he considers practically as good. Then he proceeds to show that materialism in its infinite round, together with egotism, which is equally round, is all well symbolized by the serpent swallowing its own tail, leading to nothing except a madman's helplessness, for the madman's mind moves in a perfect but narrow circle where there are logical completeness and spiritual contraction; and that, according to our writer, is the note of half the chairs of science and seats of learning to-day. The explanation of materialism and determinism, which seems so simple, really is for that reason the madman's argument, for it covers everything and yet leaves everything out. So he swings on to the thought that mysticism alone keeps man sane, and that contradictory truths are the highest truths, showing that the materialistic tendencies of the day which are not contradictory lead to mania. He goes on to show that this mania is *suicidal* and that these processes stifle thought itself; but into that

I cannot go. Looking out now into the world, he sees things as he saw them in his childhood, Cinderella, Beauty and the Beast, and all the other delightful stories of fairyland coming forward to really explain life, for they have in them the idea of a world that is orderly only as it is ruled by an orderly person. Something may happen any moment, and that happening of something is dependent on good will, and every moment is a crisis, and if one opens the box, things come out that otherwise would not come out. So he arrives at that which gives a joy in life and makes the world a weird and startling place, which might have been quite different, but which is quite delightful, and before which weirdness and delight one may well be modest and submit to the queerest limitations of so queer a kindness. But with these thoughts opening up a world which is big enough to be a cosmos, not a mere circle, he goes forward to the right attitude that we ought to have to this world, and finds it neither in a false optimism that says this world is our place and a good sort of place, nor in a false pessimism that leads to suicide which would destroy the universe. This attitude he defines as loyalty or "the oath of allegiance," the very thing that he found wanting in Mr. Kipling. And with this view of things he finds the Christian traditions strangely in touch as giving us a view of a world that God made and separated from himself, as children are separated by birth, a world which has suffered from a catastrophe, and into which we do not fit, but a Creator to whom we do in truth belong.

Even the paradoxes of Christianity are to him an argument in favor of the Christian tradition. The antitheses of humility and warfare, of the shirt of hair-cloth and the cape of crimson and gold, are an evidence of life within the system which is not in those systems where people are too humble to parade themselves, too proud to be prominent, and where ethical teachers write mildly against the power of millionaires but are not ready to whip publicly Mr. Rockefeller or any modern tyrant in Westminster Abbey. And in the perfect balance of all these antitheses lies the peculiar glory of Christianity, like the equilibrium of a man behind madly rushing horses, never letting the age have its head but always keeping one's own. But he has another theme to discuss, and that

is the whole question of What is progress? And here, again, he looks out from the sphere of the observable order, for unless there is a standard, how can we note progress? There is no progress from three o'clock to four o'clock, four o'clock to five o'clock; and there can be no progress without an outside view of things which must be fixed, and must also be composite, and which also must be watched with constant watchfulness, for it will never do to trust to environment. It is not environment that makes the man. The real thing that makes the man is internal, and there is no tradition more dangerous than that of environment, which, if pressed, would lead to oligarchy and tyranny and away from the great basis of democracy. All men must be trusted, and not one class, for aristocracy is not an institution but a sin; and the thought of trusting the rich because they are not bribable is absurd, for, according to our author, they are only rich because they have already been bribed.

Now, having brought forward these ideas of personality and democracy and freedom, he even dares to show the romance of Orthodoxy, the glory of miracles, the true liberality that does not confine itself to affirming as a creed certain stifling thoughts, but opens up the mind of man to all possibilities of personality, and here he takes issue with the great dead ideals of Buddhism, which makes the universe an immense melting pot, and places over against them the superb intensities of Christendom that set us hunting God like an eagle upon the mountain, and then shows in the deepest heart of Orthodoxy that strange miracle of the atonement, that even God himself is not complete until he has passed through the agony of incompleteness.

To what terrible and wearisome negations have we come when one sect denies pain, and another denies life, and another denies pleasure! We need the bursting of a sunrise through all these miasmas, and such are these writings of Mr. Chesterton, who forecasted his present sanity in his analysis of Robert Browning.

William Ingraham Haven

ART. VI.—IK MARVEL—WASHINGTON IRVING'S MATE

The human being who tranquillizes his fellow creatures is rare.—*William Winter.*

THRIFTY New England looked out of the tail of her eye at the idle ways of Ik Marvel. He wouldn't study law, medicine, or theology. It was blank heresy, those days, for anyone who had laid a classical foundation at Yale not to do that. He just strolled off to his grandmother's farm. But he was busiest when he was doing nothing. He was conning the moods of nature, of men and birds and beasts; comparing the enamel of flowers, the fronds of ferns. His eyes were never off nature's revolving showcase. The tiniest object it contained was deemed worthy of closest observation. Nothing rural was common or unclean to him. All unconsciously, perhaps, he was gleaning the substance of volumes yet to be, and at the same time was acquiring a chaste and elevated bucolic style that makes one think of Virgil and Horace among ancients, and Walton, Thoreau, and Burroughs among moderns. Thrice he broke over the bounds of the farm, but kept his strolling, observant spirit, as in a wholly unconventional way he toured Europe. Not to mention historical associations, describe ruins, cities, castles, museums, and palaces made him a heretical tourist. But the reading public liked his heresy. His naïve talk of highways, lawns, bypaths and hedges, peasants, men, women, and children, arts and crafts, captured the reader's heart. In the very title his attachment to country life showed itself—*Fresh Gleanings: A New Sheaf from Old Fields* (1847)—and in the introduction he affirms that he knew how to handle the sickle, and could bind up ears in harvest with the stoutest. The appearance of *Battle Summer* (1849) illustrates how Mitchell's books run in couples. It is the mate to *Fresh Gleanings*, and contains his personal observations of the revolution in Paris in 1848. *Lorgnette* (1850) and *Fudge Doings* (1855) are satirical sketches of fashionable New York society. They set forth the "harms and hazards of living too fast, and some of the advantages of an old-

fashioned country rearing." *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850) was Mitchell's first adequate expression of himself, seriously undertaken. It would seem that the reservoir of a lifetime had gushed out in a single volume. Yet the author was only twenty-six. It is a "book of the heart"—so the author called it. So it is. Half a century has passed, yet not a leaf of it has grown sear. It is perennial because the subjects it treats are of universal and perpetual interest. It throws one into that happy psychologic state where no burdensome sense of responsibility is felt. None is imposed. It plays a thousand strings. It taxes the tear-ducts, but with an admirable literary finesse it first throws the reader off guard by an unsentimental, if not really playfully sordid putting of certain hypothetical instances. Twenty years afterward his publisher asked Mitchell to revise his *Reveries*, bringing them up to date. His answer was: "Middle life does not look on life like youth. We cannot make it. Why mix the years and the thoughts? I cannot go back to that tide. I hear the rush of it in quiet hours like the murmur of lost music." In *Dream Life* (1852) Mitchell proposes to "gather up the shreds of feeling which the brambles of the world have left hanging." He does it with consummate skill. From cover to cover it is crowded with those fancies which "warp our frail hulks toward the ocean of the infinite." In this book, especially in the chapters "Boy Sentiment" and "Boy Religion," Mitchell shows himself a master in child study. It reminds one of Charles Lamb's exquisite *Dream Children*, or Thomas Bailey Aldrich's classic, *Story of a Bad Boy*. He proves himself *en rapport* with the feelings, standards, and dreams of the adolescent period. A few citations in evidence: "Flowers and children are near kin, and too much restraint or too much forcing or too much display ruins their chiefest charms." "Is any weak soul frightened that I should write of the religion of a boy? How, indeed, could I cover the field of his moral or intellectual growth if I left unnoticed those dreams of futurity and goodness which come sometimes to his quieter moments and oftener to his hours of vexation and trouble? It would be as wise to describe the seasons of the spring with no note of the silent influences of that burning Day-God which is melting day by day the shattered ice-drifts of the

winter. There is very much religious teaching even in so good a country as New England which is far too harsh, too dry, too cold, for the heart of a boy. Tediously worded dogmas uttered by those honest but hard-spoken men, the Westminster divines, fatigue and puzzle and dispirit him. Is it absurd that some adaptation is desirable? And might not the teaching of that religion which is the ægis of our moral being be inwrought with some of those finer harmonies of speech and form which were given to wise ends, and lure the boyish soul by something akin to that gentleness which belonged to the Nazarene Teacher?"

Reveries went through eighteen editions in two years, a phenomenal event in those days, and *Dream Life* was scarcely less popular. But sudden fame had no power to turn a head so well poised. To ever commercially exploit his writings was alien to *Ik Marvel*. He laid down a pen that could have earned thousands and took up a hoe. It does not matter the pitch of a copper to us where some of our writers live, but it would be impossible for Mitchell to live anywhere without making the place expressive of himself, and so absorbingly interesting to us. He took Xenophon's advice in his search for a country place. He refused Cato's. The Greek tells one to buy of a slatternly farmer, so that he may be sure to make his labor work largest results. The Latin, on the contrary, advises to buy of a good farmer, so that the buyer may be sure of good culture and equipments. In this connection, Mitchell gives one of his characteristically adroit turns of the pen—in this instance it is analytic of the two great ancient civilizations—"That is the difference between the two races. The Greek yearns to make his own brain tell, the Roman to make as much as he can out of the brains of other people!" As they approached the place his guide, pointing it out, exclaimed: "There it is at the edge of the wood!" "Edgewood shall be its name when it is mine!" cried Mitchell. He adds, sententiously: "Natural names are better than manufactured." Farming now became his real occupation, literature his pastime. He farmed religiously, affirming it a God-appointed duty to work land to the top limit of its producing power. Now began also a new epoch in his writing. He became the most fascinating, useful, æsthetic writer on rural themes

America has ever produced. The first of this distinct series, *My Farm at Edgewood: A Country Book* (1863), has been aptly described as "practical enough for an agriculturalist, yet romantic enough for a poet." He says of it himself: "It is, if I may use a professional expression, the fruit from the graft of the Fanciful set upon the Practical, and this is a style of grafting which is of more general adoption in the world than we are apt to imagine. Commercial life is not wholly free from the easy union, nor yet the clerical. All speculative forays, whether in the South Seas or in the sea of metaphysics, are to be credited to the graft of Fancy: and all routine, whether of ledger or litany, goes to the stock account of the Practical. Nor is this last necessarily always Profit and the other always Loss. There are, I am sure, a great many Practical failures in the world, and the number of Fanciful successes is undoubted." *Rural Studies* (1867), *Pictures of Edgewood*, followed, while *Wet Days at Edgewood: with old Farmers, old Gardeners, and old Pastorals* (1865), closes this unique group of books.

Ik Marvel's solitary novel is *Dr. Johns: A Narrative of Certain Events in the Life of an Orthodox Minister in Connecticut* (1866). It is a spirited protest against making all religious feeling to flow in doctrinal molds, and against that lack of sentiment which leaves unopened the poetical and æsthetic side of nature, and which prohibits without recommending substitutes: such a devotion to metaphysical theology as, for example, made Lyman Beecher ride over to Guilford on purpose to break his engagement with a certain young lady in case he should find her not up to the point of Hopkinsian "Disinterested submission"! *Seven Stories with Basement and Attic* (1864), among other interesting things gives glimpses of Ik Marvel's life at the consulate at Venice. *About Old Storytellers* (1878) "brings you into personal communion with cherished friends." *Of Bound Together* (1884) it may be enough to say that "Titian and His Times" alone would have justified the printing of the other miscellanies. The closing epoch of this long and fruitful career is marked by another change of subject, *English Lands, Letters, and Kings* (1889) in four volumes, and *American Lands and Letters*, two volumes. He

justifies his aim to "make an own book and not an echo of this or that expositor." Marked skill for clear and concise generalization is everywhere shown. Take the following for an example. A single stroke marks the contrast between Jamestown and Plymouth: "But if stone chapels and ambitious country houses, with fat dinners and hunting chaplains to say grace, came first to Virginia's shores, schoolhouses and printing presses and long, inexorable sermons came earliest to New England."

But to the conclusion. When Ik Marvel holds his highly burnished mirror with a deft hand up to Washington Irving, all unconsciously he is giving the best expression of himself that we shall ever have. He says of the seer of Sunnyside: "Always in his contact with the world he was genial. His career was full of honor but also full of serenity. He gave form to the common sentiment of us all, kindling our smile with his arch sallies. He conquered all the witchery of British speech, and graced it with a humor that reminds us of Goldsmith. Some authors' work we admire, while for themselves we care nothing. Irving was not one of these. The sympathy of the reader will keep his name always green. There may be greater purists, though they must con the language well, of more dramatic power, but one more tender hardly shall we see again. He depended on his friendships, shunned controversy, avoided strongly controversial points of history. He was not in mood for trenchant assertions of this or that belief, did not make entertainment of kindred belief the measure of his friendships. He was largely and Christianly catholic, as well in things polemical as literary, never made haste to condemn." "There is a rashness in criminating the retirement from everyday political contest which is, to say the least, very shortsighted. Extreme radicalism spurns the comparative inactivity, and says, 'Lo! the sluggard.' Extreme conservatism spurns it and says, 'Lo! a coward.' It is only too true that cowards and sluggards both may take shelter under the shield of indifference. But Irving's attitude belonged to his constitutional temperament, which, while passing calm and dispassionate judgments upon the excesses of opinion of either party, contributes insensibly to moderate the violence of both." "The themes of the Sketch Book are the

simplest, a rural funeral, Christmas among the hollies, an hour in Westminster. What is there new or to care greatly for in these things? Yet he touched them, and all the world is touched by them. Your critics say there is no serious insight, a pretty wind blows over. That is all. Yes, that is all; but how many are there who can set such currents of air aflow? Only a bruised daisy, a wounded hare, and Burns, with all his fresh, healthy manhood, and only a peasant's pen, touches them in such a way that his touch is making the nerves of men and women vibrate wherever our Saxon speech is uttered."

Every line, shade, hue, and color of this incomparable portraiture might be applied with equal truth to either the master of Sunnyside or Edgewood. As far as reality is concerned, it would matter little whether you labeled it Washington Irving or Donald Grant Mitchell.

Davis H. Clark

ART. VII.—THE NETHER SIDE OF IMMORTALITY—A STUDY IN CONSCIOUSNESS

"THERE are two sides to every question." Immortality has its underside. The steps of evolution stretch in both directions. The measureless reach before us does not belittle the strides we have taken. We are not in the mud, nor yet on the ground, but in the act of ascending. The basis in knowledge and consciousness runs nearly "neck and neck" with faith and aspiration. We have studied the products of the self to the exclusion of self-study. The first fact of self is consciousness. It is not an assumption but a recognition to say we are conscious; and conscious of other beings than ourselves. The Christian is conscious of God. There is a broad, natural basis for this Christian consciousness. The possibility of forming some acquaintance with a higher being is universal in animal life. If my being included in the animal world means anything, it means that I may obtain a working consciousness of the great Being above me. If a man cannot know God, he is not as complex an animal as the dog, that has come to know man. It is a fact well worth emphasis that, if I were a bird, beast, reptile, or fish, I could form a working acquaintance with man. He could give me a name and I could know his voice. In nature there is a circle of privilege, as well as one of necessity. A dog does not need a name to make him a dog; but being a dog he may have a name; and having one, may know it; and knowing it, he may know the one who speaks it. There are indications that the growing intelligence in the animal world is a result of a growing acquaintance with man. Read the use the rabbit has made of barbed-wire fences; the proverbial knowledge of the crow with regard to a gun. Trout certainly know the difference between the shadow of the limb of a tree and that of a fish pole over the same pool. There is the widest natural basis for the century-after-century-proven fact of the Christian's consciousness of God. Man's improvement has come along the line of his growing knowledge of the Invisible. In the last analysis the difference between barbarism and civilization is the difference in man's consciousness of God. We lose nothing

as Christians by recognizing that we are a part of the animal creation. That is simply a recognition of the basis on which our consciousness rests: our nature—animal, if you wish—the basis; God's uses, the method; the product, the Christian consciousness of God.

The products of this consciousness are never more than side proofs of its existence; most of civilization and all apologetics are but puny attempts at its expression. In the very nature of things this *idea* proves the fact: the notion could not have preceded, much less begotten, consciousness of God. There is no proof of the Christian consciousness that equals its possession. It is well worth study. It is a product. It is not the self. It is self's first work. The materialist will tell us that the juxtaposition of particles of matter produces it. We claim the proximity of matter, brought about by evolution, makes it possible; but the foundation is not the structure. Consciousness is not material in the materialistic sense. Prove that such juxtaposition of matter is cause of this self, and you prove that the self rises from matter. The *states* of consciousness through which even the self comes itself to know are dependent upon matter. This is probably the reason for the material universe, but the self is dependent upon God, and may antedate the material through which it comes to self-knowledge. Life is not a creation. It is an expression. Consciousness is a creation and through that product Jesus consciously reaches back to the immortal as well as looks out into the endless. Indeed, with him there is no past or future; he simply recognizes he *is* with God. On his consciousness rests the doctrine of his eternity. His recognition does not exclude, but includes, for he is the "Firstborn of many brethren." How much would you give to know how you felt when you put your arms around your mother's neck and awoke to love? That is the wings of the soul. Eggs are before feathers. I am before my first conscious state. Consciousness is a changing product; in fact, changes itself. Its greatest achievement is its own transformation. One finds it difficult to believe in the goodness of humanity until he recognizes that the arbiter of goodness changes with every age and many times in one human life. It is certain that Abraham's consciousness of God and the Christian's

differ radically. They differ as the man differs from the child—the same but different. Abraham squared his actions by his consciousness of God as closely as any other man in history, yet, measured by his living—the expression of that consciousness—there is no Christian church that would admit him to membership. The Mormons might welcome him, but they are misnamed “Latter Day Saints.” The “Church of the Earliest Saints” is the best name we can grant them. They are out of joint with the Christian consciousness of the twentieth century, and it is no excuse that the early ages give them a plea for their practice. Now, these changes are not attributable to matter, but to the conquest of matter by the growing self. Materially, man is of the same material made in all ages. Saul’s conversion was too sudden to depend upon digestion. Conversion does not change the material of which the body is made, but it does mightily change the consciousness that dwells in the material body. No historical product is more patent than the great fact which to-day we call the Christian consciousness. This product may be said to be a growing knowledge of the will of Him of whom we first became conscious. We must learn more than to call Him Father; we must learn what “Father” means. The finished product is not a necessity for a working basis. One questions whether, in the absolute sense, it will ever be finished. We are finite; God is infinite. From out the infinite the finite will always be bringing changing conscious states.

Let us go a step farther down the evolutionary ladder. In knowledge we recognize that the Christian consciousness is the product of states in which such consciousness formed no part. This is true both historically and personally. Childhood is not, and should not be, self-directed. The molding forces of infancy are external. The bias of many a spirit may be traced to the condition of the tenement in which it found its human habitation. Hence the importance of civic righteousness, right conditions. The wise God placed the infant race in a garden; he will give the finished race a city. Whether we accept the evolutionary or fiat theory of the creation of man, we get the same fact—personal consciousness before consciousness of a personal God; we know our present consciousness to be the outcome of our childhood. We are

the same personalities with other states of consciousness. Manhood is a state of consciousness that is the product of states that knew neither motive nor volition—infancy, childhood—gliding into states in which both motive and volition blend, or into responsibility. When the self elects the motive it will follow, that responsibility becomes twofold—responsibility to God and man for what it does, but also responsibility to itself for the states of consciousness that shall result from its selection. Only thus can responsibility be traced to personality. Thus consciousness turns on the self and becomes a producer, finding in its conscious states the highest and strongest motives that move the soul. In the highest sense man affects his destiny by making himself. The functions of the body are not as responsive to the personality as are the forces that construct personality. The man will act more quickly at his own bidding than will his stomach. Thought goes far enough down the ladder of life to know there was a time when this personality was not even conscious of its own consciousness. The Genesis story is true in a deeper sense than any form could be, however scientific. It is true to life. Man's history begins with his consciousness of God; yet man is older than that consciousness. The feet of knowledge will never tread the path of life further back than does the Genesis story. Our knowledge of our consciousness begins not with self but with its recognition of the other self; hence, in the Adamic story, Adam is a child in nothing but his consciousness. Man finds himself not in his animal or physical being but in his dawning consciousness of God. A dog is conscious of himself; that does not make him immortal. Man has become conscious of God. One recognizes the injustice of pushing back to mere consciousness of self the soul that has become conscious of God, and therefore doubts the divine ability to do it. Christian consciousness becomes the impregnable basis of our immortality. "This is life, . . . that they might know thee, . . . and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." It was, and is, and will forever be life to know God. In Christ the divine and the human so blend that he is "the Life of the world."

In the material world the builder is more than the building, the maker more than the made. In this world of consciousness the

building is the builder, the product is the producer. It is the self that is growing. The helpers, or states, of experience that come to us are not the permanent things; it is the product that is permanent. This self comes to know itself only in its consciousness of God. To this self the continuity of the same conscious states is not essential to the continuity of the self. The teaching that maintains that no experiences can be utterly blotted out is false to the Book of God and also the book of life. Redemption gathers a deeper meaning when we learn that he will not only lift us out of sin but will lift the meaning of sin out of us. Isaiah records the fact, "I have blotted out thy transgressions, . . . for I have redeemed thee." Redemption is a great deep, as well as a high mountain. The darkness of forgetfulness girds its base; the light of God illumines its summit. The study of our consciousness confirms this declaration. I am no more conscious of my state of consciousness the hour I was born than I am conscious of Adam's state the day he blamed his wife for his state of consciousness. Will anyone hold that because of my loss I am not the person that was born, or that I was not conscious because I have lost the state? Who will hold that personality depends on any state of consciousness? Who will say, I had no consciousness before I was born? The very fact that memory cannot retrace the steps of life declares for the importance of self; the product of the states we have lost. Be it remembered that we find their meaning in their loss. Boyhood means more when seen through fatherhood than through boyhood. What girl will ever know the meaning of childhood until she is a mother? What soul will know the meaning of redemption till redemption is completed? What a heaven childhood would be if we could live it with the knowledge its loss brought us! So we say; but we must remember that to be child and man at the same time is impossible. We are children to be men. We live to live larger. To live means to leave, and probably forever will. We leave our states behind us, ourselves move on. We grow by leaving. This is the way of life eternally.

L. B. Stockdale

ART. VIII.—PROFESSOR TEUFELSDRÖCKH AND THE
PRESENT GENERATION

WHAT person of English speech does not know Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, professor of things-in-general in the University of Weissnichtwo? His spiritual leadership may be a thing of the past but his human personality is a perennial refreshment. We all remember his idyllic boyhood in Entepfuhl. How fragrant is the recollection of those suppers eaten on the orchard wall! "There, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation, as Day died, were still a Hebrew speech for me; nevertheless, I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding." We have followed his sad experiences at the Hinterschlag Gymnasium, where the teachers had no "fire of living thought" at which the thought of a young genius could kindle itself, and the sum total of their pedagogical wisdom was a recognition of the fact that the boyish mind possessed "a faculty called Memory" which "could be acted on through the muscular integument by the application of birch rods." We have watched the unfolding of his mind in the "worst of hitherto discovered universities," where "the hungry young looked up to their spiritual nurses, and for food were bidden eat the east wind," but where, in spite of all discouragements, he gained "the highest of all possessions, Self-help." We know his love romance, which unsealed the fountains of eloquence and poetry within him, and which he was yet capable of regarding with grim humor, as if from Mrs. Grundy's point of view. Some bold imaginations may even have longed to be present, in the midst of tobacco clouds and noisy potations, in the coffee house of Weissnichtwo for the sake of the sage's *obiter dicta*. And every ear that can appreciate somber and modulated eloquence must love the cadences of his night thoughts in his watchtower in the Wahngasse, even as every human heart must be thrilled and softened by their tenderness. Never is

Teufelsdröckh's wisdom more persuasive than when he discourses on the measure of human worth:

Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toll-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her Man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand; crooked, coarse; whereat, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue; indefeasibly royal, as of the Scepters of this Planet. . . . A second man I honor, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavoring toward inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavor are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toll that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toll for him in return, that he may have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honor; all else is chaff and dust—which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

This standard of human worth fitted Teufelsdröckh for the functions of a professor of things-in-general. Few persons have regarded his official aspect with seriousness. A university professor who gives no lectures and receives no stipend—surely the academic side of Teufelsdröckh is only a pathetic satire on the futility of the intellectual life.

The chair of things-in-general in Weissnichtwo was established in anticipation of a need that the public never confessed. The present public is just as far from an acute consciousness of such a need, but among its inarticulate wants the want of the ministrations of a Teufelsdröckh is foremost. Happy will be the day when it rises into clear recognition! For the standard of human worth just quoted from Teufelsdröckh is not only a standard, it is also a conception of the relation between important classes in the state. "Must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he may have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?" The want of such guidance from any new university chair the public will not readily confess; the proposal to establish new departments of learning excites in the popular mind nothing but weary indignation. Is not every field of knowledge divided and subdivided to the last degree of specialization? Are they not all

manned by experts? No further sacrifices to knowledge can reasonably be made. This weariness and indignation, however, are only another aspect of the unacknowledged need. If that could be clearly defined and satisfied, they would disappear; they would be transformed into grateful recognition of the services of the experts. Teufelsdröckh, in his chair of things-in-general, never had a clearer vocation than now.

To speak without disguise, what is this unacknowledged need? It is the need of some medium of sympathy—some new body of men or some extension of sympathy in bodies already existing—between the universities and private scholars on the one hand, and the intelligent but technically unlearned public on the other. Even in this democratic country there is an estrangement between the classes that possess special intellectual privileges and those that are immersed in immediate practical concerns. That this estrangement is a menace to the highest interests of all classes need not be argued. To insulate a specialist from popular sympathy is to insulate him from the strength and virtue of the people, to leave his soul

A spot of dull stagnation without light
Or power of movement.

And to break down the confidence of the people in expert thinkers is to rob the people of leadership and expose them to the dangers of materialism and superstition. Intellectual pride in one party, vulgarity and animalism in the other, are the penalties that follow the setting up of barriers. Charlatans will assume the leadership that belongs to trained thinkers; there will be blind leaders of the blind, and both will fall together into the ditch. These considerations have their weight in every department of life—commerce, industry, politics, science, art and literature, education, philosophy, and religion. In some departments their importance is fully recognized; in others such recognition is confined to a few workers. Schools of technology are established to mediate between pure science and mathematics and the human need of buildings, bridges, light, transportation, etc. Schools of medicine mediate between the biological and chemical sciences and health.

Speaking roughly, one may say that the connection between physical science (and her handmaiden, mathematics) and the physical needs of mankind is thoroughly recognized and established. Workers in these fields are the more confident, fortunate, and useful. But when one approaches the spiritual interests of humanity it is not so clear that a good understanding exists between the specialists and the rest of mankind. Is it obvious to all that law schools and courts of law mediate successfully between expert legal knowledge and the human need of justice? Do schools of theology bring unquestioned satisfaction to the religious instinct? Do colleges of liberal arts "set the hearts of youth aflame" with the passion of culture, human service, human brotherhood? These questions are too large to be discussed in a single paper; the fact that they can be raised exemplifies the main truth I am endeavoring to emphasize—that there is need of a mediator between the specialized pursuits of the learned and the practical needs of the people. Let us focus the matter by confining ourselves to its application in the field of religion. In doing so I use an almost arbitrary distinction for the sake of convenience. Indeed, the synthesis and the sympathy I urge will never be fully attained till the primacy of religion among human interests, together with the religious significance of every human interest, is fully recognized. Not to deal wholly in counsels of perfection, however, let us consider what a mediating Teufelsdröckh might do in the sphere that is generally recognized as religious.

The mischief that attends an imperfect connection between learning and practice is fully illustrated in the present religious situation in this country. In that situation nothing is more impressive, nothing more challenges interpretation, than the growth of "Christian Science." Many factors have contributed to that growth, notable among them the personality of Mrs. Eddy and her capacity for organization. But this is far from explaining the whole phenomenon. The founder of "Christian Science" is not superior to the law of genius in relation to its environment; she had the advantage of a general condition. She built her ship, largely out of materials furnished by Dr. Quimby, but she did not create the sea on which it was launched. The idealism

of Emerson, falling into minds not so well fortified with common sense as his own, may have prepared a soil favorable to the reception of this curious cult. If that be the case, the fact only illustrates the central and radical cause of its success, namely, *religious people for the two latest generations have not been trained or encouraged to think for themselves.* They have been estranged from their true philosophical leaders; they have been caused to ignore and despise creeds; they have been led by timid reactionaries and sensational radicals; they have been entertained often, sometimes inspired, rarely rebuked, almost never instructed. The fear of intellectualism has resulted in one of the gravest of all heresies—that of denying that any element of human nature is to be excluded from its religious rights. One of the penalties is that thousands of communicants of the church have become followers of Mrs. Eddy. The safeguard against bad philosophy is good philosophy; the protection against pinchbeck idealism is the sound idealism of the Christian faith. In the forefront of the appeal of Eddyism is the assertion of power to heal the body. This is not the only source of its influence, but it is by far the most conspicuous source. The general diffusion of a few psychological facts, together with a study of the healing miracles of Christ and a recognition of the therapeutic value of Christian courage, would have robbed Mrs. Eddy of her apparently exclusive property in a Christian truth and made that truth a power in the church. Mrs. Eddy has fought us with a neglected weapon of our own. Furthermore, a coördination of psychology and faith could, in the older churches, have been accompanied by other wholesome coördinations; the truth of psycho-therapeutics need not have been isolated as Mrs. Eddy's propaganda has isolated it. The practical materialism which, in spite of its spiritual pretensions, has characterized the movement might have been avoided. Only the very largest truths, like the very largest men, can safely be isolated from their fellows and placed at the head of affairs. Some Christian ministers are now attempting the task of mediation between psychological science and religious life and bodily health. The clinics of Dr. Worcester in Boston and of Bishop Fallows in Chicago are undertaking this work; with what permanent success it is still

too early to decide. It is believed by some that such clinics, earlier established, might have averted the cult of "Christian Science."

But the foundation of Mrs. Eddy's doctrine is metaphysical. It is a crude idealism. It asserts that God is all in all, that evil cannot exist, that matter is impossible, that physical science and all pain are "errors of mortal mind," etc. Mrs. Eddy's book, in its most logical version, is only an incoherent statement of a pantheistic idealism. Its merits need not be discussed. My only contention concerning it is that it would never have gained a hearing if intelligent religious leaders had watched closely the intellectual temper of the generation to which it has been addressed and supplied the want that Science and Health has met. Christianity has a sound idealism based on the truth that God is love. Christianity exalts personality as the supreme reality and defines human life as the process of developing finite personalities. The logic of "Christian Science" cancels the will and, consequently, the dramatic and moral significance of life. Like all rose-water optimisms, it can issue no mandate for heroic endeavor; and the weakness of its program on the humanitarian and missionary side is a necessary consequence of its philosophy. Christianity is an heroic idealism; there is iron in it. This idealism discloses itself not chiefly in the speculative insight of thinkers but in the thick of the fight with evil. Only courage and action can bring it to being; it cannot survive in any atmosphere where the reality of evil, the reality of struggle, is denied. This idealism has fought its way in the thought and in the practice of mankind. It is found in history and in philosophy. It has been defined, defended by the subtle and devout minds of Christian thinkers. Even skeptics and heretics have illustrated it, sympathetically or against their wills. Had the laity been taught to appropriate this wealthy intellectual heritage, had their minds been disciplined by an honest effort to do so, Eddyism would have found fewer converts. But the great religious thinkers speak a dialect not easily comprehensible; and few persons have undertaken the task of mediating between them and the minds of the people. The result has been an intellectual softness in the present generation that corresponds in all respects with its moral softness—its absurd exaggeration of

mere physical comfort and sensuous gratification. It tries to avert its gaze from "half of human fate," from the possibility of tragedy and the actual tragedy of human life. Properly concerned to emphasize the love of God against the nightmare theology of the seventeenth century and the mechanical theology of the eighteenth, it has been at no pains to define the love of God, which, though "broader than the measure of man's mind," needs, as a working conception, to be rescued from mushy sentimentalism. In consequence, this truth, supreme above all others, on the proper apprehension of which all the health of the soul depends, has in thousands of minds degenerated to the ignoble estate in which it is expressed by Omar Khayyam: "Pish! He's a good fellow, and 'twill all be well." As a popular teacher Robert Browning has done much to assert a more manly conception of religion, but his influence has been retarded by prejudice, and somewhat by the difficulties occasionally presented by his style. Mrs. Eddy's philosophy ignores all painful sensations and the total results of physical science as "the errors of mortal mind." This is a sentimentalism, not an idealism. Sentimentalism is the tendency to ignore or deny objective facts that are out of harmony with human wishes. Magnified into a philosophy, it denies *in toto* the reality of every experience alien to desire, and gives a metaphysical justification for this procedure by asserting that all such experiences are foreign to the Ground of the Universe, God. Christian idealism, to the person whose thoughts are centered in physical comfort, may seem to resemble such a sentimentalism by virtue of its assertion that God is love. Certainly Christianity places superlative emphasis on values rather than on facts. It recognizes the truth that human beings must be always employed in the enterprise of transforming facts into values, but it differentiates itself from the sentimentalism of "Christian Science" (1) by its acknowledgment of the reality of objective facts, or, if this sounds too materialistic, of the reality of painful experiences, and (2) by its emphasis on moral values in the process of transformation. Its love is not the love that knows no suffering, but the love that suffers long and is kind.

I wish to distinguish between the sentimentalism of Eddyism

and the idealism of Christianity, however, no more than my main argument requires. What, in addition to Christian common sense, is the best safeguard against this sentimentalism? Is it not, obviously, common sense made precise, the scientific spirit, with its veneration for facts as such? Could that spirit, so characteristic of the intellectual life of our day in academic circles, in many respects so tyrannical even, have been diffused widely among the churches, it would have checked the success of Mrs. Eddy. She has been forced to make terms with this spirit by drawing attention to the authentic cures her followers have accomplished, but she has realized the fundamental opposition between herself and science and has boldly accepted the task of discrediting all its vast results by a stroke of the pen. Now if a more cordial understanding between the people and the scholars had prevailed, the success of this enterprise would have been small. If an intermediary body of men, familiar with the conditions, processes, and aims of scientific thought, speaking an untechnical language, had spread among the people the scientific reverence for facts, the scientific habit of wide inductions, the scientific hatred of hasty conclusions and tacit assumptions—in short, the patience and honesty of scientific thought—would not the religious history of our day be a different tale? On the religious side, scientific men have been isolated from popular sympathy, distrusted, in some cases forced out of Christian communions. There has been fault on both sides, doubtless, but the misfortune has been great for the church as well as for the scientists. Happily, there are hopeful indications that the estrangement is coming to an end. The day of its complete disappearance will be the day of the church's strength against internal schism and external foes.

And he gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. . . . that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

The limitations of individuals in time, strength, and endowment render specialization an absolute necessity to progress. Not only must the specialist be in a measure sacrificed to his task, but he is to a great degree unfitted for coördinating his own results with those of other specialists and with the practical needs of men. But for him to lose his vision of the demands of life is to forfeit a true perspective for his own studies and the principal incentive to labor. His task becomes meaningless as soon as its human relations disappear from view. How beneficial to the investigator, then, if there stood between him and the public a class of men engaged in the practical application and popular diffusion of his results, sympathetic with him, as scholars with a scholar, sympathetic with the people, as men with men! Such a body could give proper direction to the work of specialists. They could establish vitalizing currents of thought and sympathy, circulating powerfully through the whole community. The project of setting apart any single class of men for this service is, perhaps, chimerical, but all educated men have a responsibility in this direction. This responsibility bears with especial weight upon clergymen, public writers, and instructors in colleges of liberal arts. It commands clergymen to abandon their hostility and indifference to men of science, and to recognize the fact that the same instinct that leads a philosopher, with all his refined technique, to think upon the relation of man with the universe stirs in the breast of the humblest man, and must be guided with tact, skill, and courage to its proper satisfaction. This responsibility commands public writers to forego the conception that many of them hold—that they are engaged in a commercial enterprise in which the law of supply and demand is the only factor. It commands them to be teachers, and not entertainers, recognizing seriously their obligation to truth and to their readers. It commands teachers in colleges of liberal arts to consider not only their relation to their subjects but also their relation to their pupils. It sharply bids many of them to readjust the proportions in which they view their labors. They must consent, in most cases and for the greater part, to leave to specialists in investigation the task of advancing the boundaries of knowledge, instructors in arts courses coöperating in the labors

of investigators largely for the sake of mastering the processes and results of their subject, and for the sake of sympathy with the pioneers. The men who occupy chairs of undergraduate instruction must content themselves with a task that is, perhaps, less fascinating to scholars than learned research and less productive of applause—the task of building the positive gains of science, art, and philosophy into the lives of youth.

The labor of the teacher is always one of mediation. He must aid the young to assimilate the gains of the race, and in so doing form their own characters and recognize their own vocations. The present situation in the religious community calls for a similar labor of mediation between the gains of specialists and needs that are common to all. In this labor every broad, courageous, serious man of enlightenment may participate with happiness and honor.

Lincoln R. Gibbs

ART. IX.—THE GOSPEL FOR A MATERIALISTIC AGE

ONE bright day in the early spring of the year nineteen hundred and six, when all the world of nature was expressing itself in a profusion of flowers, foliage, and the blowing clover, and the music of the Infinite filled the celestial spheres of the spiritual world with its thousandfold melodies, growing and dying like the immortal echoes in a forest glen, I chanced to be talking with a mechanic. He seemed to take only a moderate pleasure in watching the sparks fly from the anvil under the sturdy strokes of his blows with the hammer. Longfellow would have heard music in that shop, but my friend only saw the labor and the sorrow which would accompany his three score years and ten of human life. He laughed ironically as he turned to me and said that preachers were a poor lot, and he believed in little of what they said of the spiritual life. This world, along with human nature, was run upon the natural plan—hard-and-fast inexorable principles—and all preachers, poets, prophets, and dreamers were indulging their fancy in an infinite deal of nonsense. There was much philosophy involved in my friend's reflections. Who could fail to hear in them the dominant note of our modern civilization? There are those who might say that he was ignorant, unlettered; but ignorance in that sense is only relative. Fundamentally he was as spiritual, and could see the kingdom of God and his righteousness as truly, as the shrewdest worldly-wise man engineering monopolies fifty times the size of the one possessed by the mechanic. His assertion sounded like the sorrowful dirge, a funeral march, of men in caravans slowly moving over the desert wastes of human life only to lie in graves where the solemn words of the committal service would be pathetically true: "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes."

Not many years ago Dr. Henry van Dyke wrote a Gospel for an Age of Doubt. It was singularly appropriate for its time. It has been suggested that some one write a Gospel for an Age of Pleasure—which would be extremely apt. But if we are to reach

the root of the problems of to-day, we will find that it is with the spirit of materialism that we have to deal, and a Gospel for an Age of Materialism would accomplish some slight good. In all ages, to be sure, materialism has wrought havoc, but in our day it seems that the entire trend of thought is in that direction. What one of the brood of evils is there in modern society which cannot be traced to that source? The problem of capital and labor, with its infinite complexities and ramifications throughout the entire fabric of society, is upon that one basis. Men are not looked upon nowadays as altogether human. They are paid in the direct ratio of weight in muscle to dollars and cents, and science has reduced things to such a fine point that it can tell exactly how many brain cells have to explode in a man's head for him to earn a certain amount of money. In our Legislatures moral issues have to fight their way, while supply and demand, profit and loss, and two-cent rates are the subjects for eloquence. In the world of amusements our professional entertainers will sacrifice anything for money, while in the domain of literature our most brilliant authors, capable of gaining for themselves immortal renown, will sacrifice that which is eternal for that which is for a moment and will die away. This is one of the conditions of modern life which the church is called upon to face. If her task is hard, her opportunity is, at least, grand, and, though we may mourn the fallen greatness of a former age, living in the present is a glorious privilege, and the gospel, full-orbed, with its infinite sweep of the eternities, enkindling the heart with courage and the imagination with fervor, is the cheer which the preacher has as he steps into the world bringing the vision of the new heaven and the new earth to those people who are trudging along the dusty road of common life.

The gospel for this particular age no one would make any definite effort to define in a dogmatic fashion; but one may be granted the privilege of the reflection that the conception of Christ which is current in the thoughts and minds of people has much to do with the loss of the charm of our religious faith. Our conception of Christ is likely to be too material or historical. By material and historical I mean the placing of the accent of our faith upon matters purely external, as merely the critical apprehension of the

text of Scripture or the intellectual mastery of systems of theology, and this at the expense of the development of the individual vision springing from the creative religious faculty of the mind. However fundamental such conceptions may be for the maintenance of our faith upon a philosophic basis, nevertheless, Christ represented to a far greater extent those spiritual verities which vibrate at the touch of a sensitive conscience. One day several years ago as I passed along the streets of an Oriental city I chanced to see a series of living pictures. Traveling along the road, a man four fifths naked, smeared with ashes and carrying a pair of tongs, begged an alms. Groveling in the hot dust, under the blaze of the midday sun, a creature, half devil and half child, wriggled and writhed in agony. Squatting upon a board pierced with upturned nails was what you and I would call a religious fanatic. Hobbling along the road, whipped and scourged by their own request, with spiked shoes to pierce the feet and hooks tearing their flesh, a row of religious devotees were forcing their way to a sacred shrine. To-day the missionary will wax eloquent as he tells of the errors of the Indian religious devotees, and justly so; but the hope of the Indian empire rests upon the impulse which prompts those fanatics to subject themselves to such torture. The flesh, these clothes I wear, my hands, and my feet—what are they? **Nothing.** A few years and they will be moldering in an unknown grave. The Indian devotee knows that; he despises the flesh, and to show his disdain subjects it to the most excruciating torture. It requires of him a spiritual vision. If the Indians have erred in holding the material world in utter contempt, they, at least, put to shame our materialistic vanity and display. When the lands of the rising sun have heard the full gospel of Christ, they will give to us their overwrought spiritual conception, which, when it has blended itself with our gross materialistic conception, will show us the orb of Christ full and resplendent as when the morning sun emerges from behind the dark clouds of error, superstition, ignorance, and folly. That will be the day when the morning stars will sing together. When that day comes the music of the universe will be complete. The moral world will be a symphony in comparison with which the music from the soul of Beethoven

will scarcely be audible. Carlyle had some such vision when with the prophet's eye he saw the day that this conception of Christ would be realized. He said: "Our highest Orpheus walked in Judæa eighteen hundred years ago; his sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men, and, being of a truth sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousandfold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts; and modulates, and divinely leads them." This is the gospel which I advocate for a world of materialism, and each succeeding generation will explore new fields and awaken new thoughts of spiritual truth. The material world has been explored. Every island, hidden recess, and obscure crevice has been subjected to the intense searchlight of man's curiosity and hunger for knowledge; but to-day and to-morrow the search will be increasingly in that realm of spiritual phenomena which may be hidden to-day, but whose keys are in the possession of those geniuses who by magic will open the doors, one by one, and let us look farther and farther, until our vision expands to that extent that we ourselves will merge into the life from which we came. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

One of the most fascinating periods of American history was the period of discovery when new continents were dawning on the sight of men. Then indeed it must have been interesting to live, but not more interesting than it is to-day. One night John Keats went over to call on a friend. They read together Chapman's translation of Homer. To the mind of the poet a new continent of truth had been opened. In eagerness he went home and penned that sonnet which men will not let die:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when, with eagle eyes,
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

The realm of Christian spirituality is as vast as the eternities, and man's mind has all eternity in which to explore the illimitable ex-

panse. Wordsworth, pagan poet though he may be called, had some conception of what it was to live and move and have his being in this world. His soul craved for

Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence.

And each new truth adds greater power to our individual and our national life. No nation exists to-day with the same amount of energy that we have in our civilization, but energy when, like ours, it is merely a nervous strain, is not made of the stuff that will last. It is a surface tension, and does not come from the boundless depths of a hidden reservoir of power. Men in growing too independent have lost a great deal of the strength which comes from relating themselves to God's life and to his plans. They have not the springs welling up as the laughing waters to eternity. Emerson once said that he was part and parcel of all that he beheld. "Give me health and a day and I'll make the pomp of empires ridiculous." His spirit took wings on the air of his spiritual vision. He that is spiritual is supreme. In the city of Vienna the oratorio of the Creation was being rendered in honor of the great composer Haydn. The day was overcast. Dark clouds hung in the sky; the thunder rumbled and roared with intermittent streaks of lightning. The composer sat on the platform. The performance was proceeding when, at the words, "Let there be light, and there was light," there was a thrilling change from the minor to the major. Suddenly there was a rift in the clouds and the sun burst forth and flooded the entire auditorium with light. Every eye was riv-

eted on the composer, who, overcome with emotion, rushed out on the platform and exclaimed: "It came from there." He indicated his devout belief in the divine origin of his genius.

If there is any laborer who is chafing under the evils of a perverted social ideal; if there is any capitalist who, the object of the slander of a misguided public opinion, is, therefore, hardening his heart toward the bondage of his brother; if there is any woman who, the victim of our nervous and fretful age, is flying over the restless waters seeking a haven of peace and rest—and all this brought about by a misdirected energy for social and material welfare—I would say, in the words of Christ, who said of himself that he was from above while all these things were from below: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

George Avery Neeld.

ART X.—EVOLUTION AND THE ATONEMENT

THE subject involves the reconcilability of the favorite hypothesis of modern science with the central doctrine of the Christian faith. A few years ago the controversy was on the compatibility of Evolution with the story of creation as told in the opening chapters of Genesis. That discussion has resulted in a modified Evolution and a modified regard for the literary character of Genesis. In more recent discussion the real crux of the problem is felt to lie in the harmonizing of scientific Evolution with the fundamental doctrines of Christian faith, such as the Fall of Man, Redemption through Christ, and Immortality.

In discussing a subject of this character much depends upon the temper of mind with which one undertakes the task. It would be very easy so to state the theory of Evolution that it would appear at a glance to be utterly irreconcilable not alone with the doctrine of Atonement but with every other doctrine of Christianity; irreconcilable, indeed, with any theistic belief whatever. There are some who, seizing upon the most extreme and materialistic statements of Evolution, jump to the conclusion that the whole evolutionary hypothesis is in vital conflict with Christianity and proceed to arm themselves against its every suggestion as tending to the subversion of true religion and vital piety. Little is gained by such prejudice and blind assault. If a sympathetic interest is a prime requisite for the proper interpretation of a Christian doctrine, it is equally so for the fair and adequate interpretation of a scientific theory. The writer enters upon this discussion, therefore, not as an opponent of Evolution, not with suspicion that scientists are laboring with malicious purpose to undermine Christianity, but with the conviction that as a class they are honest seekers after truth, and as such are collaborators with us. So far as their conclusions are found reconcilable with those of theological thinkers there is ground for mutual rejoicing; where there is divergence or conflict there is need of further investigation, not alone on their part but upon ours as well. Theologians no more

than scientists have a right to dogmatize or to refuse to reinvestigate the basis of their doctrines. If it is true that much of error and contradiction are to be found in what is called modern science, it is also quite probable that there is much in the teaching of the Christian Church to-day that will need modification and restatement in the light of fuller knowledge. Truth is never in contradiction with itself. Its outcroppings in the field of scientific research cannot be in conflict with any doctrine of Christianity which is a correct expression of religious truth. It would seem quite improbable that a theory which has captivated the whole scientific world and which has commanded the enthusiastic indorsement of the greatest scientists of the age should not have in it something of truth. Doubtless much of error has been incorporated in it, especially in its earlier presentations; doubtless, also, certain of its advocates have allowed their enthusiasm to carry them too far and to betray them into extravagant claims and untenable positions; nevertheless, something of truth must be involved in a doctrine which has been able to command such almost universal support and to maintain its supremacy in the field of science for at least half a century. What is this truth? and is the essential truth of Evolution reconcilable with Christianity?

First of all, there is need of a clear apprehension of the scientific theory under discussion. Bacon said that "truth is more readily derived from error than from confusion." As the term "Higher Criticism" is used to-day by the average layman to cover all forms of heresy, from the writing of the Revised Version to the denial of the divinity of Christ, so the term "Evolution" has been employed to characterize scientific theories as far apart as the teachings of John Calvin and those of Hosea Ballou. Evolution, as taught by Herbert Spencer, was atheistic, materialistic, and fatalistic. He knew no God, no soul, no immortality. Practically, he said: "Given a little star-dust and a little motion, and the universe will construct itself." Like Laplace, he felt no need of a Creator. It would be absurd to propose a serious discussion of the compatibility of such a theory with the doctrine of Atonement. But the man who knows Evolution only in its Darwinian and Spencerian form is hardly up to date in his scientific reading. In

recent years there has been a decided and world-wide movement of scientific opinion toward Christianity. About two years ago Professor Bowne published an article in the *Homiletic Review*, on "The Passing of Mechanical Naturalism," in which he shows that Professor Ernst Haeckel, of the University of Jena, is about the only survivor of the old atheistic, materialistic, evolution theory. Professor Virchow, DuBois Reymond, Wundt, and George Romanes, who were once numbered among the advocates of that theory, later on abandoned it for something more reconcilable with the Christian faith. The same movement is in progress to-day. Only last November the *Keplerbund* was organized in Germany. This is an association of scientific men, numbering at last account nearly seven hundred of the leading teachers and professors of Germany, organized to protest against the Monistic Evolution taught by Professor Haeckel. The ideals of the Bund are expressed in the words: "Modern natural science is not able to overthrow the theistic conception of the world and its phenomena; and theism has, to say the least, as much right to be regarded thoroughly scientific as Haeckel's Monism." These men are not blind conservatives; they insist that Christianity must accept the certain results of scientific research, but in so doing they assure us that the essentials of Christianity will not be disturbed. While there could be no hope of reconciling the Atonement with Darwinianism or Haeckelism, it may be possible to find a place for it along with the Evolution taught by the majority of scientists to-day.

Coming back to definitions, we are confronted first of all by that framed by Herbert Spencer. "Evolution," said he, "is the integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." Of this definition some one has said: "The universe may well have heaved a sigh of relief when through the cerebration of an eminent thinker it had been delivered of this account of itself." A somewhat simpler definition has been given as follows: "Evolution is a process in which, by a series of continuous progressive changes, a complex arrangement, agency, or organism is developed from

rude or simple beginnings." The definition given by Professor Le Conte has been generally accepted, and affords an interesting starting point from which to trace some of the modifications of the evolutionary theory during recent years. "Evolution," said Le Conte, "is a continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces." According to the earlier notion of Evolution, "continuous progressive change" meant the gradual development of all orders of being by slow and imperceptible variations; but the later Evolution recognizes the continuity not so much in the mere phenomena of nature as in the underlying purpose of nature. For example, John Fiske, in an article published after his death, asks, "What, then, is the central pith of the doctrine of Evolution?" and answers as follows: "It is simply this: that the changes which are going on throughout the universe, so far as our scientific methods enable us to discern and follow them, are not chaotic or unrelated, but follow an intelligible course from one state of things toward another." So Professor George H. Darwin, in a recent address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, said: "Certain considerations lead me to doubt whether biologists have been correct in looking for continuous transformation of species. Judging by analogy, they should rather expect to find continuous changes occurring during a long period of time, followed by a somewhat sudden transformation." All that is required by the present theory of Evolution is that these changes are not chaotic, or unrelated, but follow an intelligible course from one state of things toward another. The fact is evolutionists are compelled to recognize at least three great "breaks" in the continuity of the world's transformation. The first is marked by the dawn of life on our planet. Science can give no account of the origin of life. Microscope and laboratory have been worked to their limit in the attempt to establish the theory of spontaneous generation, but in vain. The doctrine of biogenesis still unquestionably holds the field. Between the dead inorganic world and the world of life is a gulf which the old theory of Evolution could never span. The second great "break," which at first may not impress us as being so formidable as the first, is found in the dawn of sensation. Plant life

and animal life, it is true, shade into each other by almost imperceptible degrees, but somewhere there is the beginning of a nervous system, which marks a new and distinct set of phenomena; and in reality the gulf between the unconscious and the conscious is just as impassable as that between the inorganic and the organic. The third "break" occurs in the dawn of self-consciousness, and marks the dividing line between the animal and the human. At every one of these "breaks" some new element is introduced; something enters which was not in the matter, not in the organism before. The older theory of Evolution spent its time trying to discover "missing links" by which to bind together these dis severed orders of being; but the newer Evolution adjusts itself to these "breaks" in a different manner, namely, by enlarging its conception of environment to include not merely the immediate material surroundings but also the presence of spiritual potencies and the immanence of God in the world's processes of development. The new Evolution is theistic. The earlier Evolution failed through an inadequate theory of causation. It interpreted "resident forces" to mean forces resident in matter; it endeavored to account for all the functions of life and consciousness in the language of physics. It attempted the impossible task of accounting for the higher in terms of the lower. As one writer well puts it, "If, indeed, the cause accounts for the effect, it is the effect alone that can explain and render intelligible the cause; and for this reason, if for no other, we must postulate spirit before matter, God before the universe, ere we can hope to escape the confusion and self-contradictoriness of much that goes by the name of 'modern science.'" Not only does the present theory of Evolution recognize a personal God back of the primeval fire-mist from which the universe has evolved, but it recognizes the immanence of that God in all cosmic processes. There is no other rational explanation of progress through successive changes. Herbert Spencer taught the heredity of acquired characteristics. Much-used organs not only acquired greater development for the individual, but this enlarged development was transmitted to posterity, thus accounting for a gradual change of type; but in recent years eminent scientists declare that "no acquired characteristics what-

soever are transmitted to posterity." Heredity, therefore, is set aside as an explanation of progress through successive change. Darwin taught a natural selection through survival of the fittest; but it is now admitted that this doctrine does not explain the origin of species, but only the survival of species; it does not answer the deeper question of why the more perfect organisms appear. Only the purpose of a divine Creator explains the mystery.

Without going into further details, we may now venture another definition of Evolution as it is held to-day by a multitude of Christian thinkers: "Evolution is the theory of an orderly unfolding of the universe under divine guidance, according to divine plan, and with various divine interpositions for higher moral and spiritual ends." Is such a theory of cosmic evolution reconcilable with the doctrine of the Atonement? And, if so, does it in any sense or to any degree illuminate or confirm that doctrine? In the judgment of the writer, if there is any doctrine of Christianity which stands in urgent need of restatement, it is the doctrine of the Atonement. In its present form the pulpit does not preach it, the people are not impressed by it, and vast numbers totally reject it. It appears chiefly as a governmental expedient, whereby the penalty of violated law may be averted from the sinner without violence to the moral government of God. The doctrine is clothed with the phraseology of the courts; it is supported by analogies drawn from a mediæval administration of justice. The so-called "Governmental Theory" set forth by Dr. Miley is still more unsatisfactory than the old Calvinistic theory of Substitution, because it renders the Atonement still more artificial and still more remote from the actual life of the individual. The whole subject needs restatement—a change of emphasis and a change in terminology—to bring it into closer relation to human life.

Let it be borne in mind that the Atonement has to do with *life* as well as with *law*. It has a biological aspect as well as a theological aspect. If Paul presents salvation in terms of law, John presents it in terms of life. With the legal aspect of the Atonement natural science has nothing to do. It has no word in regard to the propitiation of divine wrath, nothing to say in regard to the satisfaction of divine justice. It has no light to throw upon

the Atonement as the payment of a debt. But as the Atonement relates itself to human life, so far as its biological phases extend, natural science may aid us to its better understanding. First, in regard to the necessity of the Atonement. Hitherto Evolution was supposed to be in vital conflict with the doctrine of the Fall, but reinvestigation has shown it to be not only consistent with that doctrine but confirmatory of it. One of the most astonishing discoveries of modern science, and one of which evolutionists have made great use, is the fact that the individual repeats in its early life the history of its ancestry. As one writer says, "The prenatal child passes through every grade of animal life, from the simplest and lowest to the highest and most complex. Over one hundred and forty useless organs appear, grow, and pass away, like leaves upon the tree of life. . . . After birth this candidate for humanity continues this evolution, in which he has already repeated the history of the animal world, by repeating the history of his own race life from savagery to civilization." Here, then, is the evolutionist's life record of the vicissitudes through which the race has passed, written not upon fading parchment but in the development of every individual man. Is there any record here of a fall? Watch the development of the child. When it reaches the age of moral accountability the alternative is presented of self-gratification or of conforming to the morally right, of keeping the law or tasting the forbidden fruit. And what does it do but repeat the experience of our first parents? Unless it be controlled by the will of others the child repeats over and over again its choice of self-gratification, thus exhibiting a fixed bias toward evil. The Eden of innocence is lost, and the shadow of guilt passes over the life. We are all conscious of the change. Once we were innocent babes. We became guilty men. Somewhere there was a fall, and in that experience we have written the fall of the race. Of the calamitous nature of this fall Evolution speaks in language even more stern and hopeless than that of revelation. It does not say that it was a "fall upward," but a fall abysmal, fatal, irremediable, unless a miracle of grace intervene. Evolution teaches that life and development are conditioned upon a proper correspondence of the organism with its environment. The higher the organism

the more extensive its environment, and the more complicated its correspondence therewith. Man is the most highly organized being known to natural science. He possesses not only a physical and psychical nature, but also a moral and spiritual nature. His life in the full possession of its highest functions demands perfect correspondence with its spiritual environment. Having the image of God and the breath of the Almighty within him, created with the ability to commune with God, his higher life was conditioned upon his continued fellowship with God. When man refused obedience to God he lost touch with his spiritual environment, and so forfeited the very condition upon which his life and development could continue. According to all the laws of Evolution the result must be death or degradation. Having lost the proper correspondence with his spiritual environment, there was absolutely no means known to natural science by which he could reinstate himself in the higher life which he had forfeited. All men have the intuitive conviction that God is, but the cry of fallen humanity is, "O that I knew where I might find him!" There is a race-wide consciousness of alienation from God. The intuition of God amounts to a sort of race memory of him, while the sense of alienation from him bears unmistakable testimony to the reality and calamitous nature of the fall. The penalty of such a fall, according to all the laws of natural science, would be irrevocably death. The fact that the human race continues to exist in the present condition is evidence that some special provision must have been made for its preservation. Thus the way is open for the Christian doctrine of the Atonement.

In regard to the nature of the Atonement, so far as it relates itself to human life, Evolution is perfectly in accord with orthodox Christianity. The result of man's sin was forfeiture of life—a life conditioned upon fellowship with God, a proper correspondence of man's higher spiritual organism with its spiritual environment. How can that life be restored? Evolution answers, Only by bringing man back to his higher spiritual environment. And how can this be done? Again Evolution answers, Only as the higher spiritual kingdom shall draw near to man and through a representative of that kingdom impart life from above. This line

of thought has been so beautifully developed by Professor Drummond in his famous chapter on "Biogenesis" that I need only to allude to it here. Just as the door of the inorganic world is so shut toward the world of life that no mineral can open it, the door of the natural is so shut toward the spiritual that no man can open it. It is to man his lost kingdom; and he can enter it again only as God himself shall open the door and restore him to his lost inheritance. The coming of God in the person of Jesus Christ reopens the door and brings the race again into touch with God, into possible correspondence with its lost environment. The vicarious nature of Christ's sufferings is perfectly reconcilable with the doctrine of Evolution. Evolution has long been familiar with this principle of vicarious sacrifice. The doctrine of Natural Selection is based upon it. The weak die off that the fittest may survive. But Professor Drummond, in his book entitled *The Ascent of Man*, has pointed out the fact that in the natural world there is not only a struggle for life but a struggle for the life of others; that there is discernible in nature a constantly developing principle of altruism by which the strong give their life for the weak. As organisms become more highly developed this principle becomes more dominant in the life and greater demands are made upon it. Not only are the strong called upon to suffer for the weak but the innocent for the guilty, and the just for the unjust. This great law of vicarious sacrifice is written large all through the natural world, and there is no system of science but must take note of it. All life-giving is costly. That Christ should suffer a vicarious death in the consummation of his mission to give life to a dying world is precisely what evolutionary science would expect. Evolution is likewise in perfect harmony with orthodox Christianity as regards the extent of the Atonement. When Christ took upon him our nature he took that nature which we possess in common with all other human creatures. He identified himself with our race. His redemption was a race-wide redemption. In him every child of Adam is brought back into touch with the lost spiritual environment; but whether men continue in touch with that environment depends upon their own free choice. Every child born into the world is born saved; but when the age of accountability arrives

every individual must decide whether he will live in fellowship with Christ or not. If he decides to enthrone Christ in his life, his salvation is wrought out in ever-increasing beauty and glory by the power of Christ working in him. If he refuses allegiance to Christ, his spiritual life droops and dies. The Atonement, in a biological sense, is unlimited, yet salvation is conditioned upon the choice of our own free will.

I conclude in the language of E. Griffith Jones, in his work entitled *The Ascent Through Christ*: "The incarnate sacrifice of Jesus Christ helps to bring man back to his true relationship to God and start him once more on the pathway of upward evolution. It was quite necessary that this should be done—that the lost relationship of filial union and love should be restored. For if with God is the fountain of life, if his loving presence is the soul's true atmosphere and environment, in which alone it can breathe and develop, then no real growth can take place without bringing man back to God that his Spirit may energize within his heart. Without God humanity is in the 'winter of its discontent'; with him summer visits the soul, and it grows in grace like a flower in the sunshine."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

H. D. Chase

ART. XI.—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE AND INSANITY

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE is a form of insanity. The phenomena it presents are inexplicable, until we consider them as manifestations of monomania; then the whole matter becomes perfectly plain and simple. Take, first, its rapid spread among the well-dressed classes. How is that to be accounted for? The claim of the devotees themselves, that this is due to the power of "the truth," can hardly be entertained by anyone who has a sense of humor; but when we regard it as the growth of epidemic hysteria it becomes at once understandable and takes its place as one of many similar instances of history. Some such a madness was the Crusades, culminating in the unspeakable folly of the Children's Crusade; such were the Millerites, who in the last generation confidently expected the bodily coming of our Lord, and at various given dates sold all their possessions and gathered on the hilltops to await him; such were many of the curious phases of the "sanctification" idea that from time to time infested the Mississippi valley; and such also were the numberless vagaries of the Middle Ages, including the Flagellants, the Adamites and those afflicted with the dancing mania. Being a sort of a beatific selfishness, it draws its greatest number of adherents from the boulevards. Unlike the religion of the Nazarene, it does not attract the poor, whose lives lie too close to the terrible facts of want and suffering and crime. The well-dressed crowd who cluster about the lieutenants of Mrs. Eddy are only too glad to go into a hypnotic moral stupor that enables them to forget and to deny the unpleasant realities of existence, with which they have struggled, through which they have climbed, and upon which they wish to batten down the hatches of pity. It is no little comfort for those who live in good houses and wear purple and fine linen to meet on the Sabbath day and, under the soothing accents of Mrs. Dogberry's abracadabra, bask in the idiotic assurance that the great open sore of the world, spread all around them in the slums of the city, does not exist.

One is often met with the plea: "But does not Christian Science do a great deal of good?" The good alluded to is the sweetening of the temper of the one afflicted with the mania in question. This sweetening does occur. As far as it goes it is good. But it is good only in the same way that opium and coal-tar preparations are good, or any other medicine that deadens pain. The medical world has long ago discovered that these pain-killers are dangerous exactly in proportion to the apparent relief they give. Their continued use invariably brings on a wreckage of the nerves, a collapse of the heart, or some other fatal injury to the vital powers. Similarly, the net result of the ease of mind brought on by Christian Science is fatal to the moral nature. When the multitudes awake from their feeble-minded dream of the nonexistence of evil, it will be to turn in disgust from religion of any sort. The decay of a corrupt religion in Italy and France has left the people indisposed to any spiritual sentiment, and the abatement of Christian Science will be followed by a vigorous recrudescence of materialism and infidelity. Any delusion which is based on falsehood and is wholly contrary to common sense must eventually end in harm. It will not do for us to excuse the baneful final results of any abnormal condition merely on account of the temporary pleasure it gives the patient. All of these extravagances, from Christian Science to Dowieism, can do nothing but disorder and impede the wholesome development of sound and sane religious conviction among the people. No sort of evidence ought to shake our belief in the usefulness of truth and reason, and in the noxiousness of any sort of hocus-pocus. The evidence upon which this fad supports its claims and by which it wins its converts, is the "testimony" of those who have been "healed." This is just the kind of evidence an alienist would expect from the subjects of hysteria. It is of the Lydia Pinkham and Dr. Munyon grade. Delivered under the influence of excitement, and untested by scientific sifting, it can prove nothing to a well-balanced mind. The comparison of these cures to the miracles of Jesus and the apostles is not new, but has been made by disordered enthusiasts throughout the history of the Christian Church.

Our classification of this propaganda as a mania is strengthened when we turn to its author. The rise of an ignorant woman from the position of a local freak, such as abounds in every large city, to that of leader of thousands of minds, most of them superior to her own, is something that can only be accounted for by the laws governing the spread of hysteria. When we pick up the text-book of this faith we are reinforced in our persuasion that we have to do with a problem of mental aberration. It is a tiresome jumble of involved sentences and cheap platitudes, shreds of outworn philosophical vagaries flavored with a rhapsodical style. What thought it has is simply Neoplatonism dressed up in silk petticoats and pink ribbons. One can find in the forgotten works of Plotinus, who lived in the third century, this same attempt to rhapsodize into thin air the Christian religion, the term "divine science" being even employed. Where Mrs. Eddy's book is not incomprehensible it is stupid. Nothing but the strong delusion of mania can explain why persons who have received a common-school education should pore over this wretched jargon daily, and go every Sunday to hear its miserable balderdash read alongside the simple dignity of the Holy Scriptures.

There is another strong bit of evidence for our point. It is the marked absence of a sense of humor among Christian Scientists. A sense of humor is one of the best safeguards of sanity, its absence noticeable among the unbalanced. When we lose this sense, and are able to regard the amazing antics of Christian Science in solemn earnestness, it is a pretty sure sign that the delicate machinery of consciousness is out of gear.

But the most determining symptom in the diagnosis of insanity is that the patient loses his power of orientation, so to speak; that is, he has become possessed of a single idea, and has lost the ability to rectify it by comparison with the realities of experience. For instance, in a dream, which is an abnormal state of the mind, when we think we see a dead friend entering the room we are sure of it because all other mental concepts save this one are excluded by our condition of sleep. We have no real facts at hand by which to adjust it. If we happen to have such

a vision in our waking moments, and if we are sane, we immediately dismiss it, classing it as an hallucination, because it does not square with common sense and experience. It is well known that there are many persons in our insane hospitals who are otherwise as sensible as anybody, but who upon some one peculiar notion have lost this faculty of rectifying their mental impressions by reality. This is precisely the Christian Science attitude. Closing their eyes to the entire field of suffering, disease, and sin, they deliberately induce in themselves a condition of pleasurable dementia.

In insanity the appeal to matter of fact is useless. The reality, to the crazy person, is not the facts around him, but the particular maniacal idea within him. He cannot be turned nor taught. The process of learning by experience is one of constantly altering our notions as we find them not to be in agreement with the world of fact. The Christian Scientist reverses this process, and alters the world of fact to accord with his fore-chosen opinion. An insane patient was once possessed of the idea that he was a corpse. On all other matters he was perfectly intelligent. His physician one day said to him: "Suppose I were to cut your hand, and it should bleed, you would admit then that you are not dead, wouldn't you? For you know that a dead person will not bleed." "Certainly," was the reply. "I will not bleed. A corpse cannot bleed." Thereupon, with the patient's consent, the doctor slightly cut the man's hand with his lancet, and of course drew a drop of blood. The insane patient regarded it a moment in some perplexity, but quickly brightened, and exclaimed: "Well, I declare! *A corpse does bleed, doesn't it?*" Those who have tried to convince the Christian Scientist, by the most palpable proofs, and have heard the sort of arguments he uses, will recognize his mental process as being exactly like this.

I have no taste for theological quarreling, and am more than disposed to acknowledge good in other sects than the one to which I belong; but I am not disposed to let pass this gigantic humbug, which has gathered into its bosom hosts of disaffected Christians and has given them a fictitious ease, offering happiness without repentance and forgiveness of sin, health in defi-

ance of the laws of hygiene, and salvation not by the cross of "the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," but by hypnotic subservience to Our Lady of Dreams. The harm done is great, and will be greater. Already has this unfortunate mania darkened many a home by permitting bodily agony to go unrelieved by proper medical treatment; by allowing helpless little children and old people to suffer, with no alleviation but the heathen incantations of a mystical book; by crying, "Peace, peace!" to minds burdened with a consciousness of sin, when there is no peace, and never has been since the world began, except to those who acknowledge, renounce, and fight against evil; and by comforting and coddling the well-to-do in their all too-willing belief that the great ocean of human want and woe does not exist. But the worst is still to come. In the wake of every false religious excitement invariably follows a period of reaction, which takes the form of a deeper godlessness and worldliness, as if the popular heart, deceived anew in its ideals, would plunge still deeper into the fleshpots of material enjoyment. When this hysteria shall have run its course the thousands of lives that shall have been burned over by false sentiment will be added to the number of them that are incapable of knowing or feeling the sane guidance of religious truth.

Frank Crane

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

DR. RICHARD S. STORRS closed his great lectures on "The Divine Origin of Christianity" with a vision of Christ in glory in the eternal world, and then said: "It seems to me to glorify life, it seems to me to banish the shadow of gloom from death, to feel that that majestic figure of Brother, Teacher, Friend, Redeemer, which towers supremely over the centuries, which made the earth sublime by its advent, which seemed in ascending to unite it to the heavens, has equal place in worlds to come! That we may trust his imperative word; that we may serve his kingly cause; that we may see the illumined universe, for us as for him, a house of victory and of peace! that we may stand, by and by, with him, amid the light as yet unreached, and say, each one of us, to our Lord and Saviour: '*O, Christ, I believed in thy religion! I saw its triumphs in the earth; I felt its power in my heart; I rose to God in love upon it; I foreknew by it what now I find—Eternal Life!*'"

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON

THE period of the Babylonian captivity stands for all time as one of the completest illustrations of painful and prolonged adversity, presenting both the sufferings and the mitigations, the afflictions and the opportunities of such a state.

"By the rivers of Babylon" suggests a picture dark with deep shadows, relieved by some touches of light: a theme fraught with pathos and inspiration for poet or painter or preacher. Yet the only good poem we know upon it is by one whose name is as well unmentioned, and the only good painting suggested by the theme was in Cologne by an almost unknown artist. In that touching picture a young girl buries her face in her father's lap and the father, growing gray and bent through trouble, rests his hand tenderly on the shoulder of the bowed and sobbing child. Near by a new-made mother weeps and sighs to think her firstborn in her arms is born a captive and shudders at the future that awaits her boy; while the babe, as if dimly conscious of a general sorrow which it does not comprehend,

nestles closer to its mother's bosom as her tears fall on its head. And the neglected harps are seen lying on the ground at the foot of the willows, with strings broken or loosened.

The elements of Israel's painful experience in Babylon are such as enter into the adversities and constitute the hardships of many human lives in all times and places; and in the story of the captivity many can trace resemblances to some chapters of their own experience, while all of us by present sympathy may in some degree appreciate, and, possibly, by future experiences may be made to understand the grievous tests of adversity. Not without interest, therefore, to modern men and women is the plight of the ancient Israelites by the rivers of Babylon.

1. They missed Jerusalem. Babylon was a far more splendid city, but it could never seem half so glorious in their eyes. Its fat plains and fertile river-banks were more fruitful than the hill-slopes of Judaea, but they would rather subsist on scanty harvests at home than dwell amid plenty in an alien land. Dear to them was every stone of wall or gate or pavement, homelike and familiar was every scene, of their own Jerusalem. Perched on its high rocks above its deep valleys, surrounded by its picturesque landscape of hills, it stood continually in their thoughts, their love, and their regret. Continually longing for it, their misery was that only in imagination could they behold it, only in dreams could they see the sun rising over the Moab Mountains, or standing at noon over Bethlehem, or sinking at evening behind the Mediterranean hills. They missed and longed for the dear old city, the home of their hearts, and nothing could console them for its loss. If sunrise lit or sunset kindled Babylonian waters and skies, the splendor was naught to them, because never any more for them broke the day or fell the night which showed or hid Jerusalem in their sight. Rivers of Babylon, their banks abloom with flowers, their trees gay with bright-plumaged birds, their surface sprinkled with lotus-lilies, their rippling water-edge merry with children prattling, laughing, and splashing along the margin of the stream, could not beguile the captive Israelites of their longing for home, nor mitigate in the least their sense of loss. John Stuart Blackie tells of a Scotch lassie setting out for America who was found to be carrying with her a bundle of turf from her mother's grave. The dear and sacred graves of their fathers and their mothers were in the homeland which the Israelites had lost.

Especially, the Israelites missed the stately and familiar temple

ordinances. This to a devout Jew was a grievous loss. The temple worship was noble, imposing, and inspiring. Nothing equally impressive could well be conducted where they now were. Many, not Israelites, know what it is to miss the home sanctuary. A young woman taken at marriage to a distant town found the church there so cold and cheerless in comparison that her heart was filled with longing for her home church, and many a time during the service she had to count the organ pipes over and over as fast as possible to keep herself from bursting into tears. When Sir Robert Cotton was debarred the use of his own books lest he should use them against the government, the old man sank into great sadness, saying, "They have broken my heart by locking my library from me." But he did not miss his books worse than the devout Jew missed his temple and its hallowed worship.

2. They mourned over the ruin and desolation of their country. Not only had they been driven out from it into a distant captivity, but they knew it had been ruthlessly laid waste. The temple had been plundered of its sacred vessels and was now in ashes. Their houses had been robbed of everything valuable and burned. The walls of Jerusalem had been demolished. Slaughter as well as robbery and fire had ravaged all the strength and riches, the beauty and the glory of the land. The Chaldeans had put multitudes to the sword, even in the sanctuaries and beside the holy altars. The ruined condition of their country made desolate and distressed the hearts of the captives by the far-off rivers of Babylon. They longed to return and rebuild its waste places and restore its prosperity, as Mazzini in his exile longed to return home to deliver his loved Italy, then blighted by the papacy, cursed by the priesthood, impoverished, divided against itself, and put by its dissensions at the mercy of its enemies. No wonder the captives in Babylon wept when they remembered Zion and thought upon its ruined and desolate state.

3. Whatever bitterness there is in looking back from days of adversity to a prosperous past, and feeling hurt and humiliated by the contrast, Israel endured by the rivers of Babylon as multitudes taste a similar bitterness here and now. That "a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things" has passed into a proverb. In the *Alcestis* of Euripides, when Admetus comes back from the funeral and sepulcher of his wife to his dark and empty home, as he enters the widowed halls and the whole woe, billow-like, breaks over him, his friends attempt to comfort him by calling up the

memories of his past delights, saying, "Once thy joy was thus and thus." But he declares their attempted comforting pierces him through and hurts the very quick of ulceration in his soul. There is in Dante's *Inferno* a passage which says, "There is no greater pain than for one in wretchedness to recall a happy time." However the austere moralist may reprove his afflicted fellow men in their reverses for ignoring past blessedness, or for using it only to intensify by contrast the acuteness of present misery, to do so is a human tendency which few are able to resist. And none can wonder that he who thinks and says, "My grief lies onward and my joy behind," also cries out, "O break, my heart! Poor bankrupt, break at once!" We are prone to magnify lost joys and to intensify our unhappiness by dwelling on the contrast therewith of our present privations. And this retrospective glorification of past privileges and possessions is not wholly incorrect and unwarranted. While blessings are with us we seldom appreciate or understand them. Frequently we learn their full value only by losing them. We do not understand or value our childhood till we have left it, our youth till it has departed, our health and strength till we have lost them, our life itself till it verges toward its close. The great laureate was not wrong in writing, "For a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things." When Trojan Hector, going forth with Paris to the Grecian fight, parts with his wife Andromache, he is filled with apprehensions of the end of Troy's imperial glories, and his bitterest thought is the misery and sufferings of his wife if she should be taken captive. Full of fear he exclaims:

"I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
In Argive looms our battles to design—
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.
There, while you groan beneath the loads of life,
They cry, 'Behold the mighty Hector's wife!'
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
Embitters all thy woes by naming me.
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
A thousand griefs shall waken at my name."

4. They suffered the rigors and cruelties of captivity. They were not gypsies choosing to be without a country, wandering restlessly from land to land; nor voluntary emigrants seeking larger liberty and better fortunes in a strange land and cherishing bright expectations even though the parting look at their native shores be taken through tears. No, they were unhappy and pitiable captives. Against their

will they were detained in a far-off, foreign land, and held in subjection to an alien rule under which they were helpless. They were powerless; their Chaldean conqueror, captor, and oppressor was practically almighty. Captivity is in its effects the same as exile, no easier to bear; and men have not thought lightly of exile, nor found it sweet. Plato tells us that Socrates esteemed exile worse than death. The son of the House of Montague, when Friar Laurence announces his banishment from Verona, cries:

"'Banishment'? Be merciful. Say death!
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death."

And when the Friar says,

"I'll give thee adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee against thy banishment,"

the banished man replies:

"Hang up philosophy!
Unless philosophy can give me what I love and long for,
It helps not, it prevails not."

An old Book says: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him: but weep ye sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Samson, preferring death to captivity, felt for the pillars of the building and bowed his strength upon them to bring it to the ground. David preferred pestilence to captivity, counting it better to fall into the hands of God and not into the hands of men.

Few things are so grievous as captivity, and many there be to whom in various ways life seems a captivity; its hard, narrow, and merciless conditions take on the aspect of heartless taskmasters and chains and prison bars. A company of poor Bornou Negroes, carried captive into slavery by the Moors, wailed mournfully in a melancholy chant as they were driven like cattle across the desert: "Where are we going, O God? How large the world is! Where are we going, O God? O God, we are miserable. Let us return again to our own dear home." Even poor savages could feel the wretchedness of captivity. Nay, even a brute resents captivity. A certain man had opportunity to watch a new-caught lion, a bright beast with a splendid skin, pacing fiercely around his cage, raging against confinement. One day the desert or the jungle stung the lion in his sleep, and he burst wide awake with a roar which was like a call to the powers of his native wilderness to come and set him free. An old story tells of a

wayworn, sunburned man, looking like a wanderer, who entered a market where caged birds were exposed for sale. The stranger watched them flying about in their tiny prisons as if struggling to get free, until tears came into his eyes. Then he went from cage to cage, asked the price of the occupant of each cage, paid it, opened the door and set the little prisoner free. And this he did until every bird was away in the boundless liberty of the open sky. Then said the strange man to the wondering bystanders who thought him crazy, "I myself was once a captive, and I know the sweets of liberty." And having so done and said, he went his way. Captivity, imprisonment, bondage, whether under the iron hand of the ancient Chaldean by the rivers of Babylon, or under the tyranny of harsh conditions imposed by alien and unfriendly masteries upon multitudes of modern human lives, are a bitter portion and a cruel fate.

5. The captive Israelites were surrounded by cold and heartless indifference. There was no pity nor sympathy for their trials. Suffering and sadness can ill brook indifference. Even the indifference of nature to our woes seems cruel to us. The day after you have gone groaning within yourself to the damp edge of the grave and shuddered at the earth-smell and the sound of falling clods, seen all that was bright on earth sucked down into its bottomless dark, seen a vapor ascend out of it that quenched stars, moon, and sun,

The morn comes up again
With breath all incense and with cheek all bloom,
Laughing the night away with playful scorn,
Rejoicing as if earth contained no tomb.

The universe will not put on mourning for your grief. Reading Tennyson's poem, we wonder why "the little birds sing east and the little birds west" when "in the tower the castle's lord leans in silence on his sword with an anguish in his breast." When your great sorrow fell on you, it seemed to you that the rushing world ought to stop and pay some attention to it; but the driving, selfish world thought otherwise and went on—steadily, busily, heartlessly on.

6. They were subjected to insolence from their foes and masters, who tried to make a show of them as the Philistines did with Samson. To such things captives do not easily submit. In Piloty's great painting of Thusnelda in the Triumph Procession of Germanicus, Thusnelda wears no subdued, obsequious look, nor even a deprecating, appealing, entreating smile, as she passes before her throned and lictored imperial captor. The best thing in the big and crowded pic-

ture is her lofty carriage and the superbly scornful expression of her face, her majestic look of unutterable aversion and abhorrence—a queen humiliated by indignity but unhumbled in spirit toward her triumphant captor. The Israelites by the rivers of Babylon felt as Alsace and Lorraine did in 1870 toward their German conquerors, when it was necessary to load down those provinces, newly snatched from France, with a German army of occupation in order to enforce quietness among an angry and resentful population.

7. In their mourning they were required to make merry. This was a cruel demand. "Come now, you must sing for us," said their masters. "Take your harps from the willows, and play for us." But songs are for the gay and the glad. Music suits not with misery and anxiety. King Darius put away the instruments of music on that troubled and anxious night when Daniel was in the den of lions. Tobit in captivity could not eat the bread of joyfulness on the feast of Pentecost, but ate his bread in heaviness. How could these poor captives make music with harps and songs? They might well have said:

"We cannot sing,
We that are exiled in this gloomy place,
Still doomed to water earth's unthankful face
With many a bitter tear.

"Bid us lament and mourn,
Bid us that we go groaning all the day,
And we will find it easy to obey,
Of our best things forlorn."

At Springfield, when Lincoln left home for Washington to be inaugurated President, and at many points along the route, great crowds gathered clamoring for a speech, but seldom anything that could be called a speech did he deliver. His heart was too full and too heavy. At Springfield the burden of his parting words to his old friends and neighbors was, "Pray for me as I go to take up my difficult task, my heavy burden. O, pray for me." Without exultation, but groaning in spirit, he went to his duty, and the eager, curious crowds along his way had no entertainment from him as, with solemn, serious, and solitary soul, he moved on through gathering clouds and darkness to his high and dangerous post.

8. Their holiest things were made light of and trifled with. Not in a spirit of reverence, but of mockery, or, at best, of idle curiosity, were they bidden to sing some of the songs of Zion for the unsympathetic ears of Zion's defilers and destroyers. How could the children

of Zion desecrate the holy temple hymns by rendering them for the delectation of profane idolaters? "Sing us the songs of Zion!" "How can we sing those dear, divine, and holy hymns in a strange and vile and wicked land like this? Zion! It breaks our hearts to think of her, and if we tried to sing her sweet songs here our voices would be choked by sobs." It was too much to ask of them. It was like going to the little palace of Malmaison after the divorce, and asking Josephine to take her harp and play for you the air she often played for Napoleon because it was his favorite; or, rather, it was a thousandfold worse. It was like asking the homesick Switzer, far away from his loved Alpine hills and valleys, alone, forlorn, and unhappy in some unhomelike land of flat, tame, and oppressively monotonous scenery, to yodle for you the cow-songs of his canton with which he was wont to call home his herds from the mountain pastures, only immeasurably worse. It was like asking a bereaved mother to sit down by the empty cradle and rock it and sing at the bidding of an intrusive stranger the lullaby she used to croon to her baby whose exquisite sweet loveliness only a month ago was torn from her tender breast and buried in the graveyard.

9. The last and sharpest element in their adversity was that they had the bitterness of knowing they had brought themselves into their present state of privation and misery by their own sins and follies. It was a punishment, and they knew it was just, for they had brought it on themselves. The "Man Without a Country," in Edward Everett Hale's story, is dumb and unable to utter a complaint, because he knows it is all his own fault and that he deserves what he is getting. He had sown the seed for exactly such a harvest as he is naturally and inevitably reaping. We sometimes pity the innocent who suffer, but blessed are the innocent who suffer, for they may be inwardly sustained by the knowledge that the calamity which has come is not by any fault of theirs. Conscious innocence is an immense comfort in any plight. The least mitigable suffering is his who knows that his own evil and foolish course is the responsible cause of all his woes. This was the sharpest pang in Israel's distress.

As fully as we could we have analyzed the condition of the captives by the rivers of Babylon, and enumerated the elements of their adversity. The shadows of the picture are not deeper than the facts of Israel's state, nor darker than those in some individual lives known to us; though it hardly ever happens that so many black elements darken any one human lot. No earthly situation is ever wholly

dark, and without a single gleam of light or possibility of relief or hope. The Babylonian captivity was not without its mitigations, its profitable lessons, and its lasting benefits. These must also be enumerated, and we look now for the touches of sunlight which brighten here and there the dark picture. The possibilities and opportunities of an adverse lot are sometimes fine and large, and afford, all by themselves, a theme capable of extensive expansion and endless illustration.

By the rivers of Babylon the children of Zion were not without great comforts and blessings. They were not forsaken by Jehovah. He does not leave his children alone, even in their deserved and self-caused adversity. The captives in Babylon had proof of the presence of a speaking God, a protecting God, a promising God. In the successive captivities the three great bodies of God's people who were dispersed abroad among the heathen, in Assyria, in Egypt, and in Babylon, had each its own great prophet, a messenger and mouthpiece of the Lord: Ezekiel among the captives by the river Chebar, Jeremiah in Egypt, and Daniel in Babylon. Ezekiel says: "It came to pass as I was among the captives by the river Chebar, that the heavens were opened and I saw visions of God." And by the rivers of Babylon the Lord was not absent from, nor silent toward, his humiliated and afflicted and oppressed people. They had visions of God and saw that he was with them to protect when Daniel came unharmed out of the den of lions and the three Hebrew children out of the fiery furnace. And there was written many a sure word of promise on which they could depend. Thus they were not without cheer, for they were not without hope. After all, we are not to think that there were no songs in the long night of their seventy years' captivity. Grieve they must, but why should they be sullen and desperate in their adversity? Doubtless, when their insolent and taunting masters were not near, they sang, sadly sometimes and with tears, remembering their lost and ruined Jerusalem, but sometimes with hope, expecting deliverance and a return to Zion with songs of joy. Doubtless, many patient souls were confident and trustful, making sweet music to their comrades with songs in the night. Even in a strange land they did sing the Lord's song. There is a splendid bravery which smiles an amiable defiance in the face of evil fortune, which is better than the grim and stolid endurance which stoically dares disaster to do its worst. And there is, better still, a sublime trust in God, an absolute assurance that he will succor and save the forlornest derelict, the most beggarly

soul that repents and calls and falls upon him. In such strong confidence the Negro boatmen, when Whittier heard them at Port Royal, were singing to the rhythmic beating of their oars:

"We knowed de promise nebber fail,
And nebber lie de Word;
So, like de 'postles in de jail,
We waited for de Lord."

So the children of Zion, in bondage by the rivers of Babylon, knew that the Lord, in his own good time, would surely bring them home from their captivity, giving them "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." And He who giveth songs in the night helped them to make melody in their hearts, a melody that was like the sound of "a hidden brook in the leafy month of June, which to the sleeping woods all night singeth a quiet tune." The lesson is that on God's earth and under his heaven no human lot is hopeless and no soul need be utterly comfortless. For every one who looks to heaven and calls for help there is a listening, speaking, protecting, and promising God. And to persist in singing the Lord's song in a strange, unfriendly land, in no matter what adversity, is to force the sour and sullen desert to blossom as the rose, to inflict gladness on a doleful situation, and to lead captivity captive.

In Israel's humiliating and painful plight by the rivers of Babylon there were not wanting grand possibilities of development and attainment. Adversity is the most auspicious of all conditions for evoking the noblest qualities, the most superb virtues, crowning intellectual and moral character with glory. It is the soil and the season for the blossoming of human nature into its finest bloom, the time when knighthood is in flower.

He who hath never warred with misery,
Nor ever tugged with fortune and distress,
Hath had no occasion and no field to try
The strength and forces of his worthiness.

Abilities are completely shown only in exigency and extremity. Affliction often begets more virtue and more fame than favoring fortunes can. The fairest examples of renown have risen out of adverse circumstances.

Amid dangers we look for the heroic to appear. Under heavy burdens stalwart powers, hitherto unrevealed, straighten themselves erect and walk off with their loads. There was opportunity and call for courage in the Babylonian captivity; and Daniel prayed with open windows toward Jerusalem against the royal decree; and Shadrach,

Meshach, and Abednego calmly refused to bow at the king's command to the image in the Dura plain. Multitudes of the children of Zion refused to forget whose people they were; they refused to join in the profane worship and ways of the idolaters around them, or to conform to the customs and follow the fashions of the rich and the powerful whose helpless victims they were. They would not drink forgetfulness out of the cup of sensual indulgence, nor seek to satisfy their hunger with meaner things than Zion had fed them on. They would not give up their confidence in the Lord God of Israel nor distrust his promise, nor relinquish their hope of release from captivity and a happy return to Zion.

Some there were whom not even the loathsome memory of gross sins could keep from prayer and praise; and some who vowed, "Though he slay me yet will I trust in him." And not a few could join in the spirit of the words:

This is He of whom aforetime we have made our boast,
Who lit the fiery pillar in our path,
Who swept the Red Sea dry before our feet,
Who in His jealousy smote kings, and hath
Sworn once to David: One shall fill thy seat,
Born of thy body, as the sun and moon
Established for aye in sovereignty complete.
O, Lord, remember David, and that soon.
The glory hath departed, Ichabod!
Yet now, before our sun grow dark at noon,
Before we come to naught beneath thy rod,
Before we go down quick into the pit,
Remember us, for good, O God, our God!
Thy name will I remember in my praise
And call to mind thy faithfulness of old,
Tho' as a weaver thou cut off my days,
And end me as a tale ends that is told.

Not only integrity and loyalty and courage were possible by the rivers of Babylon; usefulness, influence, and high honor were not beyond attainment. Daniel rose to be prime minister over a hundred and twenty princes. History has shown again and again, in almost every age, that a captive, an exile, a slave, may, by inherent, sterling qualities, resolute and persistent self-discipline, diligence, upright behavior, and the favoring help of a Providence which administers back of thrones, heaves in the rolling of the sea, whirls the constellations through infinite space, and marshals the armies of heaven, even such an one may thus become a leader of peoples and an uplifter of mankind. Even in our own America, a born slave, risen out of

abysmal adversity, is doing that high work to-day. And everywhere, in every trying time, and in the hardest lot, human nature may, by the help of God, be at its best, in courage, patience, integrity, loyalty to high ideals, and resisting the devil till he flees defeated and ashamed.

The purpose of Jehovah in permitting the captivity was not unaccomplished. He meant to cure his chosen people of their sins and follies, and recover them to spirituality and purity. The stay in Babylon was a period of renovation. Israel was cleansed of the past and fitted for the future. Changes of world-wide and age-long importance were wrought in God's people. They were chastened in spirit, purged of their idolatries and cured of their sins. Their ideas were expanded, their narrow tribal notions enlarged and their language greatly modified. During this period the chief traits of the Jewish character were formed and permanently fixed: their intense historic consciousness of the national past, their passionate regard for the national future, their strict theocratic legislation, their plasticity of intellect, and rigidity of social observance. The absence of the ritual services of the temple brought out the more spiritual elements of their religion, and the nation was better prepared for the approach of the dispensation of the Gospel.

The captivity was ended by the return promised and prophesied. Starting in the spring, they were four months on the way. They crossed the desert and the mountains singing the songs of Zion. Restored to their own dear country, they at once rebuilt their homes and the temple, but the temple before the homes. And Israel, cleansed from its idols by adversity and the chastening of the Lord, entered on a new and purer life.

While we have been sketching with faint strokes the outline, and filling in lights and shadows of the picture, "By the rivers of Babylon," we have acknowledged our own lives to be touched here and there by parallels of resemblance or crossed by lines of contrast; and have noted consolations to be appropriated, admonitions to be accepted, and lessons to be learned by all who feel themselves in any sense far off from the City of Peace, Jerusalem the Golden, and the streams that make it glad; far away in a land that is not the Lord's land, by strange waters, bitter as Meribah, as vile to them, in contrast with the streams where they would be, as tepid, turbid Jordan was to Naaman when he thought of the clear cold rivers of Damascus; far from the fellowship of the blessed, amid the gainsaying and perverse,

jostled and jeered by evildoers; overshadowed by the menace of masteries whose tender mercies are cruel, overshadowed by the glittering palaces of prosperous wickedness. And such are apt to be the feelings, soon or late, more or less, of all goodness, gentleness, and fine sensibility in this bad, rough world.

There are surely counsel and comfort here for all who from the forlorn depths of present downfall and disaster, either temporal or spiritual, look back on better days gone by; for all who in a grievous lot ask how it shall be borne, or in a strait ask how they shall turn round; for all whose sacred things are trifled with by some power too bad or brutal to care for their sanctities; for all who feel themselves driven before the lash of Retribution, and justly, but pitifully, overtaken by the consequences of their own sins or blindness; for all who, in present woe or darkness of any sort, look forward in hope for better days to come.

On the walls of Victor Hugo's dining room on the Island of Guernsey, during his banishment from France, was the inscription, "Life is an exile." Seventy years was Israel captive in Babylon, and then the Lord turned again their captivity and their mouth was filled with laughter and their tongue with singing. Seventy years likewise is the allotted time of this exile we call life, and then the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Not unsuited nor impossible to us in our earthly lot are the homesick longing and heavenly hope of the sweet Scotch song:

I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles,
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring.
Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre we shall see
The King in his beauty an' our ain countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, he'll surely come again,
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

THE ARENA

MEDITATION: ITS PLACE IN CHRISTIAN CULTURE

THIS age in which we live may be said to have some characteristics peculiar to itself. It is characterized by a certain nervous tension which requires constant activity, physical or mental, or both. It might, therefore, be said that in these days and in this country meditation has become a lost art, if not, indeed, a lost faculty. We have become incapable of sustained thought, of prolonged consideration of divine truth. "Even with the aid of a well-studied and well-spoken discourse," said Dr. Clarkson, "and in the presence of sympathetic fellow listeners, it is found difficult to maintain continuous attention for more than half an hour, once or twice a week." It is a known fact that it is an exceedingly difficult matter to get our people to settled, serious, and profound thought. The preference seems to be for something of the lighter vein. This is said to be a reading age, but, indeed, what do the people read? It has been freely admitted by the agents of our own as of other great publishing interests, that, to meet the demand of the reading public, they must publish books of the lighter (not trashy) grade; that is what the people want, and, consequently, that is what is published. Such books as Agnes Grant's *Education*, Bud, *Black Rock*, *Sky Pilot*, etc., books of wholesome and pure sentiment, but read with little thought, form the large per cent of book sales.

Now, what does all this signify? Simply this: that the continual strain in which we are living makes it almost impossible or at least difficult to settle down to hard and serious thought. The meditation of which we speak is hindered by the same difficulty, and yet the writer of the Psalms again and again refers to this sacred duty as in Psalm 1. 2: "But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." The best men of Old and of New Testament times, as of all ages, have been men of meditation as well as of action—Enoch, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Elijah, John the Baptist, Paul, and John. Our Lord himself sought the mountainfold of solitude for the quiet communion with his own heart and with his Father. The best men who have lived and wrought since the last apostle finished the last words of divine revelation have been men who have found time for contemplation and for the devotion in which that finds its loftiest perfection. In a time and in a country where action is felt to be everything, where attractions are multiform on every side, where every hour may be occupied in some lawful and praiseworthy activity, where a positive effort must be made to secure a quiet hour, there is serious danger lest our Christian character suffer from want of earnest and devout meditation.

There are at least two things on which to dwell in profitable meditation; these are God's Word and our own ways. We should meditate on

God's precepts and we should "think on our own ways." This opens before us a marvelous field for thought. The nature and character of the work of God as revealed in sacred history and in Jesus Christ, the truth spoken to us by our Lord and written for our learning by inspired men, the ways in which divine truth has been illustrated and enforced in human history, the path along which God has led us, the witness we have borne and the work we have done, together with the failure to become what we might have been or to effect all we might have done, and the lessening distance before us this side the grave and the eternal life beyond, all impel to serious contemplation and thought. It reveals the mighty plan and marvelous work of the "mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." It brings to us the contemplation of duty, or, better, the privilege of being and doing in harmony with the divine thought and nature.

Again, meditation on these lines naturally culminates in true and earnest prayer—communion with the Father of Spirits. Meditation is the best friend to devotion, to real worship; it is its guide and safeguard. There is much that passes for prayer and worship which, in the absence of meditation, is but mechanical repetition, while there is no real meditation, in the sense in which we are using the word, which does not pass into genuine, acceptable, and faithful worship, prayer, and praise.

For some years in early life the writer attended religious services in which it was the custom of the worshipers to gather at the hour appointed and for the first several moments settle into the most profound silence in meditation and heart worship. In this attitude of thought and quiet it was not an uncommon thing for some layman, man or woman or young person, to break out in public prayer from any part of the congregation. That never caused commotion or confusion, but was always wholesome, edifying, and helpful. This worshipful, silent meditation, followed or not by outbursts of public prayer, prepared the heart and mind for the divine message. I am thinking that it would be a good policy still. In this we would but practice the sentiment of the General Conference which can be found in the Discipline of our church. We suggest that the moment we enter the house of God we should assume the attitude of worshipers, meditate only on divine and holy things, leaving out of our thoughts all business and social pleasures and all that might detract from God's true service. But meditation depends much more on heart mood than on brain power. It is really a moral faculty using brain power as its agency and carefully keeping the brain power in subjection. Interest in meditation is found to be in precise relation to spiritual culture, but it powerfully aids the development of that spiritual culture and it is alert with spiritual insight which gets at the heart of things and cannot be trammelled by mere forms and settings.

But, lastly, what is the practical result? To be nothing but a thinker or even nothing but a student is a sad, a fatal mistake. The world does not care for what we may have or what we may know if

it is untouched and unmoved by it. We must come forth from the chamber of communion and meditation to the field of conflict, to lift the world from sin to God. Eastern sages were dreamers but died in the happy tranquillity of their dreams, and the East has slept on down the ages. But here and now there is little danger of too much seclusion. Much serious consideration passing into prayer is the very best preparation for the world's broad battlefield, for the dangers to be dared and the duties to be done in order that the millions still in the chains of darkness may be rescued by the light of life divine.

Newkirk, Oklahoma.

E. J. WILLIAMS.

A NEW BOOK FROM LUCKNOW, INDIA

This book of less than three hundred pages lies on my table. It came by way of Ocean Grove. The topic did not at first appeal to me, *Outlines of Biblical Theology*, Vol. I (one more to follow). Had I not traversed that field from Watson and Butler to Foster and Fisher? But this, sent me by a college friend, published in Lucknow, written by the hand of Dr. T. J. Scott, so long principal of Bareilly Seminary—I must taste of it. Even the cheap binding seems quaint and attractively foreign. I may characterize the small condensed volume by the aid of personal reminiscences.

During a vacation at the Ohio Wesleyan University Scott preached at Youngstown, as I remember the place. The word "sympathy" is in the text (Heb. 4.15). It is not in the English, but Greek testament. The young preacher told the congregation that it was compounded from two Greek words, *sun* and *patheo*. Next day the pastor's boy, with the usual readiness for the funny side, said, "I looked to see the sinners tumble when he flung that Greek at us." Nevertheless, that painstaking accuracy and power of analysis, with no thought of pedantry, was a precursor of a book that has caught hold on subject and reader. It is clarified by close touch with Oriental religions, and wider outlook than most works on theology, including views of the best European and American theologians.

Another illustrative incident: As students we went on Sundays into all the country round to preach—"to practice on the people," some said; yet revivals and churches came of it. I had an appointment four miles away. Scott agreed to be my company. With Sunday came rain and mud, and a four-mile wade. I proposed to excuse my companion. "I shall go," said he, and he waded it to keep his word. That quality took him to India and through years at Bareilly and produced this fine book. Later on Scott, Nathan Sites, of Foochow, and I stood near Saint Paul's Church in Delaware, Ohio, both of them on furlough. One said, "I have orders to return." "So have I," said the other. To obey meant to leave families behind. They went. Is it imaginary when I feel the throb of that loyalty as I read this thin book, the outcome of a great life by a gifted author?

ISAAC CROOK.

Ironton, Ohio.

A COMPOSITE CLERGYMAN

I PRESUME that we are as good, and no better, than the ministers in any city of 40,000 people in the United States. I am one of them, and it has been an interesting study to watch them at work in the Ministers' Association. I write not to criticise, but to record.

We have one whose voice is heavy and who impresses me as Websterian. I think of Webster as always being heavy. This man gives one the impression of being learned. I think he puts in more time in making sermons for the sake of the sermon than any other man in the Association. He has a deep voice; it seems hard, if not impossible, to touch anything lightly; but for weighty matters, it is like a sledge-hammer.

Then, we have another, not far from his own age, who can touch a thing more lightly than any other of whom I have knowledge. He is a natural reformer. He has introduced more matters for civic righteousness than any other five. He is a very radical man in his pulpit and in the Association and he is the most courteous man on the floor. And, still, but yesterday, he surprised us all by refusing to act on a committee on a reform motion he had introduced, saying he was a willing fellow, but he had been discriminated against and would not serve on the committee; that is, he showed his teeth in true bull-dog fashion, yet so gracefully as almost to appear to smile. I said he touched habitually a matter more lightly than any other, and yet, to me, at least, he seems to have an immense reserve force; that is, he seems to purposely say a thing lightly with the implied understanding that he said it lightly as a matter of kindness, and yet that he can bring enormous resources to reinforce his position if his seeming kindness is abused.

We have a Covenanter who has had all the acids of life transformed, under grace, into the milk of human kindness, who says soothing things.

We have a man who irritates us more than perhaps any other because he is always blundering, yet he never had a malicious thought; even when he does and says things which in any other would be malicious, in him they are not. He is a big-hearted, warm-hearted brother.

We have a man with a German mind who can never see things as our man with a heavy voice. He is serious, stern, can possibly see a joke, but does not appear to. He is as far removed from fervor as any could wish—farther than most.

Again, we have a man with a flint face who kept his gloves and overcoat on during an entire session. He is stern-looking to the point of crabbedness—gives the "lie" to any statement which conflicts with a previously expressed opinion; who might have taken the place of Nero, if his morals were enough lowered, and fiddled while Rome burned without a wrong quiver of a string.

We have a colored man who is as black as a crow, who preaches at us, who is rather intellectual, but whose wit never fails him even when his knowledge may.

Still, again, we have one who has ideas, who puts his right hand

in his pocket, his left on his hip, concaves his stomach, and says some incisive things.

We have one who talks to his congregation much about evolution, and who seems to have taken on a peculiar donkey physiognomy—perhaps as a matter of heredity. Besides these—well, these take in the types pretty well.

Now, the heavy man is handicapped because there are things which need to be touched lightly. The reformer needs a great deal of balance. Nero needs sympathy, the Covenanter needs an insight into character and firmness, and the severe German needs to have something that the Covenanter has and be a big-hearted, warm-hearted brother, as our blundering friend. I am striving to be as learned as the first, as radical as the reformer and as courteous. I do not want to be deceived any more than our German: I must have the sweetness of the Covenanter, and all the firmness of Nero, and be a warm-hearted brother. I must have all, and be all these. But can I?

Weissnichtwo, No-Man's-Land.

ONE OF THEM.

"THE BROKEN HEART SALOON"

STANDING on a crowded thoroughfare in Saint Louis, I saw an aged and decrepit man carrying a banner with the inscription, "The Broken Heart Saloon." Inquiring where it was, he pointed down the thoroughfare and said, "Yonder flag is waving over the doorway of the Broken Heart Saloon." It is one of the most magnificent saloons in the world—marble floors, costly statuary, luxurious paintings, frescoed ceilings, cut glass, rare china; the maze, a labyrinth of bewilderment, so arranged with mirrors that you are utterly lost, and can find no exit without a guide. It is an appropriate name, for many thoughtless ones have entered its labyrinthine ways, to go out from under its spell no more forever. Charmed by its bewitching music, bewildered by the parade of wealth, they have gone on down the road which leads to death and hell.

Standing there, I thought of the homes desolated, paintings taken from the walls, furniture pawned, wardrobe, books, silverware, music, bread and meat, all gone—desolation and despair where once were music and mirth and happy children. And I saw a father coming home debauched with liquor, staggering, cursing, maddened, the children hiding from his sight, crying, "Father is coming." The mother, cold, hungry, sick, with no medicine, with her babe at her breast crying with hunger and shivering with cold. No lamp, but a smoking candle. One night he came home in silence. They carried him home—dead, killed in a drunken brawl. "Old Joe is dead," they said. He was once his mother's darling boy. She rocked him to sleep as she sang, "Sleep, my precious one, sleep." But now, home and mother—where are they? "Over the hills and far away; over the hills and far away." "Dead," moaned the autumn winds, sighing a requiem for the lost. "Dead," howled the tempest that beat upon his home and his helpless and hopeless ones. "Dead," shrieked his wife, for she loved him yet. "Dead,"

sobbed his children around his coffin. They wrapped him in a winding sheet, in a pauper's coffin, and laid him away in a potter's field. But, yonder under the pines and the hemlock, in his tomb of granite and bronze, lies the man who broke his heart and wrecked his home for greed of gold. I saw the widow, broken and bowed in her last grief, the fatherless, homeless children left to the mercies of strangers.

I thought of all the widows' tears, of all the homeless children, of all the mothers' sobs over wandering boys and lost girls whose names they never speak without a shudder, of all the hospitals of pain, of all the asylums of anguish, of all the almshouses, the prisons, the scaffold, and eternity. And I thought and wondered, Why are not all saloons called "The Broken Heart Saloon"? Every saloon deserves the inscription that Dante saw over the portals of Hell, "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

JOHN P. MARTIN.

Springfield, Missouri.

SHORT-SIGHTED THEOLOGY

GERMAN theologians are discussing the problem of the relation of our Scriptures to ethnic religions. According to Professor Meinhold, of the University of Bonn, the New Testament Scriptures have largely grown out of the ethnic religions of the East; Jesus, and Paul, and John especially, owe much to them. Such a conclusion is inexcusably short-sighted and absurd. Any thoughtful mind can certainly revert to the time when all the inhabitants of the earth were conversant with the idea of the true God; when faith on the earth among men was a faith centered in the Creator, and religion was founded on obedience to divine law and faith in the divine promise of a Redeemer who should come in the fullness of time to atone for man's sin. As men multiplied and went into different parts of the earth they naturally carried with them these primitive ideas of religion, but under the transforming and transmuting conditions of life to which they were subjected, and the dominating influences of mere animalism consequent upon the nomadic and rugged life they lived, the true faith became immersed in a veritable sea of sensuality and superstition. Here and there it came to the surface in trite, traditional utterances of religious truth, but these were not the product of paganism; they bubbled up in the paganistic sea as the product of the primitive faith carried by their ancestors into all parts of the pagan world.

Christianity and the New Testament Scriptures are the outgrowth of the faith and truth preserved intact by the descendants of Abraham; and it would be strange indeed if, in some points, Christianity and the Holy Scriptures did not find themselves reflected in the ethnic religions of the world. Christianity and the New Testament owe nothing to ethnic religions. All that these coördinate points prove is that all mankind were once of one faith, believing in one God and worshipping the same. Heathenism and all forms of ethnic religion are the result of primitive faith corrupted.

WM. W. LANCE.

Defiance, Ohio.

THE ITINERANTS' CLUB

A RITUAL FOR THE USE OF THE LAITY

ONE of the great innovations of John Wesley upon the usage of his time was the introduction of lay preaching in the church. The employment of men who were not candidates for orders, and whose authority to preach was the divine call and the appointment of Mr. Wesley to some field of activity, marked an era in the progress of the Christian Church. The employment of laymen in Christian work has spread until practically all denominations give great prominence to the lay element in the church. The Episcopal Church has its lay readers who conduct services and do general church work. Important church positions which were formerly occupied by ministers are now taken by laymen, and it is believed by many to be a great advantage to the church. Missionary secretaryships and other church positions are filled by men who do not take orders. The great conventions of laymen for the advancement of missions and other good causes are a proof of the advanced movement in lay effort. There are power and directness about a layman speaking to laymen and a sympathetic relationship which cannot be overlooked. It is well known that when a layman, highly respected for his Christian character and ability, speaks in the church there is a keen interest growing out of the fact that he is not speaking as a professional man, and not formally as a minister, but a Christian brother speaking face to face with his fellow men who understand him and whom he understands. It is equally true of the labors of women, who can very effectively address women in the same sympathetic relationship which grows out of the fact that they are workers together in Christ and bound together by him.

The thought in mind at the present time is whether it would not be entirely consistent with church usage to have a complete service, with Scripture selections, hymns, etc., after the manner of the Episcopal service which could be used by laymen, especially on occasions when the services of a minister are not accessible. It not unfrequently happens that the pastor, through sickness or some other cause, is absent, and it is difficult to secure any one to fill the pulpit. Laymen do not feel at liberty to take the pulpit and preach a sermon, and yet if there were some form laid down by the church, subject to local modifications, which could be used for Sabbath services, a service sufficiently prepared, some layman could always be found in the church who could conduct it and save the church often from a great embarrassment. This would be in harmony with the vesper service and other services which are arranged for special occasions. This does not involve High Church tendency but simply offers a method of great service on the part of laymen. We have called it a "Liturgy for Laymen" not because it would be so different from any other liturgy but because it could be employed with profit by laymen wherever the circumstances would render it admissible. This is in no sense a plea for an elaborate ritual. It is a

suggestion merely for the application of the usage to a service for laymen. Ritualistic values, however, should not be overlooked. Liturgies have done much to preserve the historic faith. The loss of formulated expression involves a loss of the idea which it is intended to convey. The repetitions of the same expressions in a liturgical service are a perpetual reminder of the great truths. In times of spiritual lethargy the familiar formulas revive the thought and forms which the soul longs to express. Much of sacred truth would disappear if it were not for its repetition. The Lord's Prayer has not become antiquated by its frequent employment as an appendix to extemporaneous prayers. The Apostles' Creed has not become commonplace by its constant use.

The suggestion of this paper is for a simple service involving some great fundamentals of Christianity, with suitable prayers, leaving room for extemporaneous prayer, as a means to prepare laymen in this new era of laymen's activity for a service not in conflict with the services of the church but supplemental to it, and by which orderly method they may carry forward a church service in the absence of the pastor or when some other interest requires it. The use of such a liturgy for the deeper emotions which well up in the human soul and which cannot be expressed in liturgical form we should deprecate. A visit to the Coptic or Greek churches in the East, where everything is so perfunctory, illustrates the point we have in mind and warns us of the possible danger of the exclusive use of the ritual.

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON UNITARIANISM

A RECENT meeting of the Unitarian Club in New York had the privilege of an address from the distinguished president of Harvard University, a gentleman whose high character and great achievement in the educational world are honored by his countrymen everywhere. President Eliot in opening his remarks, according to the press, said that the Unitarians occupied a position analogous to that occupied by the Protestants in France, who comprised scarcely one twentieth of the population in that country. In the United States the Unitarians were only eighty thousand out of eighty millions, but they held a disproportionate share of honors. Referring to Boston, he said: "See what has happened in the headquarters of Unitarianism this fall. Not only did we have the pleasure in assisting in the election of a Unitarian for President of the United States but we chose a governor and a lieutenant-governor, both of whom are Unitarians. We also have in Boston a mayor who is a Unitarian. It is no longer a bar to public office that a man is a Unitarian. I remember when west of the Hudson River a Unitarian was abhorred. Now, when Presbyterian and Methodist ministers issue circulars by the thousands asking people, 'Are you going to vote for President for a man who denies the divinity of Jesus Christ?'—and this was done liberally in the last election—millions of our fellow citizens reply, 'We are,' and they did. In the same election the Republicans in the State of Ohio had the imprudence to nominate a very ordinary machine politician for governor. Taft had a plurality of some forty-seven

thousand in Ohio. At the same time, the Democratic candidate for governor in that state had a plurality of about seventeen thousand. The Democratic candidate for governor was a Unitarian." Then President Elliot went on to say that Unitarianism had "on its side all modern forces in the world."

These strong statements of President Elliot are worthy of careful consideration, and he makes some points that are of vital interest to the country. First, he said that there are eighty thousand Unitarians out of eighty millions of population, but that they hold a disproportionate share of honors, and he proceeds to enumerate the high positions to which Unitarians have been elected. He goes on to say that an effort was made to defeat Mr. Taft because he was a Unitarian, and intimates that the fact that the candidates were elected to office under those circumstances shows the tendency toward Unitarianism. The Unitarian body has had in its membership many great and good men, but President Elliot's inference will hardly hold that they have a monopoly of the literary and scientific men of the modern age.

The second thing that we note is that President Elliot does not understand the breadth of Protestant evangelistic Christendom. He cites Mr. Taft as a case showing the hold Unitarianism has on the country. The election clearly shows that millions of men who did not accept the tenets of Unitarianism subordinated their religious convictions on matters of Christian doctrines to their ideas of public duty. Certainly eighty thousand Unitarians among eighty millions of population would make a very small show in electing a President. If Mr. Taft had not been helped by the millions of evangelical Protestant believers in the United States, and by Roman Catholics as well, all of whom dissent from the Unitarian view on the Divinity of Christ, he would not have been elected. This does away with the charge of narrowness so often made against orthodox churches. They recognize that in this country church and state are separate, and they voted for Mr. Taft not because of his Unitarianism, but because of his high qualifications for this great office. The election of Mr. Taft was not intended as an indorsement of Unitarianism nor of any other church nor creed. The high positions in the state are not the property of any church, and should not be. The Presidency of the United States is no exception to this. Our Presidents have not been confined to any church or creed. Mr. Taft is a Unitarian and he has a right to be. General Garfield belonged to what is known as the Christian Church. President McKinley was a Methodist, and Presidents Harrison and Cleveland were Presbyterians, and President Grant affiliated with the Methodists, and President Roosevelt belonged to the Reformed Church; and so we could go through the list, and the fact that a Unitarian was elected President is not only a credit to him for his high character and ability but is a credit to evangelical Christians who saw in his church relations no bar to his advancement to the highest office in the nation. None will support him more loyally than those who differ with these contentions of the Unitarian body. Certainly, this indicates the breadth of our common Christianity.

The slowness of the progress of Unitarianism shows that it does not

have a profound hold on the great masses of the Christian people. The presumption underlying the particular boast quoted above is that the spread of Unitarianism, and the so-called liberal organizations as distinguished from orthodox churches, is vital to the literary, scientific, commercial, and political progress of the country. We would not for a moment undervalue the great names that President Eliot has selected as representatives of Unitarianism, but we think that in these particulars in which they boast, the Christian Church—by which we mean the whole body which represents their fundamental and doctrinal views especially as to the divinity of our Lord—has furnished as many names of eminence as the Unitarian body, and probably more. While giving all credit to Unitarianism that belongs to it, we do not believe that it has taken or will in any near future take possession of the country, and we believe that the ratio which it now sustains, according to President Eliot, of eighty thousand to eighty millions, will continue to be its ratio for many years to come.

SOME TENDENCIES IN PUBLIC PRAYER

ALL Christians pray. It is the first evidence that a soul has passed from death unto life. It is an instinct of the renewed soul. When Saint Paul was converted on his road to Damascus the Lord appeared to Ananias in a vision and gave him as a reason that he should see Saul of Tarsus, "for behold, he prayeth." A church without prayer would be no church, and a life without prayer is destitute of the life of God in the soul. The matter, however, to which we call attention is public prayer which the minister or layman, as the case may be, offers on public occasions as the representative of the people. These have special significance and prayers are as important in the church service as the sermon. People used to go to Spurgeon's Tabernacle in London as much to hear him pray as to hear him preach. His prayers were such that they carried the people to the throne of heavenly grace and they realized the conscious presence of God. Prayer is the pouring out of the heart before God, expressing the needs, the aspirations, and experiences of the human soul. It is a soul bowed before its Maker. Its main characteristics are adoration, thanksgiving, and supplication, and these in some form are never absent from complete prayer. This does not mean that there are no prayers which have not all these elements. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed." The soul will cry out from its very depths and call upon God, sometimes with formal words and oftentimes with groanings of the spirit.

These general considerations concerning prayer are common to all professing Christians. There can be no substitute for genuine prayer, but the form in which oral prayer may be presented may change with varying conditions and the religious states of the worshiper. Public prayer, in the very nature of the case, involves more elaborate statement than private prayer. There are some tendencies in public prayer that seem to us to be deprecated. The first tendency is to excessive length. This is not the case in personal prayers. In the latter case the suppliant only is con-

sidered. He may well in the great crises of life follow the example of our Lord and continue all night in prayer, but in the public congregation it is different. The preacher is the representative, for the time, of the people, and their attention weakens when they are weary and they are not edified. In ritualistic churches prayers are distributed through the service but the prayers are not long. At the beginning of the service the prayer should be longer than the prayer at the conclusion, but even that should not be so long as to call attention to its length on the part of the worshiper. Of course in the years gone by we remember that the young people waited outside until the long prayer was over. Modern prayers are not so long as in years gone by, but there is still room for improvement in this respect.

Another tendency is the use of philosophical and topical prayers. As already indicated, prayer is the pouring out of the heart to God for some blessing to be secured, or some danger to be averted, or for thanksgiving and adoration. The topical prayer in which the suppliant gathers his thought around a particular subject and pours out his soul under that aspect is often the very prayer to be uttered. It is a question whether philosophical disquisitions which do not connect themselves directly with thanksgiving, supplication, and adoration are, on the whole, as edifying as the ordinary form of prayer. These methods are sometimes employed on the supposition that extemporaneous prayer should have variety. The preacher is anxious to avoid sameness, and in so doing he runs the risk of omitting the essential elements for which prayer is instituted. In churches where a form of prayer is employed there is no embarrassment in the feeling of the worshiper growing out of the sameness of the prayers week by week. The deeper wants of the soul are ever fresh and call for constant reexpression. The same wants, the same aspirations are ever appearing in our human conditions, and we need the same things day by day and year by year.

There is another tendency—that of underestimating the value of prayer as a part of the church service. It is a part for which the preacher often makes no special preparation. It is extemporaneous to excess. One cannot properly express the aspirations of the people, varied in their social positions, in their aspirations, in their special needs, without a period of contemplation in which he shall feel the woes and enter into the experiences and rejoice in the aspirations of those whom he represents before God. Thus to express in public the prayers of the people is the highest position which the minister of the gospel can occupy.

ARCHAEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

BABYLONIAN DIVINATION AND KINDRED ARTS

THE Hebrew Scriptures furnish abundant proof that divination in its various forms was practiced very generally from most ancient times among the various Semitic nations. No branch of these peoples was freer from these acts than the Hebrews, and probably none more addicted to them than the Babylonians. While generally condemned in every period of Hebrew history, they were assiduously cultivated by the priests and temple officials in the Euphrates. The fact that the Hebrew Scriptures condemn and prohibit almost every form of magic shows clearly that the practices inseparably connected therewith were pernicious and detrimental to spiritual and moral growth. And yet, notwithstanding the persistent effort of prophet and priest to put down these harmful practices, Israel was never absolutely free from them. In Israel it was the least religious and the more ignorant that clung to divination; in Babylonia, however, the aristocracy, including rulers and priests, were genuine believers in the efficacy of magic.

The fact that the temple was the central point around which the diviners congregated, and that the priests were the mediators between the people and the gods, proves sufficiently that the origin of many of these practices must be sought in religion. Man everywhere has always had an intense desire to lift up the veil which hangs over the future, to peer into the darkness enveloping his destiny. Nowhere has this been more pronounced than in the Semitic mind, whether in Babylonia, Syria, or Arabia. God alone knows the future; the easiest way to discover his will is to inquire of him in some temple through the priest, his representative here on earth. The priests, by the very nature of their office, had a more direct communication with heaven than any other class of men. Hence the great esteem in which they were held everywhere by young and old, rich and poor, peasant and king. The Semites never doubted the omnipotence of God, nor his ability and willingness to assist men, if approached in the proper way and through the divinely appointed channels. The ascertaining of God's will and plans was the business of the priest, and this could best be done in the temple where the Deity, whose help was desired, was supposed to dwell.

We have known for many generations, from the Old Testament and the classic writers, that Babylonia placed great reliance upon divination and kindred arts, but it is not till comparatively recent times that its own literature has furnished us with tens of thousands of tablets bearing directly upon these subjects. Of the large number of cuneiform inscriptions dug out from beneath the ruins of temples and libraries, few are more interesting than the magic texts and omen tablets. These give us many *data* regarding the most ancient beliefs and practices as well as the

intellectual status of the Babylonians. Such tablets have been found in many ruins. This fact justifies the conclusion that every large temple was furnished with them. Perhaps no collection of cuneiform inscriptions is of greater importance than those found in Asurbanipal's library, and of these none are more important than the so-called omen-texts, "tablets of various size in which explanations are afforded of all physical peculiarities to be observed in animals and men; of natural phenomena, of the position and movements of the planets and stars, of the incidents and accidents of public and private life—in short of all possible occurrences and situations" (Jastrow). Many of these tablets profess to be of very great age, dating to the time of Sargon the Great. The older the tablet or omen, the greater its reliability. The multitude of omen and magic tablets preserved in our great museums is an eloquent testimony to the dependence of the Babylonians upon divination and soothsaying. The study of these tablets was required of all those who aspired to perform priestly functions, for their contents had been carefully digested, classified, and reduced to a regular "science." Indeed, the priest was a keen observer of everything in sky, earth, and water. He was a "seer par excellence." To quote Jastrow again: "The appearance of the clouds, an eclipse, the condition of the streams, an earthquake, the direction of the winds, storms, the flight of birds, the barking of dogs, the movements of snakes and serpents, the peculiar marks on the bodies of children, of adults and animals, monstrosities among mankind or the brute creation, the meeting with certain persons or animals, the rustling of leaves, the change of seasons, the luster of precious stones all attracted man's attention." No class of men would observe these things like the priests. It was for this reason that they were consulted on great questions, especially those of national importance. No Babylonian king or general would begin a war, invade a country, or ever undertake any important enterprise, such as the building of a canal, or, indeed, the erection or repairing a temple or palace, without consulting the gods through the priests, in their temples.

Much has been written upon this subject during the past quarter of a century, and, no doubt, as the tablets are further deciphered and translated, we are still to have much more light. Of those who have contributed to the subject we must mention L. W. King and R. C. Thompson in England; Lenormant, Boissier, and Virolleaud in France; Zimmern in Germany; Morris Jastrow in this country, and then many articles in Bible dictionaries, cyclopedias, and magazines. We recommend especially the fourscore pages or more devoted by Jastrow to oracles, omens, etc., in his excellent volume, *Religion of Babylonia and Assyria*. Herr Arthur Ungnad has written a most interesting article in a popular style, in the February number of *Deutsche Rundschau*, Berlin. To these and other sources we acknowledge our indebtedness for some of the facts contained in this article.

We cannot enter fully in the space at our disposal on the subject of Babylonian divination or soothsaying. We shall therefore limit ourselves to the more important varieties. The passage recorded in Dan. 2. 2 acquaints us with some forms of divination in vogue among the Babylonians

at the time of Nebuchadnezzar for forecasting the future. Four classes are mentioned: the magicians, enchanter, sorcerers, and Chaldeans. The last term was employed for a class of men skilled in interpreting the will of the gods, possibly by means of astrology. We have another reference to the same king in connection with divination in Ezek. 21. 21. Of this we shall speak farther on. Perhaps the principal method, at least among the learned classes, for ascertaining the will of the gods was by means of astrology. The gods had written their will and plans in the heavens. An interpreter, however, was necessary to decipher them. This was one of the principal offices of the regularly constituted priests, who, as direct representatives of the gods, were held in highest esteem by men of all ranks and conditions. Of the heavenly bodies the moon played the most important part by far. The sun regulated the day and night only. But the moon among the Babylonians, as with the Hebrews, was appointed for seasons, that is, for determining the time of the sacred festivals, of which there were many in all Semitic lands. It also divided the year into weeks and months. No wonder, therefore, that the appearance of the new moon was religiously observed and announced with blowing of trumpets (Num. 10. 10) even in Israel. Every day in the month was either a lucky or unlucky day, of course varying with the different months. To see the moon on the first day of the month was regarded as a fortunate omen, but should it appear on the thirtieth day bad weather and worse calamities were inevitable. A halo or a circle around the moon was also an unfailing sign of misfortune, and especially if one or more of the great planets should be unfortunately caught within this fatal circle. Such a phenomenon served notice upon the king that an enemy was about to surround him, or that the commerce of the land was to suffer. To see the sun and moon on the fifteenth day betokened evil; if, however, this occurred on the fourteenth, prosperity and happiness were sure to follow. Astrology in the very nature of the case was a "science" of the night. Thus it is perfectly natural that the sun should play a secondary roll and afforded fewer omens; and yet the sun was observed. A circle around it foretold a change of weather and furious storms. The color of the sun at rising and setting aided the astrologer in forecasting the future. If the sun went up yellow on the first day of Nisan there would be a death in the royal family as well as other great calamities. Eclipses of the sun were almost invariably bad omens. The planets, at least five of them—Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury—were known from very early times, and are often mentioned in connection with omens in the Babylonian and Assyrian inscriptions. Here we might say that the great library of Asurbanipal yielded no fewer than seventy astronomical tablets, each containing about one hundred omens.

Next to astrology, perhaps, hepatoscopy played the most important part. This, as the term indicates, was divination by the inspection of the liver of the victim offered as sacrifice. There are numerous references in the cuneiform inscriptions to this method of ascertaining the divine will. There have been found in more than one place little clay tablets in the shape of the liver, literally covered with inscriptions. This mode of divination was not confined to Babylonia, for liver-formed tablets were found by

Winckler at Boghazkoï, near Angora, in Asia Minor. There is, too, just one reference to this mode of divination in the Old Testament. We read in Ezekiel (21. 21), "For the king of Babylon [Nebuchadnezzar] stood on the parting of the way, at the head of two ways to use divination; he shook the arrows to and fro, he consulted the teraphim, *he looked into the liver.*" We might also call attention to a passage in Tobit, 6.4ff., which tells of exorcism by the inspection of the liver of a fish. The student of the classics need not be told that hepatoscopy was known to the Greeks at least in post-Homeric times, and, according to Cicero, that the Romans learned it from the Etruscans at an early date. Some of the tablets referring to hepatoscopy are from the time of Hammurabi, which goes to show its great antiquity. We mention this because the older the practice the more reliable the omen. By way of illustration let us quote the following from Ungnad's paper: "If the surface of the liver entirely covers the gall duct, this is an [favorable] omen of Sargon, on the strength of which he marched against Elam, surrounded and defeated the Elamites, and cut off their provisions." It would be easy to multiply illustrations, but let the above suffice. However, we might add that other portions of the animal were subjected to inspection in order to ascertain the will of the gods.

The Babylonians, in common with all other nations, laid great stress upon oneiromancy, or divination by dreams. Even in Israel, down to New Testament times, dreams and their interpretation played an important role, for it was regarded as one of the ways by which Jehovah revealed his will to those he loved. It was believed that the gods could the more easily reveal themselves and communicate their plans and purpose to a person when asleep than when awake. Thus the greatest importance was attached to dreams. The Babylonians, as we see from the inscriptions, had made a thorough study of dreams from remotest times, had collected and classified them in regular order and with their interpretation. It was here that the priest, by virtue of his acquaintance with these collections of dreams, could render valuable service to those less informed in this branch of study. Having been examined by these temple officials from every standpoint, their interpretation of dreams was greatly appreciated by the people in general. We are familiar with the dreams of Nebuchadnezzar and his anxiety till they were interpreted. The inscriptions tell us of Gudea's dreams, in which he was commanded to build the temple of Ningureu, and also of the dream of Gyges, king of Lydia, who was admonished to submit to Asurbanipal in order that he might gain victory over his enemies. Let the following dreams and their interpretations, taken from the Babylonian dream literature, serve as examples: If one dreams of seeing a bow there will be a lawsuit. If one dreams that he is dead evil will befall him. If one dreams that he drinks wine he will have joy. If one dreams that he is eating brick gladness will fill his heart. If one dreams that a serpent falls at his *right* side his enemy will fall; if, however, it falls on the *left* side dire curse will befall him. In the very nature of things dreams would come to all persons regardless of rank, but those sent to kings and priests were regarded as of special importance and pregnant with meaning; and no trouble or expense would be spared in the effort to discover the will of

the god or gods who sent these warnings or encouragements. There was no end to omens based upon dreams.

The omen tablets concerning human and animal birth are very numerous. Indeed, it seems that they are made to fit every possible and, for that matter, impossible birth. Special attention was given to monstrosities and malformations. "Every part of the body was embraced in the omens: the ears, the eyes, the mouth, nose, lips, arms, hands, feet," etc. We have space for only a few of these: If a woman bear twins whose back-bones are grown together the land will suffer greatly and will be abandoned by the gods. If a sheep gives birth to a deer the king's son will usurp his father's throne. If a young animal has eight feet and two tails the ruler will acquire great power. If a woman will bear a child with the ear of a lion a great ruler will appear in the land. If a colt is born without a tail the king will die. Many omens were likewise based upon the behavior or conduct of animals and birds. If a yellow dog enters a palace distress is at hand; but if the dog is speckled peace will be granted the enemy. If a white dog enters a temple the foundation of that temple will remain firm; the reverse will follow if the dog is black. If a raven enters a house the owner of that house will get all the desires of his heart. If a bull crouches at the gate of a city the enemy will capture it. It is more than probable that when more of the thousands of cuneiform tablets which yet remain unread shall have been deciphered, we shall find other species of divination which were practiced in Babylonia. We know, for example, from Ezek. 21. 21, that belomancy was employed by the king of Babylon to ascertain the will of his god. This mode of divination, known to many ancient nations, is not mentioned in any of the cuneiform inscriptions so far read.

One word in conclusion. A comparison of the religious texts of Babylonia and Assyria with the Old Testament Scriptures shows the great distance between the attitude of Israel and Babylonia. The former uniformly condemns magic arts of whatever nature, while the latter not only tolerated but assiduously cultivated them. This is another proof, if any were needed, of Israel's supremacy in the realm of spirituality and religious thought.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK

"POSITIVE" AND "LIBERAL" THEOLOGY IN GERMANY

It has been a custom of the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* (Hengstenberg's), an exponent of the strictest orthodoxy, to republish, a little before the opening of each academic semester, the official announcements of the lectures and exercises offered by the several Protestant theological faculties of Germany. But the paper adds an interesting touch to what had been originally a colorless statement. By the use of different sorts of type in the printing of the names the theological *Richtung*, or bent, of each professor and instructor is indicated. Disregarding minor differences the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* distinguishes two chief *Richtungen*, the "positive" and the "liberal." The "positive" theologians, however, are again divided into two groups: the "confessional," or orthodox Lutheran, and the "otherwise positive" (chiefly biblicists and representatives of the "Positive Union"). In the nature of the case no such attempt at classification can ever be wholly successful. The classification is sure to be faulty not only because no man can be an infallible judge of the mental attitude and bent of another but also because, instead of there being merely two (or three) main groups with sharply defined bounds, there are innumerable shadings and combinations in the theological world. And yet this attempt is both interesting and instructive. The classification indicates clearly enough the main theological standpoints as commonly recognized and it helps to a knowledge of the criteria generally applied by conservatives in judging of the standpoint of a given man. Limiting our view for the present to the ordinary professors, we note that the *Lutherische Kirchenzeitung* makes the conservatives and the liberals nearly equal in number. Three faculties (Erlangen, Greifswald, and Rostock) are exclusively conservative and three (Gießen, Jena, and Strassburg) are exclusively liberal. In all the rest the conservatives and the liberals are mingled in various proportions.

The term "positive" as applied to theology has been assumed by the conservatives in opposition to the supposed "negative" character of liberalism. Thereby they lay claim to an affirmative, constructive theology without slavery to tradition and by implication reproach the liberals with a negative and destructive tendency. But what constitutes a positive theology? And what constitutes a liberal, or modern, or negative theology? Why, for example, is a man like Häring in Tübingen, a man so warmly evangelical, so helpfully constructive throughout, set down as a liberal? The answer is plain: Häring is a disciple of Ritschl. And although he stands at the extreme of the right wing of the Ritschlians and much closer to a pronounced conservative like Kähler than to Ritschl, he is put under the ban as a liberal. Evidently the distinctions are often merely

arbitrary. Why should Loofs in Halle be reckoned as among the liberals while his colleague Haupt is counted as "positive"? Both are modern in the best sense and at the same time warmly evangelical. But the former as a Ritschlian must, at all events, be called liberal, while the latter, though nowise more conservative, being not a Ritschlian, may be called "positive." A terminology no better grounded than this surely can have very little value. While the conservatives fondly apply to themselves the term "positive," the liberals, of course, repudiate the term "negative." They too would be positive, they would build up and not tear down. The favorite epithet which they apply to themselves and their theology is "modern." At this point, however, the positive theologians in their turn object to the implication that they on their part are unmodern. Accordingly some of the leading conservatives have raised the watchword, "A modern theology of the old faith," or "A modern-positive theology."

It is not a part of our present purpose to seek to give a general answer to the question, What constitutes a "positive," and what a "modern" or "liberal" theology? The object is, rather, to point out some of the distinguishing marks of the two main *Richtungen* as viewed by German theologians themselves. In America, according to the popular conception, conservatives and liberals are distinguishable primarily by their position regarding questions of the higher criticism. In Germany this is no longer the case. In that country the issue has clearly reached a more advanced stage. The deeper question of the *authority* of the Bible is recognized as vital, but not the question of the *authorship* of the several books. Bernhard Weiss has expressed the consensus of *conservative* thought on this matter when he wrote: "The higher criticism of the Bible can never harm the faith, because criticism can never render uncertain the fact that through the Bible as it is we actually find God in Christ." Martin Kähler, a tower of strength for "positive" theology, in a discussion of "modern theology" has declared: "Its injurious effects lie never in history and exegesis, but always in dogmatics; never in the mere methodical investigation, but always in the fundamental religio-ethical view—in the *faith*. . . . I therefore purposely and, I think, with good reason exclude the purely methodical criticism from the characterization of 'modern theology.' This criticism may become very troublesome and in particular instances disturb life. On the whole, however, its effect is salutary and it bears within itself its own antidote, if it remains honest." According to Kähler the modern theology that is *not* positive is that which is based upon a monistic philosophy rather than upon the historical revelation of God in Jesus Christ. The line of cleavage between positive and modern theology is not to be sought in the results of purely historical research but in the religious interpretation of the facts of divine revelation. And it cannot be denied that monism is the ruling idea in much that purports to be modern theology. Yet one must not fail to observe that many of the most "modern" theologians reject monism. Tröltzsch, the dogmatician of the history-of-religions school, has declared that monism is the doctrine which Christianity is called upon chiefly to oppose in our day. Kähler is the most distinguished representative of a

newer biblicism. From this standpoint he has written much and powerfully in behalf of the authority of the Bible. Yet he continually warns against the peril of assuming the burden of proof for its infallibility in the nonessential as well as in the essential. "In thus accepting the burden of proof [the earlier conservatives] conceded the *rightfulness of the demand for proof* and acknowledged that the negative criticism would be in the right in case the contrary proof should appear to be invalid." The datum upon which faith may build "*must be immediately accessible*" in the biblical witness. "Faith must have a storm-free domain." Faith's independence of criticism, however, is not merely affirmed on *a priori* grounds, it is also manifest in experience. A good many years have passed since Dillmann, referring to Kell, the commentator, said in his lecture-room in Berlin: "Gentlemen, yesterday there passed away the last champion of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch among German scholars." Did faith expire with the triumph of the new views in Old Testament criticism? The most conservative professor of Old Testament studies in a German university is probably König, of Bonn. Yet he accepts as fully established a large mass of the results of modern criticism. His conservatism is to be sought not so much in a different view of the *facts* of Old Testament history from that held by the more advanced critics as in a more orthodox *interpretation* of those facts. And yet even a liberal like Budde, who in historical criticism is a disciple of Wellhausen, has declared that for him the belief in an underlying self-revelation of God in the Old Testament remains "*felsenfest*"—firm as a rock.

Yet there are profound differences between the different schools of thought, though the really characteristic differences are to be sought in their attitude toward the vital questions of faith, such as the nature and method of revelation and the person and work of Christ. This is a day of popularization of theology in Germany. The enormous agitations in the theological world effected two generations ago by the writings of Strauss and Baur were little felt by the people at large. Now, however, theological discussions are industriously brought before the general public—by courses of lectures, by popularly written pamphlets and books. In this matter the liberals have of late been taking the leading part. The *Religionsgeschichtliche Volksbücher* (Popular Books on the History of Religion) have met with extraordinary success. The conservatives soon followed with a similar undertaking but from the opposite standpoint: *Biblische Zeit- und Streitfragen* (Controverted Biblical Questions of the Times), some numbers of which have appeared in English translation under the general title Foreign Religious Series (New York, Eaton & Mains). A comparison of the two series reveals an unexpectedly large measure of agreement in matters of literary and historical criticism; but this condition serves to show all the more clearly how great and how significant are the differences in matters of doctrine. No one can read the two most notable publications in the former series—Bousset's *Jesus*, and Wrede's *Paulus*—without recognizing that here he encounters a genuinely radical theology. The conflict between the various schools of

religious thought has in recent years grown peculiarly intense. The history-of-religions school refuses to affirm (where it does not deny) the absoluteness of Christianity. Its representatives are most zealous propagandists of an evolutionistic religion which holds Jesus to be the highest teacher and example that has as yet appeared. But, on the other hand, there is in Germany no lack of men of faith and learning to bear witness to the whole gospel as it is in Jesus Christ. And although the number of liberals to obtain professors' chairs has increased in recent years, it should not be supposed that all liberals are radicals. Without doubt the most of the men called liberals are really evangelical. But that Germany has many really radical theologians cannot be questioned; and they are making a decided impression upon the thought of the day. The issue lies with the God of truth.

May the reconciliation of the theological parties of Germany be hoped for? The extremes stand very far apart. Between the dogmatism and sacramentarianism of some high-church Lutherans and the free-thinking as exemplified in Bremen there seems to be an impassable gulf fixed. But the great mass of German Protestants seem to stand on common ground. The very nature of the conflict bears witness to this fact. But what, in view of so many divergences and antitheses, may be regarded as the innermost essence and final test of an evangelical faith and theology? Is it not the confession of faith in Jesus as the Christ, the Son of God? This was the position taken by Lütgert in his speech before the great "National Church Assembly" in Berlin, 1905. But so simply biblical, so broad-minded and yet withal so positive was his discussion of the theme that only the extreme liberals could have felt themselves excluded. Professor Ecke, of Bonn, has published a very interesting pamphlet entitled *Unverrückbare Grenzsteine* (Irremovable Landmarks, 3d ed., 1907). It is "an open word to Dr. Rade [editor of the *Christliche Welt*] and his friends." Ecke finds in the liberal Rade and the most of the "friends of the *Christliche Welt*" a cordial acknowledgment of that which is most essential to evangelical faith. On this account he deprecates the disposition of the *Christliche Welt* to show more cordiality toward the radicals of the history-of-religions school than to "positive" theologians. He therefore appeals to Rade and his friends to combat that radicalism, which no longer recognizes an historical revelation in Christ; to strive to overcome the unbridled subjectivism which threatens to dissolve the essential nature of the church; and to hold themselves aloof from all dangerous alliances in church activities. Ecke will hardly succeed in calling the *Christliche Welt* back again. The bent of the paper seems to be ever toward the left, though it began twenty years ago with a rather conservative (though Ritschlian) tendency. Nevertheless, the incident serves to show how very much there is in common between the moderately conservative and the moderately liberal parties in Germany. And of course these parties include a very great majority of the professors and clergy.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

A Ministerial Waiting List. It is a trifle difficult for an American, and especially for an American Methodist, to understand the situation of the theological graduate in Germany. In order to be admitted into the ranks of the state church clergy he must spend a certain number of semesters at the university and pass a rigid examination. It is far from certain that when he is through with this he will find a pastorate. In fact, it is quite certain that he will not. There is so little demand for ministers on account of the fewness of the parishes—the parishes being generally large—that the average waiting time for a theological graduate, or candidate, as he is called, is about ten years. Meantime he is teaching, or tutoring, or anything else he can find to do. A better device for cooling the ardor of the young preacher could scarcely be imagined.

Opposition to the Papal Index. During the current year measures were taken by the more prominent leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, especially among the laity, to secure some relief from the oppression of the *Index Librorum prohibitorum*. The plan of campaign was to be a direct appeal to the Pope against the Congregation of the Index. The chief part in the movement was to be taken by the laity, and as secrecy was considered a prime necessity it was proposed to gather the Roman Catholic laity of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and England into a society something like that of the Masons. The matter was well under way, and the necessary printing was being done, when an Italian clerical newspaper got hold of the proofs and exposed the whole scheme. The men engaged in the movement were such loyal Roman Catholics that nothing could be said against their motives. Their judgment was that by the Index the Germans, at least, were greatly hampered, and so they sought relief. As soon as the project became known measures were taken to suppress the efforts, and apparently with success.

Tercentenary of the University of Göttingen. Though one of the smaller universities of Germany Göttingen has done some fine work. At the recent tercentenary it distinguished itself by conferring the doctorate on a considerable number of scholars in different countries. Some were pastors, as Wilhelm Weber, noted for his studies in hymnology and liturgies, and Johannes Walz, distinguished for his knowledge of early Christian literature. Those acquainted with German theologians will be glad to know that Albert Eichhorn, of Kiel, and Rudolf Otto, of Göttingen, were included in the list, which also contains the name of Paul Wendland, of Breslau, whose studies in the Græco-Roman civilization have done much to illuminate the early history of Christianity. One Englishman, F. C. Conybeare, and one American, Henry Charles Lea, were also honored. Of Frenchmen Jean Réville and Paul Sabatier were given the doctor's degree. It will please many to learn that Friedrich Paulsen, of Berlin, was not forgotten. The Dekan, in announcing these promotions, reminded those honored that "we can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth," and that "the truth makes us free."

GLIMPSES OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

AN unusually strong, stirring, and stimulating number is The Hibbert Journal for April. The first article, entitled "Credo," is remarkable, and is copyrighted though unsigned. We cannot call it adequate and complete, but in its measure it is superb. We invite attention to this sample extract, not to pilfer but to advertise: "Before the overwhelming immensities of the universe, religion alone remains unabashed. The doom of earth is written in the sky; human life, through uncounted generations, is but a breath breathed forth into voids of endless time; the sun and the planets short-lived as a dance of fireflies on a summer night. All is as nothing. To an imagination like Carlyle's, which has opened its arms to the terrors of time and space, or looked upon the littleness of man, as Dante's did, from the empyrean height, there comes a moment when hope and faith shrivel out of being and the very will to live expires. The soul is on the point of total collapse beneath the weight of the Everlasting No. Then it is, when all seems lost, that the mighty heart of religion begins to beat. She knows that her hour has come: 'Out of the deep, O Lord, I cried unto thee, and thou heardest me.' None save a being infinitely greater than the world would be aware of his own infinite littleness within the world. Religion is the soul of that being. It is the shock of the entire universe of sense that has to be met; the deeps of immensity have poured out their legions, clad in the iron raiment of inexorable law; armies of negation are encamped beneath the walls and battering at the gates. This is the challenge; and well may we say that *all* is needed, and nothing less would suffice, to stir the soul of man into that final act of self-expression which we call religion. Unbroken by the cosmic challenge, religion runs no risk of succumbing to any lesser strain. Summoned to action by the evils of the human lot, she gathers enthusiasm from the magnitude of her task. Just because she is the spirit of the Best she rises to her greatest when she knows the worst. Undisguised in her own majesty, she penetrates every disguise that is used to cover the malignancy of her foe. That evil should be extenuated or proved not to be—that black should be painted white—that the groaning and travailing of creation should be hushed up or put out of sight—this is no prayer of hers. Things are as they are; new names do not alter them; evil is evil, pain is pain, death is death; and it is only by accepting them in their naked reality that religion can be true to herself. Let them be what they are, and she will deal with them. Let the sinner be a sinner and she will put her arms round him; let the sheep be veritably lost and she will recover them; let evil come armed to the battle and she will draw her sword; let the gloom thicken and her radiance shall glow like the noonday; let life be tragic and she will lift it up among the stars.

"When thou hearest the fool rejoicing, and he saith, 'It is over and past,
And the wrong was better than right, and hate turns into love at the last,
And we strove for nothing at all, and the gods are fallen asleep;
For so good is the world agrowing that the evil good shall reap'—
Then loosen thy sword in the scabbard and settle the helm on thine head,
For men betrayed are mighty, and great are the wrongfully dead."

The second article propounds the question, "Is there a Common Christianity?" It answers that there is, and that the essential elements are those which are fundamental in, and common to, all forms of Christianity. A common Christianity is found, under all variations of creed and denomination, in a common principle, a common attitude to the facts of inner and outer experience, a common sense of the relative values of things. "Religion itself has recently been defined as the endeavor to preserve and perpetuate all that is of greatest worth in human life. But the great religions of the world have differed just in the things they have selected to endow with worthship. One of the most striking results of the recent expansion of our outlook over the different ways in which religious consciousness has expressed itself is that we are coming to realize what in particular it is, what the particular scale of values is for which Christianity stands. I select only those features in which it contrasts most strikingly with other creeds. 1. With all the higher forms of religion, both of East and West, Christianity is founded on a belief in an underlying unity in the world. Nature and human life are unities in themselves and in relation to each other. But it differs from Buddhism and generally from the religious consciousness of the East in seeking for this unity in life itself and not in withdrawal from it. In this sense it is the religion of the outward. The eyes of its saints and prophets, as Mr. Chesterton puts it, are not closed in drowsy indifference, but open and alert to the world. Its ideal is fullness of knowledge, fullness of life. To Christianity there is nothing common or unclean, for in all things may be seen the expression and the symbol of the Invisible. 2. Like all the higher forms of religion, Christianity believes in some form of spiritual transformation or conversion as a necessary condition of entry into life in the fullest sense. In order to live in the whole, to idealize the temporal, to enter the service of the spirit, we must cease to strive for lordship of the world. But Christianity differs from the highest of these, even from the noble spiritualism of the Greek philosophers, in two respects. It calls for a more complete renunciation. For Christians no contrast short of that between death and life is adequate to express the depth of the change. We must die to live. No compromise, no reservation is possible. We have to put off the old man in its entirety, to be born again. And secondly, this passage to the new life is not one which is open only to a select few or dependent on external advantages. It is open to all—even more open to those who, owing to their circumstances, are least prejudiced by the world's standards, who feel the least security in its conventions. 3. With all forms of religion, Christianity recognizes the limitations of human knowledge. 'Who hath

known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?" is a note that it has in common with them all. But it differs from all forms of agnosticism, whether of the Areopagus or of the Royal Society, in its assurance of the truthfulness of our standards of value and the continuity of what we know and have achieved with what remains to be known and achieved. We may express these beliefs as we choose. We may use the language of religion and theology and call them the belief in God's revelation of himself in nature and human life, in the reality of sin and the need of regeneration, in the intrinsic worth and the equality before God of every human soul, in the veracity of God's word in the heart and in the mind. Or we may dissemble their significance in the language of everyday life and call them the belief that life is worth living; that we are not so good as we might be, and that we shall have to be a great deal better if we are going to be anything worth speaking of at all; that one man is as good as another, and a man's a man for a' that; that our senses don't deceive us, and that when knowledge is so scarce it is stupid to distrust what knowledge we have. But whatever the form we give them, they are the beliefs that all share who have entered by whatever path into the spirit of the Christian world; they are common Christianity." The most stirring paper in the April Hibbert is the Rev. John A. Hutton's on "The Message of Mr. G. K. Chesterton." If any of our readers do not know Chesterton's writings, they should make haste, beginning studiously with his book entitled *Orthodoxy*; for Chesterton is the sensation of to-day. Amid much talking and writing in doleful minor, he sounds with healthy and masculine sonorousness the virile and exultant major; in which he seems like Robert Browning's younger brother, and a robust champion of faith. He augments the tide of speculative joy and fundamental confidence in life. His writings are a stimulant, an exhilarant, without being an intoxicant. He says that a certain defiant and justifiable joy belongs to belief. Mr. Hutton says that "Chesterton, arriving at the moment when he has arrived, has acquired the quality of greatness. For a great man in these matters is a man who arrives at the right moment, who comes to the rescue of that in man which at the moment is threatened yet which must not be lost. I hail him as a great writer when I consider the great temptation of the hour with which he deals. That man in his measure is a great man whose word has the effect of reassuring us, just as that writer is a bad writer who disposes his readers to succumb. Anything is bad which disheartens us on our predestined journey. Anything is bad which raises a suspicion as to the value of our existence. Anything is bad which would lead us to disparage the human enterprise. Anything is bad which would make us let our hands fall and our knees shake, face to face with our elementary duties and responsibilities, and face to face with our own ignorance and the darkness that lies about us. Anything is bad which makes us regret life. All laughter at man is hollow and of the devil. The account of man which is thrust upon us by a hasty and dogmatic materialism is, from the point of view of man's instincts, and from the point of view of the highest words he has ever obeyed, a form of laughter at man. As such it is bad, a

thing it may even be to be put down one day, as witchcraft was put down, and for the same reason—that it is seducing man from his true and natural and normal life.” Mr. Hutton goes on: “Chesterton would test every theory or proposition by its fitness to satisfy, or to control for a higher exercise, some ineradicable endowment of man—of man as we know him, in his glory and gloom alike, but above everything in his altogether divine perseverance in life. He would arraign all systems which invade man’s sanctuary of feeling and desire and faith, as he would arraign a brother man accused of some crime against man’s nature or the social compact—he would arraign them all before a jury of common men. He says: ‘The trend of our epoch up to this time has been consistently toward specialism and professionalism. We tend to have trained soldiers because they fight better, trained singers because they sing better, trained dancers because they dance better, especially instructed laughers because they laugh better, and so on and so on. The principle has been applied to law and politics by innumerable modern writers. Many Fabians have insisted that a greater part of our political work should be performed by experts. Many legalists have declared that the untrained jury should be altogether supplanted by the trained judge. Now, if this world of ours were really what is called reasonable, I do not know that there would be any fault to find with this. But the true result of all experience and the true foundation of all religion is this—that the four or five things that it is most practically essential that a man should know are all of them what people call paradoxes. That is to say, that though we all find them in life to be mere plain truths, yet we cannot easily state them in words without being guilty of seeming verbal contradictions. One of them, for instance, is the unimpeachable platitude that the man who finds most pleasure for himself is often the man who least hunts for it. Another is the paradox of courage: the fact that the way to avoid death is not to have too much aversion to it. Whoever is careless enough of his bones to climb some hopeless cliff above the tide may save his bones by that carelessness. Whoever will lose his life, the same shall save it—an entirely practical and prosaic statement. Now, one of these four or five paradoxes which should be taught to every infant prattling at his mother’s knee is the following: That the more a man looks at a thing the less he can see it, and the more a man learns a thing the less he knows it. The Fabian argument of the expert, that the man who is trained should be the man who is trusted, would be absolutely unanswerable if it were really true that a man who studied a thing and practiced it every day went on seeing more and more of its significance. But he does not. He goes on seeing less and less of its significance. In the same way, alas! we all go on every day, unless we are continually goading ourselves into gratitude and humility, seeing less and less of the significance of the sky or the stones. Now, it is a terrible business to mark a man out for the vengeance of men. But it is a thing to which a man can grow accustomed, as he can to other terrible things: he can even grow accustomed to the sun. And the horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about all

judges, magistrates, barristers, detectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent)—it is simply that they have got used to it. Strictly, they do not see the prisoner in the dock: all they see is the usual man in the usual place. They do not see the awful court of judgment: they only see their own workshop. Therefore the instinct of Christian civilization has most wisely declared that into their judgments there shall upon every occasion be infused fresh blood and fresh thoughts from the street. Men shall come in who can see the court and the crowd, the coarse faces of the policemen and the professional criminals, the wasted faces of the wastrels, the unreal faces of the gesticulating counsel, and see it all as one sees a new picture or a ballet hitherto unvisited. Our civilization has decided, and very justly decided, that determining the guilt or innocence of men is a thing too important to be trusted to trained men. If it wishes for light upon that awful matter it asks men who know no more law than I know, but who can feel the things that I felt in the jury-box. When it wants a library catalogued, or the solar system discovered, or any trifle of that kind, it uses up its specialists. But when it wishes anything done which is really serious, it collects twelve of the ordinary men standing round. The same thing was done, if I remember right, by the Founder of Christianity.' Mr. Chesterton has a faultless eye for the moment when any tendency is beginning to assail the abiding interest of man. Therefore he has been compelled to deliver his message in the way of criticism and opposition to tendencies in thought or speculation, and in life, which seem to him likely to seduce man from the main highway of healthy and natural and believing life on which alone he is equal to himself and secure. Even as the angel measured the foundations of the heavenly Jerusalem, so Chesterton measures and tests the principles, the effects for man's present moral practice and his outlook, of certain ways of looking at life—he tests them all 'according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.' And therein also lies his confidence. The human soul he sees too firmly rooted in essential things, too firmly persuaded of the essential good of life, to be disturbed for more than a period from its true career. Man has seen what he has seen; and never can he be as though he had not seen it. And, Chesterton would add, man has seen Christ; and would rejoice with the dying Marius in Pater's great work that in Jesus Christ there has been erected in this world a plea, a standard, which mankind will always have in reserve against any wholly mean or mechanical theory of himself and his conditions. . . . Number Nine of the King's Regulations for Officers of the Navy contains these words: 'Every officer is to refrain from making remarks or passing criticisms on the conduct or orders of his superiors which may tend to bring them into contempt, and is to avoid saying or doing anything which might discourage the men or render them dissatisfied with their condition or with the service on which they are or may be employed.' Chesterton sees the human soul, arrived thus far—not without difficulty. He sees that any fundamental health which we have is

due to the power (which is still within us) of the Christian tradition as it gives an issue and a consecration to the fountain of our natural life. And anyone who seriously interferes with the foundations of the soul, with the particular kind of hardihood which has become intertwined for ever with the cross of Christ, Chesterton sees as a rebel or a traitor—as a heretic in the sublime sense. And because as such he is poisoning the wells of all sane and hearty living, and cutting man off from his Source, Chesterton, like the great Florentine, would appoint him a place in hell." Among the book reviews in the current issue of *The Hibbert*, H. W. Garrod, of Oxford, notices H. G. Wells's *First and Last Things: A Confession of Faith and Rule of Life*. Part of the notice runs as follows: "First and Last Things is an impressive book. Uneven in quality and containing a great deal that was not worth saying, it, nevertheless, has so much in it that is penetrating, first-hand, human, poignant—there is such an absence of anything factitious or pretentious, that a critic must be very cold indeed whom it does not again and again warm and touch. It is a book which has grown, as Mr. Wells says, out of its writer's experience. . . . 'Getting near to the keen edge of life'—that is a phrase of Mr. Wells's own (p. 103) which caught me in passing. It is a pretty good description of what Mr. Wells is after, in this book and others. In a collapse of beliefs he believes in life. That is what he is driving at in everything he says. 'Much more to me than the desire to live is the desire to taste life. I am not happy till I have done and felt things. I want to get as near as I can to the thrill of a dog going into a fight or the delight of a bird in the air. And not simply in the heroic field of war and air do I want to understand. I want to know something of the jolly, wholesome satisfaction that a hungry pig must find in its wash' (pp. 59, 60). There is no doubt extravagance, revolt, whimsicality in all that. Yet it is somehow biting and salted and finely cogent. It has the note of a healthy howling against humbug. 'Howling' is perhaps not the word. Nietzsche howls, Shaw howls—and both unhealthily—against humbug. Mr. Wells whoops with something between wrath and delight. He has got his teeth into life, where other men are pawing and fumbling it. He is going to have no nonsense. He has seen more kinds of life than most men who take to literature; and when he uses words they are going to stand for things that he has felt or known or suspected. I have said that Mr. Wells is not like Nietzsche or Shaw. Nor, again, is he like Plato; and I am sorry to find that he has rather begun to think that he is. Let me mention one or two persons whom he is like. First, he is rather like Moses. 'God said unto Moses, I am that I am; and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, I Am hath sent me unto you.' Well, Mr. Wells slays a few Egyptians, and is, like Moses, often perhaps overhasty in a good many things. But he has taken the shoes from off his feet reverently upon really holy ground; and above all he seems to have been sent to a world that hates facts by 'I am.' 'I am' hath sent him; and he is necessarily worth listening to. Secondly, he reminds me, oddly enough, of Lord Chesterfield. Never able to

transcend class prejudice, with a keen eye for surface values, yet fundamentally sincere and free from cant, with an assured knowledge of the kind of life he speaks of, with a touch of genuine chivalry—to these qualities, which he shares with a writer whom he probably despises, Mr. Wells adds, as Chesterfield does, one yet more important—the desire to relate literature to actual life. 'I wish,' says Lord Chesterfield to his son, 'to combine in you two things rarely combined in any of my countrymen—books and the world.' Mr. Wells is a fine democratic combination of those two things. And then, of course, Mr. Wells reminds me of two friends of his, of whom he speaks in this book tenderly and affectingly (pp. 238-241)—Stevenson and Henley. He has not Stevenson's infinite delicacy; on the other hand, his optimism is less of a literary artifice, is more downright and real. He has not a certain titanic quality that Henley had; but then he tears himself less upon the bars of life, he is less mangled. But he is in the straight line of development from these two; he is making towards a more natural and quickened life. I have mentioned Plato. Has Mr. Wells ever read the *Greater Hippias*? There is a sentence of *Hippias*, in any case, in that dialogue which is a fair summary of Mr. Wells's Credo. I offer it to Mr. Wells as a motto for his second edition: 'I say, then, that always for every man everywhere this is the finest effect: to have enough to live on, to have good health, to be respected by one's fellow citizens—and having all that, to come to old age, and having given noble burial to one's parents, to be buried at last oneself by one's children with honor and circumstance.' To many, no doubt, that seems a pagan and rather thin ideal. Yet that particular sentence, with its direct and unsophisticated thought, always blows up to me like a clear breeze from the sea, freshening the conventional shore-atmosphere of our flaccid modern moralizing."

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Orthodoxy. By GILBERT K. CHESTERTON. 12mo, pp. 299. New York: John Lane Company. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

THIS is the book referred to at length in last January's issue of this REVIEW in the editorial entitled "An Agnostic's Confession." The author's aim is not to discuss whether the Christian faith can be believed, but only to explain how he personally and unexpectedly has come to believe it. The book deals first with his own mental wanderings, his long and varied questionings, his solitary and sincere speculations, and then with the startling way in which all his perplexities and problems were suddenly satisfied by the Christian Theology. Mr. Chesterton regards it as amounting to a convincing creed. One critic comments on the volume as follows: "The triumphant masterpiece of this exuberant journalist is his reconciliation of himself with Christianity, the account of which is set forth in *Orthodoxy*. Daily engaged in the thick of popular intellectual libertinism and vaunting his familiarity with the latest moral and religious heresies, Mr. Chesterton, overhauling his fundamental beliefs, discovers with a shock of surprise that he is body and soul a Christian, and plunges into apologetics. His argument, interwoven with the story of his religious experience, is a series of bluish crackling sparks, which breaks at intervals into a steady glow, illuminating perfectly rational and consistent pragmatic positions. His point of departure is what he regards as the '*actual fact that the central Christian theology is the best root of energy and sound ethics.*' Various neologies have had their innings and have failed to comfort, guide, or inspire. One has abolished heaven and hell; another, vice and virtue; and a third, everything else but the ego—they have ended in sentimentality, paralysis of the will, moral anarchy, and the madhouse. The age of interrogation has accomplished its mission: modern thought lies in apathy and despair under the gray evening twilight of philosophic freedom. In this awful juncture Mr. Chesterton discovers Christianity—sees that for every ill it contains the cure. With its vivid sense of sin it rouses men to the violent loves and hates that make life worth while. 'There must at any given moment be an abstract right and wrong if any blow is to be struck; there must be something eternal if there is to be anything sudden.' Christianity with its emphasis upon free will leads a man to choose a path and sends him down it like a thunderbolt. With its sharp distinction between flesh and spirit and its belief in a divine ruler outside the universe it lifts up the heart from self-contemplation and fills it with wonder and joy in the contemplation of its Creator. The right Christian is neither optimist nor pessimist, but both at once in the highest degree of each; his predominant mood, however, is a kind of loyalty to the universe—he is a 'cosmic patriot.' He is not troubled

by minor miracles, for he knows, with Carlyle, that the whole universe is a miracle. Mr. Chesterton does not stand for half-measures; he justifies even the Trinity on the grounds of 'practical reason.' His eye fixed upon the goal, he balks at nothing to get there; he tramples history, Darwinism, anthropology, under foot with fine mirth and bravado. But in morals he is as sound as Moses, and his religion has a ring of chivalry and sincerity. You may be startled, even shocked, by this novel book; but you must admit that the heart of this witty Philistine is in the right place." For one thing, Chesterton is a thoroughly convinced Trinitarian. One of his definite rejections of Unitarianism is sequent upon his assertion that evangelical theology is the central source of sound ethics and the fountain of the energies of all reform, whether social, political, or religious. Contending that the self-renewing energies of Western civilization are found in the old theology and not in the new, he says: "If we want reform we must adhere to orthodoxy, especially in one matter (so much disputed in the counsels of R. J. Campbell)—the matter of insisting on the immanent or the transcendent Deity. By insisting specially on the immanence of God we get introspection, self-isolation, quietism, social indifference—Thibet. By insisting specially on the transcendence of God we get wonder, curiosity, moral and political adventure, righteous indignation—Christendom. Insisting that God is inside man, man is always inside himself. By insisting that God transcends man, man has transcended himself. If we take any other doctrine that has been called old-fashioned we shall find the case the same. It is the same, for instance, in the deep matter of the Trinity. Unitarians are often reformers by the accident that throws so many small sects into such an attitude. But there is nothing in the least liberal or akin to reform in the substitution of pure monotheism for the Trinity. The complex God of the Athanasian Creed may be an enigma for the intellect, but he is far less likely to gather the mystery and cruelty of a Sultan than the lonely god of Omar or Mohammed. The god who is a mere awful unity is not only a king but an Eastern king. The heart of humanity, especially of European humanity, is certainly much more satisfied by the hints and symbols that gather round the Trinitarian idea, the image of a council at which mercy pleads as well as justice, the conception of a sort of liberty and variety existing even in the inmost chamber of the world. For Western religion has always felt keenly the idea 'it is not well for man to be alone.' The social instinct asserted itself everywhere, as when the Eastern idea of hermits was practically expelled by the Western idea of monks. So even asceticism became brotherly; and the Trappists were sociable even when they were silent. If this love of a living complexity be our test, it is certainly healthier to have the Trinitarian religion than the Unitarian. For to us Trinitarians (if I may say it with reverence)—to us God himself is a society. It is indeed a fathomless mystery of theology, and even if I were theologian enough to deal with it directly, it would not be relevant to do so here. Suffice it to say here that this triple enigma is as comforting and open as an English fireside; that this thing that bewilders the intellect

utterly quiets the heart: but out of the desert, from the dry places and the dreadful suns, come the cruel children of the lonely God; the Mohammedans, who are the real Unitarians, have, with scimitar in hand, laid waste the world." After contending that orthodoxy is the only safe guardian of morality and order, and also the only logical guardian of liberty, innovation, and advance, Chesterton goes on as follows: "If we wish to pull down the prosperous oppressor, we cannot do it with the new doctrine of human perfectibility; we can do it with the old doctrine of original sin. If we want to uproot inherent cruelties or lift up lost populations, we cannot do it with the scientific theory that matter precedes mind; we can do it with the supernatural theory that mind precedes matter. If we wish specially to awaken people to social vigilance and tireless pursuit of practice, we cannot help it much by insisting on the Immanent God and the Inner Light, for these are at best reasons for contentment; we can help it much by insisting on the transcendent God and the flying and escaping gleam, for that means divine discontent. If we wish particularly to assert the idea of a generous balance against that of a dreadful autocracy, we shall instinctively be Trinitarian rather than Unitarian. If we desire our modern civilization to be a raid and a rescue, we shall insist rather that souls are in real peril than that their peril is ultimately unreal. And if we wish to exalt the outcast and the crucified, we shall rather wish to think that a veritable God was crucified, rather than a mere sage or hero." Recently great claims have been made by the high priest of American Unitarianism for his diminutive denomination. His statements were made in public, were widely published, and invite and justify reply. No one can count it improper for the vast and mighty evangelical churches to say what they think of Unitarianism; nor need they be overawed by the lofty intellectualism of that body. To us it seems an excessively and too exclusively cerebral faith. It contributes criticism and diminishes decision and aggressive power. Its effect is dilution and disablement. It refrigerates the emotions which generate motive energy. Its pulse and its temperature are subnormal. It is not sufficiently robust and muscular. Its theology lacks red blood, the blood of the crucified Son of God, the blood of atonement. Its chief antipathy is aimed against the evangelical doctrine of atonement. It belittles the cross. And the cross is the corner stone of the entire system of Christian doctrine, as it is the center of the human world. Calvary is the elevation from which all the kingdoms of the world can be surveyed, and the throne from which they can be subdued and ruled. A system of belief which ignores the need, and denies the fact, of atonement disables itself from being an efficient power in the salvation of the world. It fails to interest mankind. Not being evangelical, it has no real evangel—no news good enough, surprising enough, to make the world take notice. Whatever spiritual power it may have shown anywhere seems to us due principally to the intrusive presence of some element of thought or feeling which is not native to its system—something that crept in while the doctrinal doorkeeper was off duty. There have been what some describe as evangelical Unitarians—

evangelical in sentiment and feeling. A generation or two ago there were H. W. Bellows, Thomas Hill, A. P. Peabody, and a few others like them; but they seem to have few successors. A prominent Unitarian preacher recently announced a sermon on "The Positive Doctrines of Unitarianism." One who went to listen and learn found the discourse made up predominantly of negations—denials of the positive affirmations of Evangelicals. It was largely a discourse of demur—"What we don't believe." Nothing can go forward very fast or very forcefully or very far by the driving power of negations. Compared with the Evangelical churches, Unitarianism seems to us to put itself in the category of things ineffectual. It thinks and thinks and reasons, but fails to attain any superior clarity or sanity. It reminds us of one of Chesterton's saying about insanity: "The madman is not the man who has lost his reason; the madman is the man who has lost everything except his reason. The lunatic is often a keen reasoner and can beat you in an argument." With all its intellectuality Unitarianism does not succeed in being convincing. Its adherents are few. In the Christian world it is not among the powers that be. In the wide view of Christendom and in the count of working forces it is almost a negligible quantity. Where are its evangelists, its revivals, its missionaries, its enlightening and converting campaigns and agencies among the heathen at home or in foreign lands? How large is the list of its practical benevolences—hospitals, asylums, orphanages, homes for the aged, and the like? How much practical work for the saving of the world, in the various forms of needed salvation, are the Unitarians as a body doing? Because of its small ability to propagate its faith, or to make converts to its doctrines, or to carry on aggressively and with sustained enthusiasm the work of redemption and rescue, the Unitarian system seems to us a futility. Therefore, with all due respect for intellectual honesty and moral sincerity (in which, however, Unitarians in no degree exceed Evangelicals), with all respect for the purity, elevation, and beneficence of individual characters and lives (in comparison with which, however, evangelical religion shows its calendar of true saints, inferior at no point, and in point of numbers overwhelmingly greater), with all due recognition of whatever Arnoldian "sweetness and light" is diffused and shining in Unitarian circles, we yet must regard it as a truncated and inadequate form, a torso, of Christianity. Chesterton is responsible for starting this characterization of Unitarianism. As to miracles, the actual objective occurrence of the supernatural, our author says: "My belief that miracles have happened in human history is not a mystical belief at all; I believe in them upon human evidences as I do in the discovery of America. Upon this point there is a misconception that needs to be corrected. Somehow or other an extraordinary idea has arisen that the disbelievers in miracles consider them coldly and fairly and that believers in miracles accept them only in connection with some dogma. The fact is quite the other way. The believers in miracles accept them because they have *evidence* for them. The disbelievers in miracles deny them because they have a *doctrine* against them. You

affirm the impossibility of miracle? You have a perfect right to do so; but in that case you are the dogmatist. It is we Christians who *accept all actual evidence*—it is you rationalists who *refuse actual evidence*, being constrained to do so by your creed. But I am not constrained in the matter by any creed, and looking impartially into the evidence concerning certain miracles, I have come to the conclusion that they occurred." About the agnostic he says this: "The ordinary agnostic has got his facts all wrong. He is a nonbeliever for a multitude of reasons; but they are untrue reasons. He doubts because the Middle Ages were barbaric, but they weren't; because Darwinism is demonstrated, but it isn't; because miracles do not happen, but they do; because monks were lazy, but they were very industrious; because nuns are unhappy, but they are particularly cheerful; because Christian art was sad and pale, but it was picked out in peculiarly bright colors and gay with gold; because modern science is moving away from the supernatural, but it isn't; it is moving toward the supernatural with the rapidity of a railway train." This book is as telling as it is startling and sensational.

Quiet Talks with World Winners. By S. D. GORDON. 12mo, pp. 280. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, cloth, 75 cents, net.

OF Gordon's "Quiet Talks" about Jesus, and about Power, and about Personal Problems, and on other themes, over three hundred thousand copies have been sold. All the "Talks" are illumined by interesting illustrative incidents. The general subject of the book now before us is foreign missions, and its aim is to make the winning of the world for Christ the gripping purpose of every religious man, and to make the humblest feel that he can help swing the world up to God. The two specimen passages which we excerpt as samples of the book's quality, are not, however, exclusively pertinent to foreign missions. Our first selection is called "A Human Picture of God." Gordon says that homely illustrations of God from our common life are never full, and must not be taken too literally, but are sometimes helpful in a suggestive way; and anything that makes God seem real, and brings him near to simple minds and humble hearts, is helpful. And here follows his illustration: "A few years ago I heard a simple story of real life from the lips of a New England clergyman. It was told of a brother clergyman of the same denomination and stationed in the same city with the man who told me. This clergyman had a son, about fourteen years of age, who, of course, was going to school. One day the boy's teacher called at the house and asked for the father. When they met he said: 'Is your son sick?' 'No; why?' 'He was not at school to-day.' 'You don't mean it!' 'Nor yesterday.' 'Indeed!' 'Nor the day before.' 'Well!' 'And I supposed he was sick.' 'No, he's not sick.' 'Well, I thought I should tell you.' And the father thanked him, and the teacher left. The father sat thinking about his son, and those three days. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming in. So he went to the door to meet

him at once. And the boy knew as he looked up that the father knew about those three days. And the father said, 'Come into the library, Phil.' And Phil went and the door was shut. Then the father said very quietly, 'Phil, your teacher was here a little while ago. He tells me you were not at school to-day, nor yesterday, nor the day before. And we thought you were. You let us think you were. And you don't know how bad I feel about this. I have always said I could trust my boy Phil. I always have trusted you. And here you have been a living lie for three whole days. I can't tell you how bad I feel about it.' Well, it was hard on the boy to be talked to in that gentle way. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or had taken him out to the woodshed, in the rear of the dwelling, it wouldn't have been nearly so hard. Then the father said, 'We'll get down and pray.' And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. Most people don't about that time. And they got down on their knees, side by side. And the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy listened. Somehow he saw himself in the looking-glass of his knee-joints as he hadn't before. It is queer about that mirror of the knee-joints, the things you see in it. Most people don't like to use it much. And they got up from their knees. The father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said: 'My boy, there's a law of life, that where there is sin there is suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Wherever there is suffering there has been sin, somewhere, by somebody. And wherever there is sin there will be suffering, for some one, somewhere; and likely most for those closest to you. Now,' he said, 'my boy, you have done wrong. So we'll do this. You go upstairs to the attic. I'll make a little bed for you there in the corner. We'll bring your meals up to you at the usual times. And you stay up in the attic three days and three nights, as long as you've been a living lie.' And the boy didn't say a word. They climbed the attic steps. The father kissed his boy, and left him alone. Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking of their son. The longer they chewed on the food the bigger and drier it got in their mouths. And swallowing was clear out of the question. And the mother said, 'Why don't you eat?' And he said softly, 'Why don't you eat?' And, with a catch in her throat, she said, 'I can't, for thinking of Phil.' And he said, 'That's what's bothering me.' And they rose from the supper table, and went into the sitting room. He took up the evening paper, and she began sewing. His eyesight was not very good. He wore glasses, and to-night they seemed to blur up. He couldn't see the print distinctly. It must have been the glasses, of course. So he took them off, and wiped them with great care, and then found the paper was up-side-down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the thread into the needle again. How we all reveal ourselves in just such details! By and by the clock struck ten, their usual hour of retiring. But they made no move to go. And the mother said quietly, 'Aren't you going to bed?' And he said, 'I'm not sleepy, I think I'll

sit up a while longer; you go.' 'No, I guess I'll wait a while too.' And the clock struck eleven; then the hands clicked around close to twelve. And they arose, and went to bed; but not to sleep. Each one pretended to be asleep. And each knew the other was not asleep. After a bit she said—woman is always the keener—'Why don't you sleep?' And he said softly, 'How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?' And she said, with that same queer catch in her voice, 'I can't, for thinking of Phil.' He said, 'That's the bother with me.' And the clock struck one; and then two; still no sleep. At last the father said, 'Mother, I can't stand this. *I'm going upstairs with Phil.*' And he took his pillow, and went softly out of the room; climbed the attic steps softly, and pressed the latch softly so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across to the corner by the window. There the boy lay, wide-awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down between the sheets, and they got their arms around each other's necks, for they had always been the best of friends, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks—you couldn't have told which were the father's and which the son's. Then they slept together until the morning light broke. When sleep-time came the second night the father said, 'Good-night, mother. I'm going up with Phil again.' And the second night he shared his boy's punishment in the attic. And the third night when sleep-time came again, again he said, 'Mother, good-night. I'm going up with the boy.' And the third night he shared his son's punishment with him. That boy, now a man grown, in the thews of his strength, my acquaintance told me, is telling the story of Jesus, with tongue of fire and life of flame out in the heart of China. Do you know, I think that is the best picture of God I have ever run across in any gallery of life? It is not a perfect picture. No human picture of God is perfect, except, of course, the Jesus human picture. The boy's punishment was arbitrarily chosen by the father, unlike God's dealings with our sin. But it is the tenderest and most real of any that has come to me. God couldn't take away sin. It's here. Very plainly it is here. And he couldn't take away suffering, out of kindness to us. For suffering is sin's index-finger pointing out danger. It is sin's voice calling loudly, 'Look out! there's something wrong.' So He came down in the person of his Son, Jesus, and lay down alongside of man for three days and nights, in the place where sin drove man. That's God! And that suggests graphically the great passion of his heart. Sin was not ignored. Its lines stood sharply out. The boy in the garret had two things burned into his memory, never to be erased: the wrong of his own sin, and the strength of his father's love. Jesus is God coming down into our midst and giving his own very life, and then, more, giving it out in death, that he might make us hate sin, and might woo and win the whole world, away from sin, back to the intimacies of the old family circle again." Our second selection is about telling the story of Christ: "Now, how shall we best tell men of Jesus? Well, the modern newspaperman's rule in his work is this: 'Make it a story.' This is his leading rule in all his

writing work. Whatever the occasion may be, whether a meeting of scholars or an accident on the street, it is to be put into story form. That is the ideal toward which he works. All the descriptions, and quotations, and information, and philosophizings are to be woven into this web. They know that a story is the easiest thing to read and to listen to, and also the hardest to tell well. That should be our rule here: *Make it a story about Jesus.* When it comes to talking the gospel to a group of people, large or small, in New York or Shanghai, make it a story. Wherever you may begin the story, see that its purpose is to lead up to Jesus. You may use twenty-five minutes in getting your story out, and then put the Jesus touch in the last five minutes. But as they go away that last five has given its flavor to the whole half-hour's talk. Or, you may begin with him, and so run through. But the rule should be: Make it a simple, natural, attractive story, such as people will want to listen to, because it interests them. The Bible is an Oriental book in its way of putting things. Its story is built upon the habits of those Eastern peoples. While it is full of simple teaching easily understood, one needs to understand those habits to get the real meat of the meaning. This means a habit of hard work for him who would be a winner of men. He should have an ambition to know the Bible story thoroughly, and to get it from the Bible itself. Whatever your particular message may be at any time, let it lead up by a straight road to Jesus. Follow the rule of the Book itself here. The Old Testament all points to Jesus. It can be understood only as he is understood. And the New is aflame with his presence. Tell the story of Jesus to men. They never tire of that. Tell it accurately. Tell it simply. Tell it with endless variety. Put it in simple, everyday words, so they think about the story and not about you or your words. Tell Jesus's life, his characteristics, how he mingled among men, and talked with them. Take up the gospel incidents, and give them their natural flavoring and coloring in present-day speech. Tell of the Nazareth life, in home and carpenter shop and village. Go through those wondrous three and a half years, bit by bit. Go into the temptation wilderness, out on the blue waters of Galilee, and into Gethsemane's olive grove. Climb that bit of a rise of ground called Calvary. Wherever you are in that story, make sure that the coloring of Calvary gets distinctly in, by word or phrase or climax or somehow. Now, of course, there will be some theology in your telling. You will make comments and explanations. And preachers call that theology. That is unavoidable. That is the place for such teaching, as it naturally grows out of the story. But the story should be the main thing. Men should be sent away thinking about a Man, Jesus; not about a theory of doctrine. I remember very distinctly one time Mr. Moody was speaking at the Ohio Sunday School Convention in Cleveland. He was saying that teachers should open up the Bible and make it attractive. Then he told the story of how, in 1884, in London, he was talking with a lawyer friend who had just come down from Edinburgh. He had been hearing Andrew Bonar preach up there, and was greatly taken with his way of preaching. Mr. Moody told the

story something like this: Bonar was preaching in Galatians, where it says that Paul went to Jerusalem to see Peter, and he said that he could imagine Peter saying to Paul, 'Would you like to take a walk?' and Paul said he would, so they went down through the streets of Jerusalem, over the brook Kidron, arm in arm, and Peter stopped and said: 'Look, Paul, this is the very spot where he wrestled and where he suffered, and sweat great drops of blood. There is the very spot where John and James fell asleep, right there. And right here is the very spot where I fell asleep. I don't think I should have denied him if I hadn't gone to sleep, but I was overcome. I remember the last thing I heard him say before I fell asleep was, "Father, let this cup pass from me if it is thy will." And when I awoke an angel stood right there where you are standing, talking to him, and I saw great drops of blood come from his pores and trickle down his cheeks. It wasn't long before Judas came to betray him. And I heard him say to Judas, so kindly, "Betrayest thou the Master with a kiss?" And then they bound him and led him away. And that night when he was on trial I denied him.' He pictured the whole scene. And the next day Peter turned again to Paul and said, 'Wouldn't you like to take another walk to-day?' and Paul said he would. That day they went to Calvary. And when they got on the hill Peter said: 'Here, Paul, this is the very spot where he died for you and me. See that hole right there? That is where his cross stood. The believing thief hung there, and the unbelieving thief there on the other side. Mary Magdalene and Mary, his mother, stood there, and I stood away on the outskirts of the crowd. The night before, when I denied him, he looked at me so lovingly that it broke my heart, and I couldn't bear to get near enough to see him. That was the darkest hour of my life. I was in hopes that God would intercede and take him from the cross. I kept listening, and I thought I would hear his voice.' And he pictured the whole scene, how they drove the spear into his side, and put the crown of thorns on his brow, and all that took place. And the next day Peter turned to Paul again and asked him if he wouldn't take another walk. And Paul said he would. Again they passed down the streets of Jerusalem, over the brook Kidron, over Mount Olivet, up to Bethphage, and over to the slope near Bethany. All at once Peter stopped and said: 'Here, Paul, this is the last place where I ever saw him. I never heard him speak so sweetly as he did that day. It was right here he delivered his last message to us, and all at once I noticed that his feet didn't touch the ground. He arose and went up. All at once there came a cloud and received him out of sight. I stood right here gazing up into the heavens, in hopes I might see him again and hear him speak. And two men dressed in white dropped down by our sides and stood there and said: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Then Mr. Moody said: 'My friends, I want to ask you this question: Do you believe that picture is overdrawn? Do you believe Peter had Paul as his guest and didn't take him to Gethsem-

ane, didn't take him to Calvary and Mount Olivet? I myself spent eight days in Jerusalem, and every morning I wanted to steal down into the garden where my Lord sweat great drops of blood. Every day I climbed Mount Olivet and looked up into the blue sky where he went to his father. I have no doubt Peter took Paul out on those three walks. If there had been a man that could have taken me to the very spot where the Master sweat those great drops of blood, do you think I would not have asked him to take me there? Now, you ministers, don't you believe the people want preaching like that? They do. They want to hear about the Lord.' I remember that I was sitting in that convention where I could easily see the faces of the people. It was a sight not to be forgotten. I remember that sea of eager upturned faces as distinctly as I remember Mr. Moody's talk. The people sat so still, as though in a spell, with eyes big and shining with something wet, and occasionally a slight twitching of emotion and a handkerchief called into service. Mr. Moody talked in that natural way of his, so quiet and yet so intense in its quietness. That's what people want—Jesus brought to them, simply and naturally. And Moody knew it. It took years of hard self-discipline for him to be able to talk as he did. Such talking takes study and hard work. But it's all worth while if we can make Jesus plain to men in all his wondrous winsomeness."

A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels. Edited by JAMES HASTINGS, D.D., with the assistance of JOHN A. SELBIE, D.D. Vol. II, Labor-Zion, with Appendix and Indexes. 1908. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$6 per volume.

THIS second volume of 912 closely printed pages again emphasizes the fact that Christ and his Gospels are fast bringing all thought into subjection. The very first article on Labor takes up the ever vital question of Christ's attitude toward toil and toward its rewards. "The question of his Galilean neighbors who were familiar with the circumstances of Jesus's early life, 'Is not this the worker in wood?' shows clearly how fully he adopted the principle that human life in all its phases is at best a life of service. . . . No student of modern problems can fail to note how completely the future of the Christian Church is bound up with her attitude toward the labor question. . . . Nor can there be any serious doubt in the mind of a loyal subject of 'the kingdom of the incarnation' that in the true interests of Christian development and progress a real active harmony of aims and aspirations between capital and labor must be established." The "Language of Christ" heads another stimulating and informing article. Hebrew had ceased to be spoken in Palestine, and Aramaic, a closely cognate tongue, had taken its place. The saying in Acts 1. 19, that the field of Judas's burial "was called in their own dialect Akeldama," is proof that Aramaic was the popular language even of Jerusalem. Yet Hebrew was the language of sacred literature and continued to be read with an accompanying translation into Aramaic in the synagogues and to be diligently studied by the professional interpreters of the Scriptures. It is, therefore, quite possible that Christ possessed a knowledge of Hebrew

and had thus access to the Scriptures in the original. The subject of learning, especially in its relation to Christ and his apostles, is treated in a most helpful way. The Jews of the Dispersion were at home in the Greek language and had immediate access to Greek literature. Culture was thus widespread, and at least two Jews, Philo and Josephus, belong to general literature. In every Jewish village was a synagogue and in connection with every synagogue an elementary school was ultimately opened. The training of the young was a duty enjoined upon parents. Education in Jesus's day was compulsory and the instruction of the schools is spoken of by such men as Dr. Ramsay as superior to that of Greece or any other ancient land. The standard of intelligence was high. Christ's disciples were not ignorant men. On the contrary, they were men of keen intelligence and ardent spirit who had been cherishing the Messianic hope and found in Jesus the realization of their dreams. It may be confidently said that the New Testament writings are not the work of unlearned men, and the charge of the Pharisees against Christ and his apostles to this effect is but the technical description of men who had not studied Jewish theology at any of the great rabbinical schools. Their insight into the Old Testament and thorough knowledge of its letter and expository skill in its application compel constant tribute from their enemies and admirers alike. The Rev. G. H. Gwilliams's article on the "Last Supper" renders a great service to New Testament readers in stating so clearly the only satisfactory explanation of the apparant discrepancy on this subject between the synoptics and John. He shows with convincing force that the Last Supper of our Lord and the passover supper were two distinct and separate events. Perhaps the treatment of the mental characteristics of Christ is at the same time as reverently appreciative and scientifically stated as any in this particular field, and we urge all preachers to thoughtfully read and consider at least the last two matters mentioned, namely, Jesus's characteristic outlook upon life and his method as the Saviour of the world. The copyrighted articles on "Reconciliation" and "Redemption," by Dr. James Orr, and that on "Regeneration," by Dr. Denny, are peculiarly rich and suggestive. Those on the three synoptic Gospels are also very fresh and valuable.

PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE

Park Street Papers. By BLISS PERRY. 12mo, pp. 277. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, cloth, \$1.25, net.

THIS book begins with five "Atlantic Prologues," with which in recent years the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* has introduced each January number of that venerable magazine. The first prologue is entitled "Number 4 Park Street" and mildly protests that the *Atlantic*, while not provincial but national in spirit and aim, is content and proud in its old building, haunted by high history and rich memories of its line of distinguished editors and all the brilliant contributors who began and have

sustained its splendid fame. When a genial journal irreverently remarked that "the venerable Park Street publication has bats in its belfry," the gentle editor replied: "Very likely, for is not its habitation just back of the steeple of Park Street Church? And do not its rear windows look out upon a graveyard, and its front windows upon that sorriest symbol of New England sterility, a fountain which long since forgot how to flow?" It may be, the editor goes on to admit, that The Atlantic is affected by its environment as the New Englander is by his. "He, poor soul, struggles to be friendly with all the world, but he cannot learn that trick of the 'glad hand,' so easily acquired elsewhere. The New Englander would like to be hospitable, but somehow his fountains do not spontaneously bubble with oil and wine. By nature he is no hater of his kind, and yet heaven has placed him in a climate best described by Cotton Mather: '*New England*, a country where splenetic Maladies are prevailing and pernicious, hath afforded numberless instances of even pious people who have contracted these *Melancholy Indispositions*, which have unhinged them from all service and comfort; yea, not a few persons have been hurried thereby to lay *Violent Hands* upon themselves at the last. These are among the *unsearchable Judgments* of God.'" The Atlantic Monthly rejoices that Park Street is somewhat apart from the insane whirl which is misnamed "progress," for it thinks that the vortex of the mob is not the best place wherein to observe and comment upon the growth of our civilization. Its soul is like a star, and dwells apart, and from the loopholes of its high retreat it contemplates and criticises life. Yet it protests it is no mere magazine of "Frogpondium," as the envious and profane have intimated. Its outlook is over the whole earth, and its lines are gone out to the ends thereof. And, as to its environment, it seems to pride itself most of all on the fact that Saint Gaudens's masterpiece, the memorial to Robert Gould Shaw and his men, is before its windows, to keep high heroism and human liberty in mind, and to protect the grand old magazine from the sordid and pestilent delusion that commercial supremacy and worldly luxury are the noblest ideals of an American citizen. This eleven-years editor gives some humorous episodes of the editorial office. An earnest Southerner was exasperated at a "color-line" story in The Atlantic, and wrote the editor, indignantly asking, "Why can't you Northerners be decent?" The enraged correspondent learned from the editor's reply that the article was written by a Southerner, born in the objector's own county. Another critic complained of the "silly ignorant twaddle" of a certain anonymous article, and averred that the Atlantic would never have printed it in the good old editorial days of Aldrich or Howells, when, as the Playful Fates would have it, the article was from the faultless pen of T. B. Aldrich himself. One day the editor was cheered by an approving letter from a Wyoming sheep-ranchman, who wrote: "I would like you to know that you have one subscriber who has no kick coming, and who thinks the Atlantic is a readable proposition all right." The encouraged editor went in the strength of that meat forty days. Once in an overland train, whirling down the slopes of the Sierras, through the Bret Harte country, the editor saw a certain bishop reading The Smart Set, and a

muddy-trousered miner reading the *Atlantic Monthly*. At this the editor from Number 4 Park Street wondered much, and set it down as a demonstrated certainty that a grimy miner might be superior to a bishop. The editor adds that very often the superior persons who pay their precious four dollars for the *Atlantic Monthly* are found in side streets and in hall bedrooms and lonely farm houses. These Park Street Papers say that our Puritan ancestors were so much in danger of levitation by reason of their elevating and mounting ideals that they had to hold on hard to the huckleberry bushes to keep from being translated. Sometimes and in some places there was nothing to hold fast to but huckleberry bushes. It is said here that two of the most readable of newspapers are the *New York Sun* and the *Springfield Republican*, but that neither can be read without wrath. The trouble with one of them is its venomousness, illustrated by the malignancy with which it pursued, stinging incessantly like a viper, such men as Rutherford B. Hayes, Grover Cleveland, and Theodore Roosevelt. Noting how quickly the fickle public forgets its momentary favorites, the editor recalls how, a few years after *The Red Badge of Courage* had been published, Frank Stockton asked, "Who was that young fellow who went up and came down again like a stick? Was his name *William Crane*?" All our little rockets come down pretty quick. Already there are persons who ask, "Who was Frank Stockton?—or was his name Thomas?" Speaking of the true lovers of poetry, whose instincts penetrate to the heart of it, Bliss Perry says: "There are some very highly organized persons who amuse themselves with poetry as they would with chess, or Comparative Religion, or *The Shaving of Shagpat*. They can criticise and expound verses, and invent theories of poetics, and compile anthologies. But these valuable members of the intellectual community are not the real readers of poetry. To find the true audience of a Heine, a Tennyson, a Longfellow, you are not to look in the *Social Register*. You must seek out the shy boy and girl who live on dull streets and hill roads—no matter where, so long as the road to dreamland leads from their gate; you must seek the working girls and shopkeepers, the 'school-teachers and country ministers' who put and kept Longfellow's friend Sumner in the Senate; you must make a census of the lonely, uncounted souls who possess the treasures of the humble. These readers are sadly ignorant of Ibsen and Bernard Shaw and Fogazzaro; but when the conversation shifts to Shakespeare they brighten up. They know their Shakespeare, and they know Longfellow. They are sometimes described as the intellectual 'middle class'; but a poet may well say, as a President of the United States once said of a camp meeting at Ocean Grove, 'Give me the support of those people, and I can snap my fingers at the rest.'" Of Longfellow Mr. Perry says: "There are poets whose strength of wing and fiery energy of imagination are beyond him; but no truer poet ever lived." No one of these Park Street Papers is more engaging than the one on that vivid and delightful personality, T. B. Aldrich. Writing of Aldrich's longer stories, our author notes that they are wrought out in their details with the artistry of a poet. "Ride out of Rivermouth," he says, "on a June morning with Edward Lynde. Now and then as he passed a farm house, a young girl hanging out clothes

in the front yard—for it was Monday—would pause with a *shapeless snowdrift* in her hand to gaze curiously at the apparition of a gallant young horseman.' You are no longer in New Hampshire; you are in Arcadia. Some connoisseur of women ought to collect the adorable vignettes that are scattered everywhere through Aldrich's prose: Marjorie Daw in the hammock, swaying 'like a pond lily in the golden afternoon'; Martha Hilton, 'with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a tea-rose'; Margaret Slocum's eyes, 'fringed with such heavy lashes that the girl seemed to be always in half-mourning'; Mrs. Rose Mason, with her 'long tan-colored gloves—Rue de la Paix—in the chill and gloom of the Naples cathedral'; Anglice, 'a blonde girl, with great eyes and a voice like the soft notes of a vesper hymn'; or young Mrs. Newbury, 'looking distractingly cool and edible—something like celery—in her widow's weeds.' All of Aldrich, save what is disclosed upon the highest levels of his poetry, is in that witty, charming, delicate description of young Mrs. Newbury. No other prose written in his generation has quite the same exquisite combination of qualities, though Alphonse Daudet might have been a rival if he had been born in Portsmouth and compelled to write for a decorous Boston magazine." Of Aldrich's experiences in the editorship Bliss Perry says: "Some of the unkindly necessities incident to his vocation naturally irritated him. He disliked to give pain. 'Here goes for making twenty more enemies,' he was wont to say as he sat down in the morning at his desk. When urged by the present editor to prepare some account of his editorship for the fiftieth anniversary number of the Atlantic, he said that if he told anything he would like to tell the story of the warlike contributor who once threatened him with personal violence, but who, upon being challenged by the editor to appear at Park Street to make good his threat, failed to come to time." Here is the would-be contributor's letter: "SIR: On the 24th of February and again on the 7th instant, I gave you opportunity to apologize for the willfully offensive manner in which you treated me in relation to my manuscript entitled *Shakespeare's Viola*. You retained that manuscript *nearly seven weeks*. Then you returned it and expressed your *regret that you could not accept it*. That is to say, you intended to deceive me by inference that the *manuscript was declined on its merits*. The truth was and is you did not read it. And you lied when you said you regretted to decline it. You decline to apologize. My robust nature abhors your disgusting duplicity. You are a vulgar, unblushing Rascal and an impudent audacious *Liar*. Which I am prepared to maintain any *where*, any *time*. You ought to be publicly horsewhipped. Nothing would gratify me more than to give you a sounder thrashing than any *you have yet received*. Moreover, I am determined that the Literary Public shall know what a putrid scoundrel and *Liar* you are." At the bottom of this ferocious letter, Aldrich pencilled: "The gentleman with the 'robust nature' was politely invited to call at No. 4 Park Street on any day that week between 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.; but the 'robust nature' failed to materialize." Aldrich had not, when editor of the Atlantic, any contributor who could write more perfectly than he; his chief fame is not as an editor but as a writer. And Edward

FitzGerald said: "The power of writing one fine line transcends all the Able-Editor ability in this ably edited universe." In similar spirit Bliss Perry once wrote: "A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence." The paper on Hawthorne is marked by penetrating discrimination and richly beautiful appreciation. One story is that, when death entered the home of a neighbor at Concord, Hawthorne picked the finest sunflower from his garden, and sent it to the mourners by Mrs. Hawthorne with this message: "Tell them that the sunflower is a symbol of the sun, and that the sun is a symbol of the glory of God." On this Bliss Perry comments: "A shy simple act of neighborly kindness, yet treasured in one memory for over forty years; and how much of Hawthorne there is in it! The quaint, big flower from an old-fashioned garden, the delicate sympathy, the perfect phrase, the faith in the power of a symbol to turn the perplexed soul to God!"

Studies in Christianity. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. 8vo, pp. 400. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, \$1.50, net.

In this book one of the greatest philosophical thinkers in the modern world appears as both philosopher and theologian, and a past master in both. To be sure, Dr. Bowne, with Caesarean modesty, tries to put away the theological crown, disclaiming any intention of instructing the theologians, saying that his essays are written not to inform specialists, "but solely to relieve some of the difficulties under which popular religious thought labors because of misunderstanding." Professor Bowne may refuse to his heart's content to regard himself as a theologian, but if he does not stop writing such books as *Studies in Christianity* he will be liable to be called one of the keenest and profoundest of theologians. And let no one make the mistake, because parts of three of these studies have appeared before in booklet form, and because of the title of the book, that these essays are simply the by-product of a philosophical workshop. Within these four hundred pages a powerful mind has packed the results of its best thinking on the highest and most important truths that concern men. The multitude of disciples now expounding Dr. Bowne's philosophy in classrooms, and the greater multitude of preachers scattered all over the world who learned to interpret the profound truths of the religion of Christ in the light of that philosophy, will rejoice that the flashes of insight on sacred themes that appeared in the old classroom are now woven into systematic form and given to the world. They will not be so surprised at the appearance of this volume. Indeed, those who have grasped his teaching best are not surprised to find Dr. Bowne among the prophets. For they know that he is too good a philosopher not to know that philosophical theism alone has little or no practical religious value, and that he is too good a Christian not to use the rich material of the Christian revelation which alone can complete the theistic argument and give it practical religious value. Sooner or later such a book as *Studies in Christianity* was sure to follow his Theism. One of the Doctor's guiding principles is that life is larger than logic, and thus it was to be expected that he should fill

up the lack of philosophy with the riches of the truths of the gospel. Most suggestive and helpful is his treatment of the fact of the revelation founded in the Bible. Rejecting the idea of verbal inspiration and an infallible Bible, he shows that even apart from a consideration of the contents of the Bible infallibility is out of the question. He would probably say that psychologically infallibility is impossible. Inspiration is the Holy Spirit moving and inspiring holy men to speak. This influence of the divine Mind upon the human mind is a great mystery; but so is the influence of one human mind upon another. He would have us remember two things. First, the mental, moral, and religious development of the individual limits the influence of the Spirit. This must be so; for it is useless to inspire a man beyond his capacity, for in its truest sense, "a revelation is not made until it is understood." Secondly, inspiration must be tested by its product. Revelation must be judged by what revelation does. We reject the Asiatic religions because of what they have done and have failed to do for Asia; we hold the religion of Christ as precious because it brings unspeakable comfort to the individual life, and it is the only religion compatible with progress. As Dr. Bowne shows, the choice for modern thought is between Christianity and irreligion. The Christian revelation is historical and progressive. "It was completed in Christ." But this is true only of its objective manifestation. "The revelation of that revelation is still going on." He sees a providential place for the other historic faiths, but they are but "broken lights" of the fullness of him that filleth all in all. This essay will help him who finds it hard to hold the old religion with the modern view of the Bible. Nothing is so precious to the devout Christian as the person and work of the Redeemer and nothing seems more difficult to understand. Dr. Bowne's treatment of the atonement is an admission of these two facts. He replaces all theories of the atonement with one of his own, but does not press his own overmuch. But he does lay great weight upon the fact of the precious work of our Lord in coming to live among men and dying for them in order that they might know the purpose of God concerning them. If we were asked to recommend something that would reveal Dr. Bowne at his best, we might say his discussion of the person of Christ. This prince of thinkers, who in the opinion of many is without a peer, has brought the strength of his great mind to show that a clear-cut philosophy of the God-man puts the idea of the incarnation upon as firm a rational basis as any idea in philosophy or religion; that it alone reveals God as love, and, finally, that the doctrine of the Trinity, upon which it rests, is much better off than any Unitarian idea of God. After having in his masterly way worked through the metaphysics of the incarnation, he discusses its practical and religious value. This makes excellent devotional reading. Professor Bowne has often told his friends that he is a Trinitarian of the Trinitarians. One can well believe it after reading in this volume his exposition of the metaphysics of the person of our Lord. The remainder of the book is taken up with the practical problems of believers. First he discusses and clears up a swarm of difficulties of the individual. Then he passes to

Christianity as the one thing needed to combine the beneficent results of all departments of knowledge, and thus solve our perplexing social problems. No review, unless it were almost as long as the book itself, could give a clear idea of the multitude of subjects touched upon, and always in an illuminating way. Just to give a list of the subjects in philosophy, theology, religion, morals, history, and sociology would require much space. The Christian Church in general and Methodism in particular are to be congratulated in having a champion who knows how to put the essential truths of orthodoxy in such a compact, vigorous, and masterly manner. Inspired with the spirit of helpfulness, the author has brought to his work long philosophical training; unusual intellectual acuteness, rare power of expression, and a rich Christian experience. The result is we have a book that is sure to influence theological thinking and religious living.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson), Author of *Alice in Wonderland*. By STUART DODGSON COLLINGWOOD, B.A., Christ Church, Oxford. 6vo, pp. 448; 100 illustrations. New York: The Century Company. Price, cloth, \$2.50.

LITTLE girls are responsible for many things. On the dedication leaf of George A. Birmingham's latest book, *Spanish Gold*, are the words, "To Theodosia and Althea, who asked me to write a story about treasure buried on an island." The demand of two little girls drew out from him a talent he did not know he possessed, and from being a writer on Irish political problems, he dawned on the world as an entertaining humorist and storyteller, for which his readers owe thanks to those small young ladies. In like manner the Rev. C. L. Dodgson, a grave mathematician in Oxford University, was led into a sort of literary immortality all undreamed of by anybody, through his friendship with three little girls, children of Dean Liddell, of Greek lexicon fame, who lived in the same college quadrangle with Mr. Dodgson. The record in his diary on July 4, 1862, reads: "Made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells. We had tea on the bank there, and did not get back to Christ Church till 8.30." It was his habit to manufacture stories and fairy tales for these children, and on that hot summer day he spun out of his head, to their great delight, a fairy tale which he called *Alice's Adventures Underground*. He promised Alice Liddell, the second of the three, to write it out for her. And this is how that nonsense-story, *Alice in Wonderland*, captivating to children and to childlike grown-ups, came to be written and published by him under the pen name of "Lewis Carroll." Children's heads have been full of that book for several generations. When six-year-old Walter said at the table, "Auntie will you please give me some bread?" and his aunt replied, "Yes, but don't stuff your mouth so full. You look like a chipmunk," the hungry little boy, fuller of Lewis Carroll's "Wonderland" than he was of bread, soberly quoted, "The hatter's only reply was, 'Butter me another slice.'" Doubtless, there are solemn and worthy persons of all ages, colors, sexes, and conditions of servitude, who would

fall to appreciate such childish literature, and some might austere-ly disapprove. Mr. Locke, being told that the hero in his story of Septimus was not a sensible person, wrote in reply: "Once in the days of my inexperience I tried to develop a love for reading in the soul of a Scotch lad, to whom I presented a copy of Alice in Wonderland. When I saw the boy again I asked him if he had read the book and how he liked it. 'Sir,' responded the lad, staring at me for some time like a granite owl, 'there are a number of untruths in that book.'" Though Lewis Carroll lived to be an old man, he never married; but one friend spoke for many in laying on his casket this tribute, "The sweetest soul that ever looked with human eyes." His Life and Letters are filled with confirmation of that tribute. Take the first bit we open on—one of many letters to his many little friends: "May you treat me as a perfect friend and write anything you like to me, and ask my advice? Why, of course you may, my child. What else am I good for? But O, my dear child-friend, you cannot guess how such words sound to me! That any one should look up to me, or think of asking my advice, makes me feel humble in remembering, however well others think of me, what I really am in myself. Well, I won't talk about myself; it is not a wholesome topic. I went up to town and fetched Phoebe down here on Friday, and we spent most of Saturday on the beach—Phoebe wading and digging, and 'as happy as a bird upon the wing' (to quote the song she sang when I first saw her). I am lonely, now she is gone home. She is a very sweet child, and thoughtful, too. We had a little Bible-reading every day; I tried to remember that my little friend had a soul to be cared for, as well as a body. It was very touching to see the far-away look in her eyes when we talked of God and of heaven, as if her angel, who beholds His face continually, were whispering to her. Of course there isn't much companionship possible between an old man's mind and a little child's, but what there is is sweet and wholesome, I think." When another little friend said something about his being "very clever" he wrote: "Really, I must ask you not to say such things; they are not wholesome for me. I send you a fable. It is this: The cold, frosty, bracing air is the treatment one gets from the world generally—such as contempt, or blame, or neglect; all those are very wholesome. And the hot dry air, that you breathe when you rush to the fire, is the praise that one gets from one's young, happy, rosy, I may even say, *florid* friends. And that's very bad for me, and gives pride-fever and conceit-cough and such like diseases. Now, I'm sure you don't want me laid up with all these diseases; so please don't praise me *any* more!" C. L. Dodgson, though a regular instructor in mathematics, preached occasionally. He was fond of preaching to the college servants on Sunday evenings, and some of his last sermons were to a congregation of children. He told them of the love and compassion of the Good Shepherd with such deep emotion that he could scarcely control his voice. Religion consecrated all his talents, and the example of such a man, so gifted, so witty, so brilliant, so successful, and so full of faith, consecrated in Oxford the very conception of religion, and made it seem exceedingly beautiful. He had a taste of the fine candor of children when, asking a little girl if she had

read his two books, he received this reply: "O, yes, I've read both of them, and I think *Through The Looking Glass* is more stupid than *Alice In Wonderland*. Don't you think so?" He tells of a four-year-old boy who, after listening attentively to the story of Lot's wife, asked, "Where does salt come from that's not made of ladies?" It is said in this book that childish talk is a thing which a grown-up person cannot possibly invent. He can only listen to the actual things the children say, and record them. In Oxford University, where he spent his life, Dodgson stoutly opposed the modern tendency to dispense with the classics, Latin and Greek, and to substitute natural sciences. Here is some of his irony in an address: "In the dark ages of our University (some five and twenty years ago), while we still believed in classics and mathematics as constituting a liberal education, Natural Science sat weeping at our gates. 'Ah, let me in,' she moaned; 'why cram reluctant youth with your unsatisfying lore? Are they not hungering for bones, yea, panting for sulphureted hydrogen?' And we heard and we pitied her. We let her in and housed her royally; we adorned her palace with reagents and retorts, and made it a very charnel house of bones; and we cried to the undergraduates, 'Lo, the feast of Science is spread! Eat, drink, and be merry!' But they would not. They fingered the bones and thought them dry. They sniffed at the hydrogen and turned away. Yet for all that, Science ceased not to cry, 'More gold, more gold!' And her three fair daughters, Chemistry, Biology, and Physics, ceased not to plead, 'Give, give!' and we gave. We poured forth our wealth like water (I beg pardon, like H O), and we could not help thinking there was something weird and uncanny in the ghoul-like facility with which she absorbed it." Concerning a proposed series of articles on "Religious Difficulties," he said: "I do not want to deal with any such difficulties, *unless* they tend to affect life. *Speculative* difficulties which do not affect conduct lie outside my scope. I intend to proceed upon the following axioms: 1. Human conduct is capable of being *right* and of being *wrong*. 2. I possess free will, and am able to choose between right and wrong. 3. I have in some cases chosen wrong. 4. I am responsible for choosing wrong. 5. I am responsible to a Person. 6. This Person is perfectly good. I call these axioms." In one of the last years of his life, Mr. Dodgson wrote to his sister: "It is getting immensely difficult now to remember *which* of my friends remain alive and *which* have gone over to the great majority. The fact of death is getting less dreamlike to me now, and I sometimes think what a grand thing it will be to be able to say to oneself pretty soon, 'Death is *over* now; and there is not *that* experience to be faced again.'" On the Sunday after this man's death Professor Sanday said in the pulpit of Christ Church, Oxford: "Lewis Carroll opened in literature a new and delightful vein which added at once mirth and refinement to life. From our Christ Church courts there has flowed into the literature of our time a rill, bright and sparkling, health-giving and purifying, wherever its waters extend." In a letter to a friend he once wrote: "I am a member of the English Church, and have taken deacon's orders, but did not think fit (for reasons I need not go into) to take priest's orders. My dear father was what is called a 'High

Churchman,' and I naturally adopted those views, but have always felt repelled by the yet higher development called 'Ritualism.' But I doubt if I am a 'High Churchman' now. I find that as life slips away (I am over fifty now), and the life on the other side of the great river becomes more and more the reality, of which *this* is only a shadow, that the petty distinctions of the many creeds of Christendom tend to slip away as well—leaving only the great truths which all Christians believe alike. More and more, as I read of the Christian religion, as Christ preached it, I stand amazed at the forms men have given to it, and the fictitious barriers they have built up between themselves and their brethren. I believe that when you and I come to lie down for the last time, if only we can keep firm hold of the great truths Christ taught us—our own utter worthlessness and his infinite worth, and that he has brought us back to our one Father, and made us his brethren, and so brethren to one another—we shall have all we need to guide us through the shadows. Most assuredly I accept to the full the doctrines you refer to—that Christ died to save us, that we have no other way of salvation open to us but through his death, and that it is by faith in him, and through no merit of ours, that we are reconciled to God; and most assuredly I can cordially say, 'I owe all to him who loved me, and died on the cross of Calvary.' Because the METHODIST REVIEW ought not to be without some record of so rarely beautiful a spirit, we put this notice here.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Commentary on the Holy Bible. By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. J. R. DUMMELOW, M.A., Queens College, Cambridge. Complete in one volume, with General Articles and Maps. Large octavo, pp. cliii and 1092. Price, cloth, \$2.50. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THERE have been one-volume commentaries on the whole Bible before, but it is perfectly safe to say that there has never been one which could claim comparison with this. In solid learning, in wide range of view, in thoroughly admirable religious spirit it is unsurpassed. It has been written by a large body of experts, some of them men of very high rank in scholarship, but it is all anonymous. No article and no comment is signed. For this kind of a book the plan is admirable. It makes real editing possible, without doing injury to the personal views of any scholar, and though many men of many minds have conspired to produce the material, it is all put forth with one stamp and as of one spirit. The amount of labor involved in the production of such a book is greater than can even be imagined by any man who has never undertaken to edit the work of others. The best known contributors to the volume are probably the following: Professors E. L. Curtis, of Yale; W. T. Davison, of Richmond, England; R. Kennett, of Cambridge; C. F. Kent, of Yale; J. E. McFadyen, of Toronto; L. B. Paton, of Hartford; G. L. Robinson, of Chicago; G. W. Wade, of Lampeter, Wales; F. H. Woods, of Bainton; W. F. Adeney, of Manchester; G. G. Findlay, of Leeds; A. S. Peake, of Manchester; J. H. Ropes, of Harvard, and Colonel R. E. Conder. The book begins with one hundred and fifty pages of

"General Articles" of which the following are representative titles: "General Introduction to the Bible," "Hebrew History to the Exile," "Introduction to the Pentateuch," "The Creation Story and Science," "Genesis and the Babylonian Inscriptions," "The Laws of Hammurabi," "Heathen Religions Referred to in the Bible," "Introduction to Hebrew Prophecy," "The Messianic Hope," "The History, Literature and Religious Development of the Jews in the Period between the Testaments," "The Life of Jesus Christ," "The Teaching of Jesus Christ," "The Synoptic Problem," "The Dynasty of the Herods," "The Life and Work of Saint Paul," "Survey of the Epistles of Saint Paul," "Belief in God," "The Person of Jesus Christ," "The Trinity," "Miracle," "The Resurrection," "The Atonement and Inspiration." This list shows how extraordinarily comprehensive is the introductory material. The comments on the books are equally comprehensive. They are brief indeed, but they really make an effort not to escape but to meet difficulties. The spirit of the entire work is wholly commendable. It accepts the modern criticism within carefully set bounds, it is positively religious, it carefully conserves the great central doctrines of universal Christianity, and is everywhere set to remove difficulties and not to make them. The book is capable of enlarging biblical knowledge, and is equally capable of stimulating the spiritual life, and it deserves a wide circulation. Its cheapness is nothing short of a marvel.

A Heathen. A Poem. By LOIS MATHILD BUCK, B.L. Introduction by WILLIAM V. KELLEY. 16mo, pp. 42. New York: Press of Eaton & Main. Price, cloth, with portrait, 50 cents.

To the dear and beautiful memory of Lois Buck and to all true missionaries, Dr. Kelley offers, in his introduction, his profound and affectionate respect. He says: "The privilege of furnishing this introduction to a missionary girl's poem was solicited by the writer. The desire to do it rose out of an enthusiastic, because deliberate, estimate of the dignity and worth of foreign missions, and also out of an admiring respect for typical missionary families in which very often one generation follows another in devotion to the missionary life. . . . A fine and noble strain indeed it is, that missionary strain in family blood. If pure ethics and high altruism breed and mark the superior race, then are such families the very cream and flower of human kind, the sure progenitors of *Der Uebermensch*, if such a being is ever to appear on earth. In the august presence of Christian ideals we cannot help believing that such families are of those whom the Maker and Master of men called the salt of the earth and the light of the world. To be capable of the missionary impulse is proof of the image of God in man, and to be loyal to that impulse is to be enrolled among the nobility of a kingdom that is everlasting. We soberly believe that real Christian missionaries are, as Bishop Andrews once said of a typical missionary family, 'the very tippest-toppest sort of people on the earth.' Having seen a few royal personages, kings, queens, emperors, empresses and popes, we do not so readily lift our hat to them as to the best sort of missionaries. Standing one blue-and-gold Genevan day where the Shah of

Persia, glittering with jewels, passed within three feet of us, we had no such sense of something royal going by as we have when a genuine Christian missionary comes our way, for then we mentally stand at attention and salute. By heredity, environment, inclination, preparation, consecration, and well-begun service, Lois Mathild Buck, Bachelor of Literature from Ohio Wesleyan University, daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Philo M. Buck, of India, was missionary, all missionary, pure missionary. . . . At her translation to heaven on April 17, 1907, this young missionary left in manuscript a slightly unfinished poem of seven or eight hundred lines, entitled 'A Heathen.' Of this poem the editor of the *METHODIST REVIEW* says: 'It is an embodiment of the impression made by paganism on a refined and educated Christian girl, the natural reaction of the normal and healthy Christian mind to the grimy, uncanny, degraded, and altogether unwholesome spectacle given by heathenism. In style of thought and expression the poem is somewhat Browningsque, showing no little strength and vivid dramatic power. It is an intellectual and spiritual study of the pagan mind and heart. . . . Concern for the heathen exhales like the odor of precious ointment from every line of this intense and lofty poem. . . . In its measure it monuments a character and a life which in beauty and in lasting influence make the Taj Mahal seem, in a moral universe, paltry and perishable.' Of this fine booklet the accomplished wife of a great editor says: "The poem and the introduction will be uplift and outlook to missionaries, and not only to them but to those who but dimly perceive the grandeur of the vocation: I shall order other copies, for it is a book which one cannot read without wanting to share it with one's friends."

"*How a Man Grows.*" By JOHN R. T. LATHROP, D.D. 12mo, pp. 283. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Price, \$1.25.

IN eleven essays grouped together harmoniously under a fitting title, Dr. Lathrop gives to us the report of a wide-extended vision. He has looked backward and speaks of "The Forces in Man's Becoming." He has looked far forward and tells of "The Religion of the Future." He has peered into the very depths of the human soul and speaks of the "Data of Philosophy," saying that "the primary source of knowledge lies not without but within consciousness." He has traveled far in his thought, yet remains loyal to Jesus Christ, whose teachings he accepts as final. "What religion," asks he, "will the most satisfactorily and quickly stimulate and direct man's choices, faith and struggle? There is just one answer: The religion of Jesus Christ, . . . the only religion that brings a man in written word that which is written in his nature and the cosmos concerning him. . . . It gives to him a Person, Jesus Christ, in whom all ethical and religious truths are perfected. . . . Christianity only is worthy of man, for it alone understands him. Under that he has become and is yet becoming." Dr. Lathrop has covered a broad field. He has suggested much, analyzed many a subject with lucidity and strength, and given evidence on every page of mature thought.